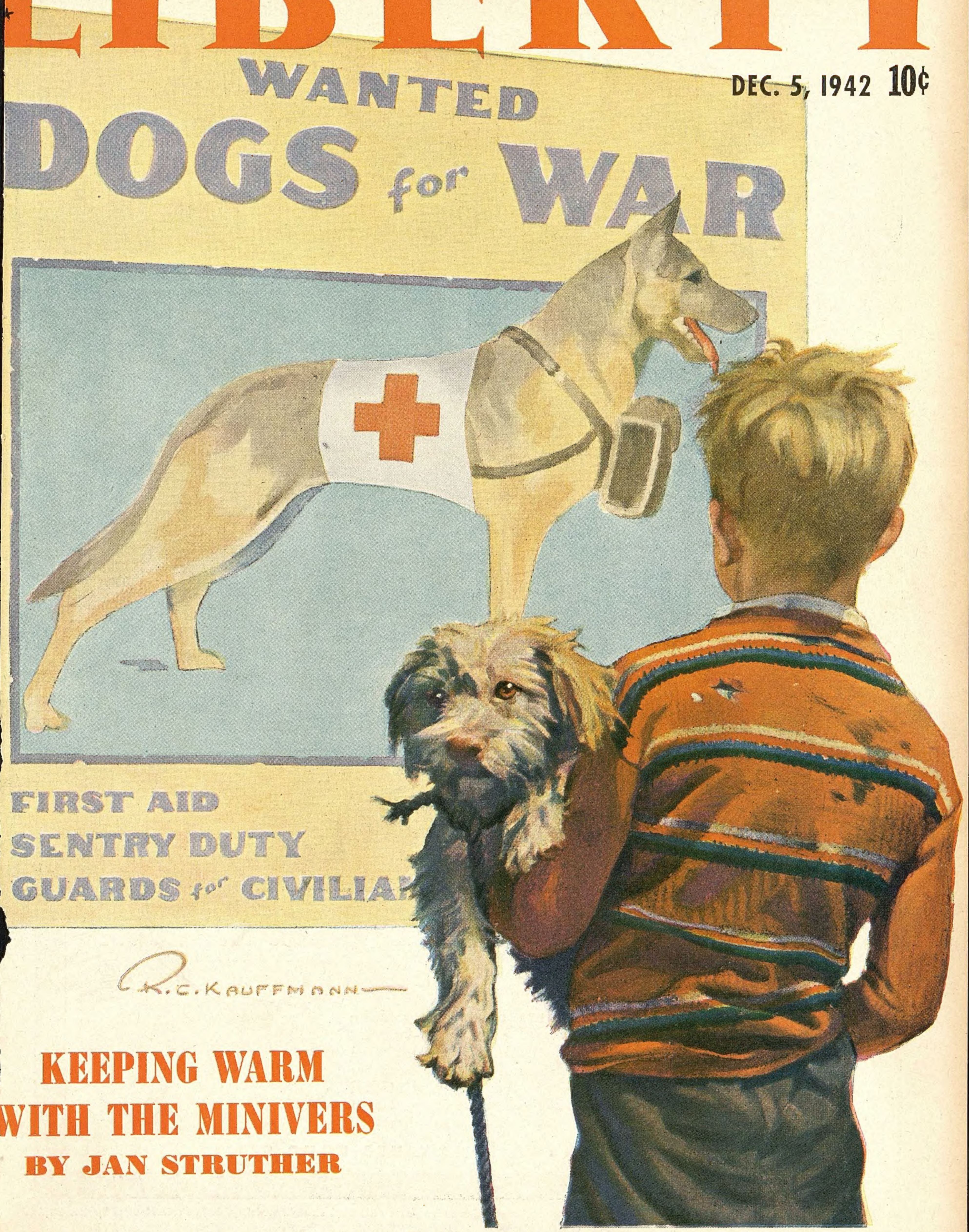
LIBERTY

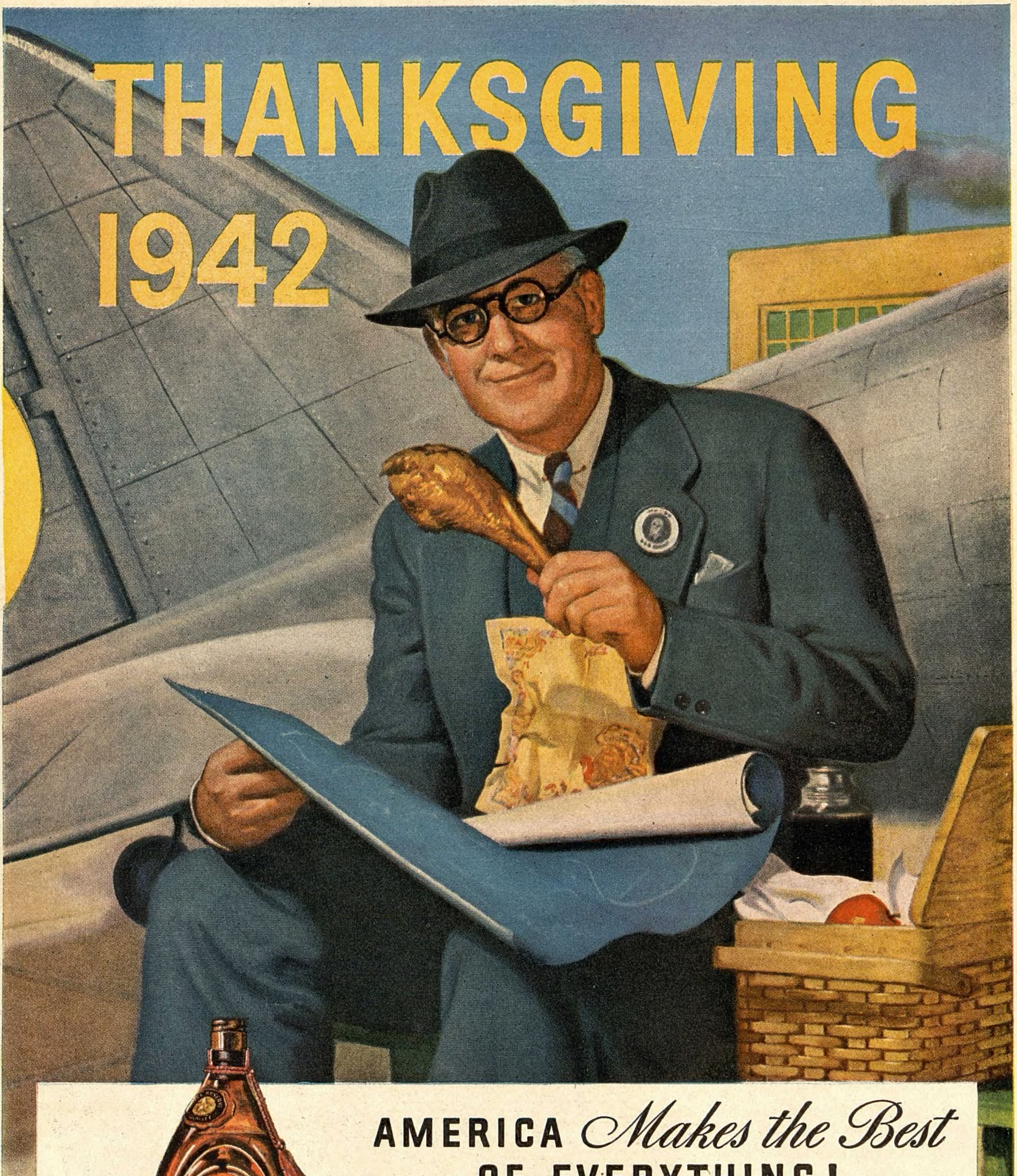
DEC. 5, 1942 10¢


WANTED
DOGS for WAR
FIRST AID
SENTRY DUTY
GUARDS for CIVILIA
R.C. KAUFFMANN

KEEPING WARM WITH THE MINIVERS

BY JAN STRUTHER

BOARD A YANKEE BOMBER IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH



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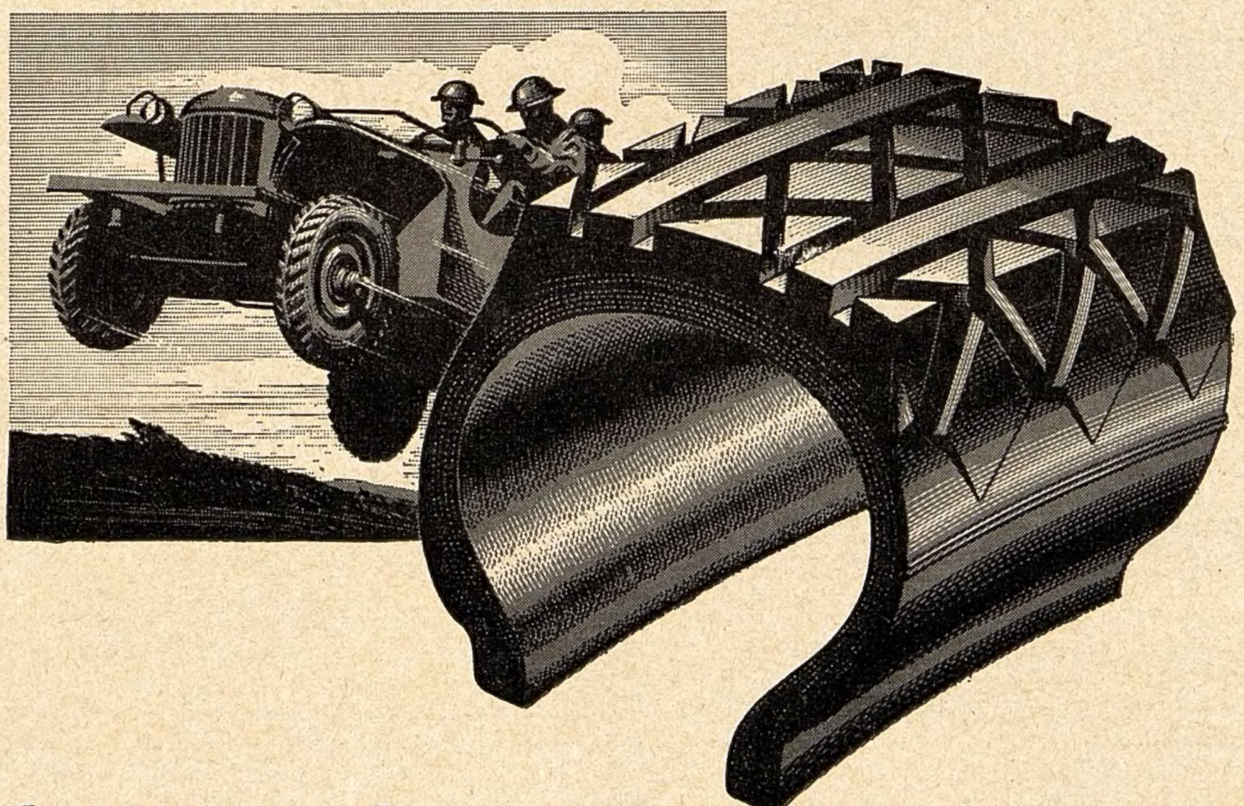
THE BEST of the Times and the world's best whiskey—including SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE—made from whiskies laid down years ago so that you may enjoy it today! Blended with the Finest Grain Neutral Spirits for mildness!

Drink
SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve

THE TASTE IT TAKES FOUR STATES TO MAKE

SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE. The straight whiskies in this product are 6½ or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6½ years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



What are the facts about SYNTHETIC TIRES?

RIGHT now the most important fact of all is that you cannot buy tires made of synthetic rubber at any price.

That is because every ounce of Goodyear's synthetic Chemigum and similar materials that can be produced is needed for military purposes, and will be for a long time.

But after new plants now building as part of the government's program are in operation, and a surplus becomes available for civilian needs—*in perhaps another year or two*—you can count on this:

Passenger car tires built of Chemigum will give you, under normal driving conditions, slightly longer tread-wear than the best natural rubber tires you have known.

That was proved in road tests conducted back in 1940 when Goodyear had already been building Chemigum tires in limited quantity for more than two years.

CHEMIGUM

But it does not hold true, as yet, in the case of large truck tires, because of the extreme heat (above 200° F.) generated in such tires by heavy overloads and sustained high speeds. At high temperatures Chemigum loses strength and toughness, reducing its serviceability.

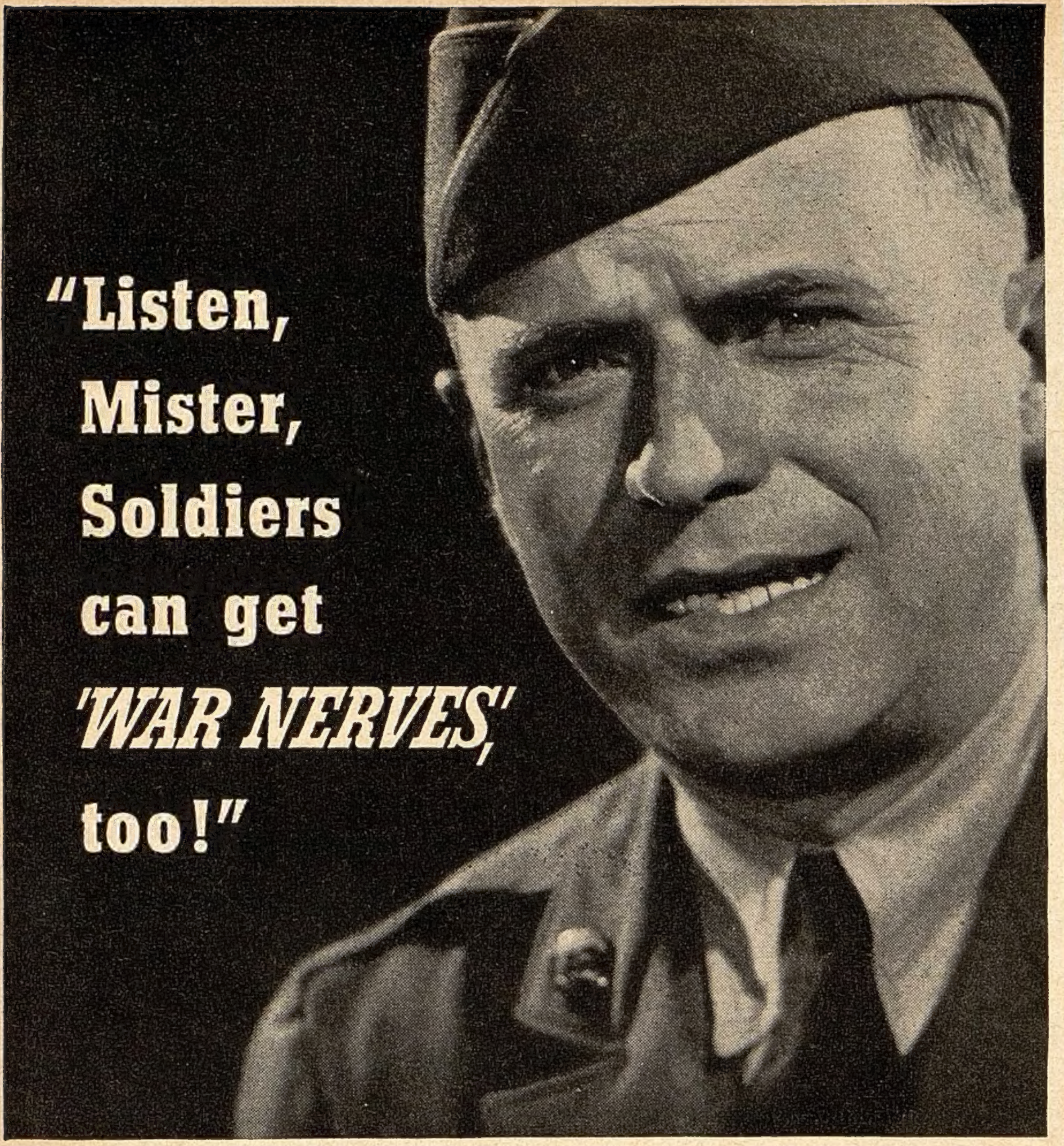
It must be remembered, however, that heat failures were long the plague of natural rubber truck tires, until gradually eliminated by improvements in compounding. Similar advances can be expected in synthetic truck tires.

But above all, the fact to keep in mind is this: out of the experience Goodyear is now gaining in building synthetic tires and other rubber needs for the Army and Navy, still better Chemigum products are already coming and at considerably lower cost.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company


"Listen, Mister, Soldiers can get 'WAR NERVES,' too!"

(A sergeant speaks his mind)

"I'm going to give it to you straight.

"We read a lot of stuff about how civilians are fighting 'war nerves.' Going to shows...dancing...reading... having fun to relax from all the grimness today and keeping up their morale.

"Sure, it's a good idea, but don't forget this. Soldiers and sailors can have 'war nerves,' too. I don't mean anything to do with courage and stuff like that. Believe me, they got plenty of nerve to take it—and dish it out—whatever the orders are.

"What I mean is that soldiers, maybe even more so, need shows and dancing and decent places to go when they're on leave. Boredom and monotony during their time off are as bad enemies as any goose-stepping German or Jap. We got to fight them, too.

"That's why everybody in this man's army gives thumbs up to this USO. They're doing a job, Mister. Fighting a fight.

"They're putting on swell shows... running club-houses...providing reading matter...taking care of troops in transit...following the flag wherever the army orders with their mobile units. They're spelling morale in our language with a capital M.

"So listen, all you folks. Next time you see a show or do a little rug-cutting or read a book or light a smoke or just sit down to play a game of gin-rummy or listen to the radio in your nice comfortable living room, just remember that there's lots of guys in O. D. and blue that can also use some of same.

"It all adds up to this...we like the job the USO is doing for us...and we hope you on the home front keep it rolling!"

The war chest against "war nerves" needs replenishing. Soon you'll be asked to help. Well, you heard what the sergeant said!

* * *

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

Give to the USO

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Jerome Ellison, Editor-in-Chief.

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COVER BY R. C. KAUFFMANN

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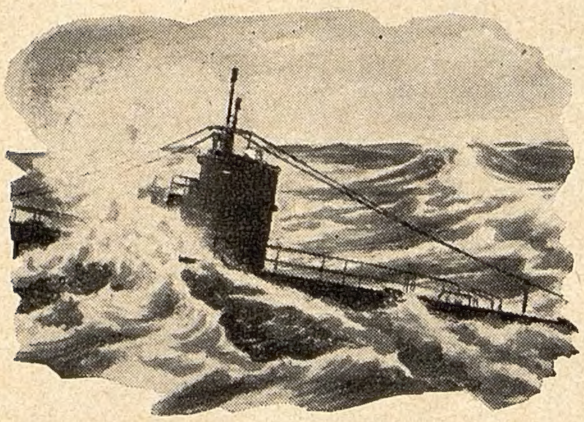
NEXT WEEK

DECEMBER 12, 1942

VIA U. S. SUB TO JAPAN—AND BACK!

The man who tells of this round trip made it, and made it as the sub's skipper. The sub was near Pearl Harbor when the Japs struck; two days later she was on her way; before long, she was sinking ships off their coast. Then a Jap destroyer spotted her, dropped depth charges—in vain. Homeward bound, she bagged a Jap U-boat. Let's see you skip one word of what her skipper has told to Stanton Delaplane for Liberty!



ROMANCE, WAR, AND THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM

When Julian Day came to America from England, he was awed by its vastness, shocked by its spirit of rebellion, and overcome by the charms of one of its women. This was in Williamsburg, Virginia, just before the Revolutionary War. War came, and against the rich pageantry of that exciting era Elswyth Thane, in her new novel, Dawn's Early Light, throws into relief a flaming romance—the strange story of a daring girl, a scheming beauty, and a young man who did not know his own heart. Don't miss the first chapter next week.

WHY HITLER HASN'T BLITZED THE SWISS

Why he didn't, we Americans began wondering in June, 1940. Not worth his while? Too many Alps in his way? A lot of the Swiss pro-Nazi? Such guesses have been wrong. Little Switzerland, technically neutral, actually aiding the United Nations, remains unblitzed because—for just one thing—any Axis blow at her would mean swift severence of an Axis life line. And all the other real and inspiring reasons JOSEPH WECHSBERG knows in detail and gives convincingly.

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HELPING BURROUGHS USERS MEET TODAY'S PROBLEMS WITH THEIR PRESENT EQUIPMENT

Ideas that may help you get more out of Burroughs machines you now own

Extend use of machines to other jobs—

by determining whether your machines can handle more work or new jobs . . . posting more records in combination . . . obtaining statistics or figures for reports as by-products of your regular posting routines.

Eliminate bottlenecks that slow up work—

by relocating machines or rearranging the flow of work to the machines . . . changing routines or methods to avoid rehandling of figures or records . . . eliminating unnecessary checking and proving.

Make better use of your equipment—

by relieving operators of non-posting duties . . . using relief operators . . . making sure that operators know short-cuts and how to make the best use of time-saving machine features.

Avoid mechanical interruptions—

by keeping machines in the best possible operating condition through regular inspections, cleaning, lubrication and accurate adjustments by Burroughs mechanical service men.

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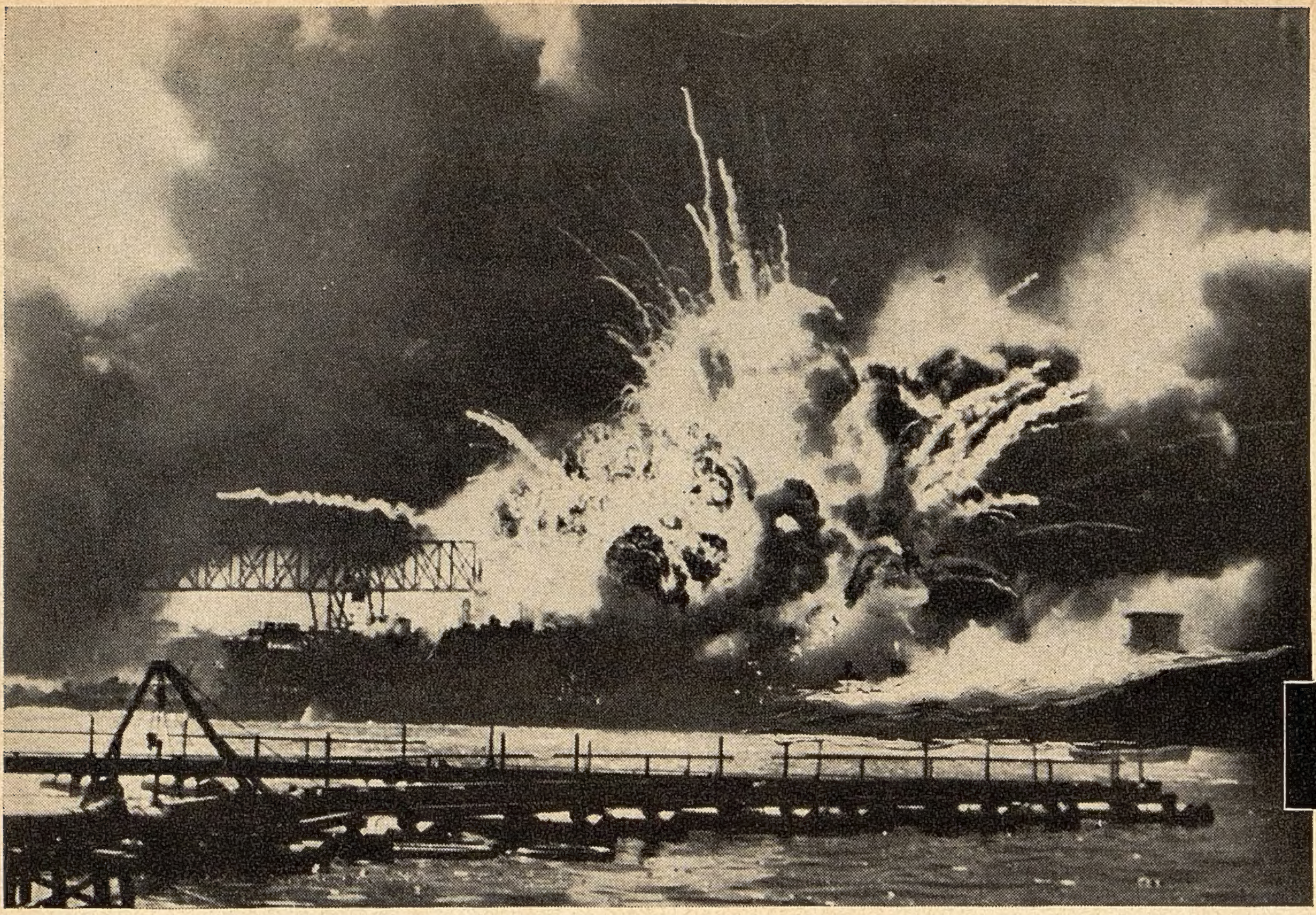
★ FOR VICTORY—BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



The vault that had hidden our treasure from our own eyes was blasted open—at Pearl Harbor.

LIBERTY
Dec. 5, 1942

LIBERTY—DECEMBER 7, 1942

A YEAR ago liberty had little reality for Americans. We thought of it, if we thought of it at all, as a sort of legendary heirloom which had meant a great deal to the founders of our nation, and which we kept, out of sentimental respect for them, locked away in a vault of national complacence—as impregnable, we fondly imagined, as the French fondly imagined was their Maginot Line. We never took the trouble to inspect our priceless inheritance—we were not familiar with its shape or substance. We were only vaguely conscious that it was there, and that, should the necessity ever arise, we would protect it as a matter of duty and national honor and patriotism.

We knew that other nations were evaluating liberty in terms of life and death, but the possibility that we should ever again be called upon to fight for ours still seemed rather remote.

Then, on December 7 one year ago, the vault that had hidden our treasure from our own eyes for generations was blasted wide open. The safe-crackers didn't get what they were after, but they left our precious possession exposed to public view, in all its beauty and glory. Many of us found ourselves contemplating the meaning of liberty for the first time in our lives. We have learned things about it in the past year that we could never have learned while it was tucked away in that vault of complacence.

We haven't learned all about it, but we've made a start. It is no longer just a word to us. It is a vital, tangible thing—this freedom to choose our work, live where we will, come and go without question, think and speak without fear, develop our talents and resources, and expect justice from laws we have a hand in making.

We know now that liberty is vulnerable. We know it because French civilians are slaving in German factories, or rotting in concentration camps, or being shot as hostages, or killed for being on the streets after the curfew. We know it because Norwegian homes have been requisitioned, businesses confiscated and moved to Germany, governments emasculated. We know it because the Greeks are being systematically starved.

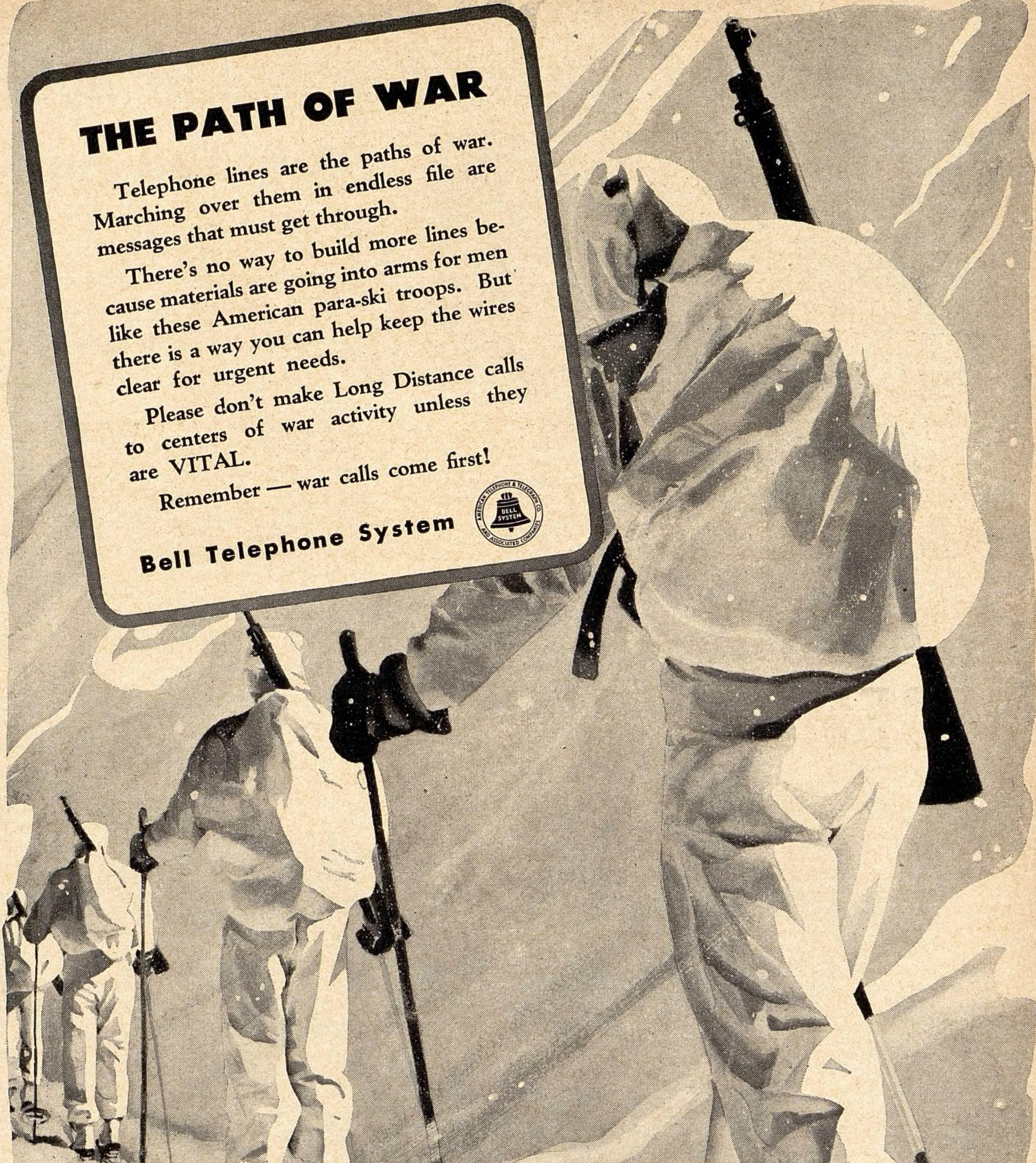
We know that all these things, and more, could happen to us, because there is no vault that can guard the heritage of freedom. It takes men to do that. And we know that we will protect our liberty—not primarily because of duty or national honor or patriotism, but because we would not want to go on living without it.

We know now that we should never have taken liberty for granted, and buried it in our subconscious like something dead, where we could forget its value and meaning. We came close to losing it that way—perhaps closer than we realize.

Let us never make that mistake again. Liberty will be safer if we enshrine it in the open, where every one of us can keep an eye on it. There is a way to do this. We can make ourselves so alert to the significance of liberty that the sound of its name will ring in our ears like the clanging of a bell—every time we hear it, or speak it, or think it. Every war dispatch has a bearing on our own freedom—our way of life. We can make daily pilgrimages to the shrine of our liberty by taking a little time out, when we read the papers or listen to the radio, to realize we're fighting to keep our freedom. We can share our awakened appreciation of this heritage with our children, from the cradle up—so that they will never make our mistake of taking liberty for granted, and so they will likewise thrill to the sound of the word "liberty" every time they hear it in song or slogan or speech.

The history books may well record this war as THE WAR FOR LIBERTY.

Paul Hunter



THE PATH OF WAR

Telephone lines are the paths of war. Marching over them in endless file are messages that must get through.

There's no way to build more lines because materials are going into arms for men like these American para-ski troops. But there is a way you can help keep the wires clear for urgent needs.

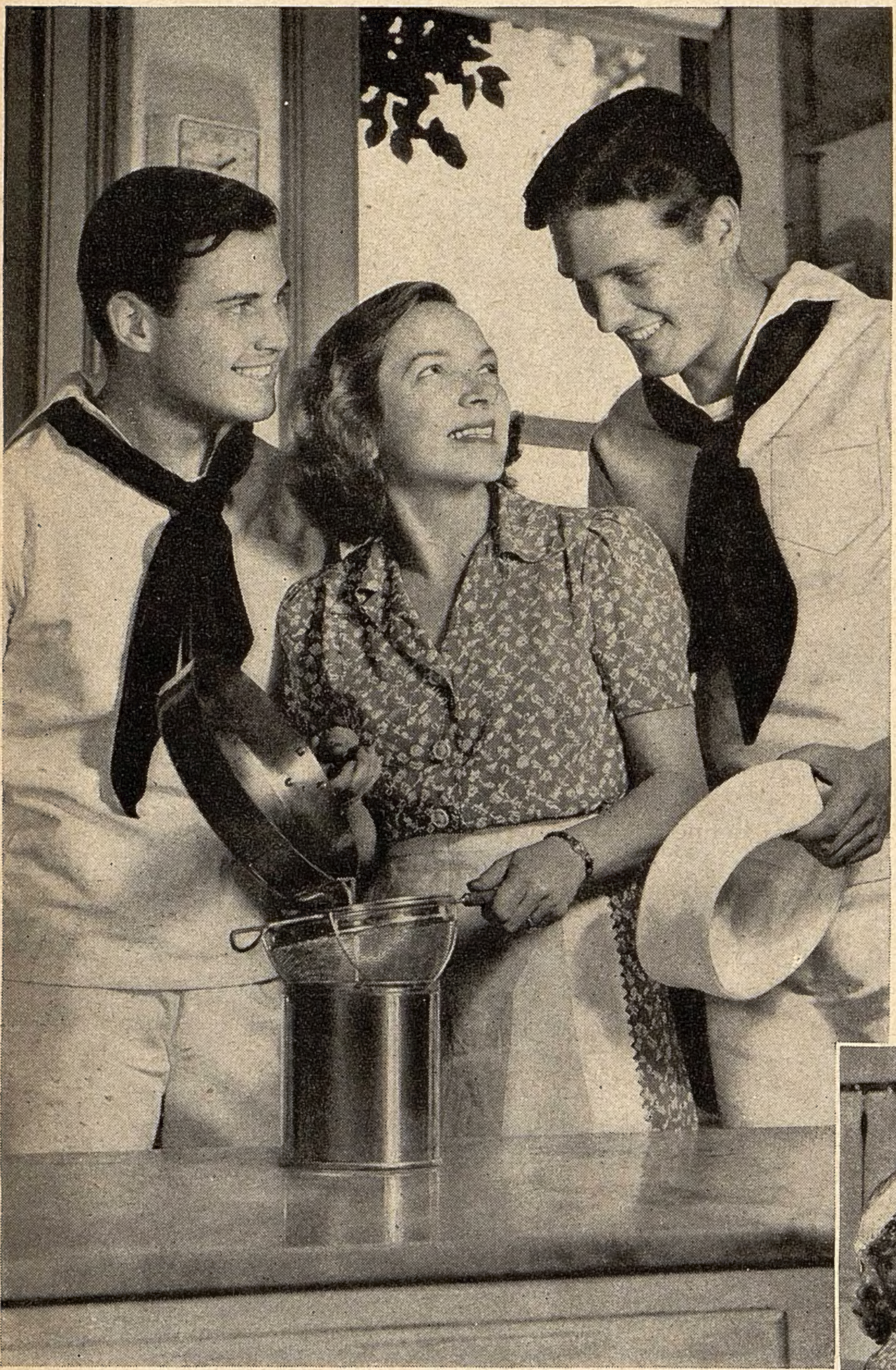
Please don't make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity unless they are VITAL.

Remember — war calls come first!

Bell Telephone System

U. S. PARA-SKI TROOPS

HELEN HAYES shows the Navy how she saves *waste kitchen fats* to help stop the Japs



"I AM sure I don't know as much about making explosives as most soldiers and sailors do about the stage.

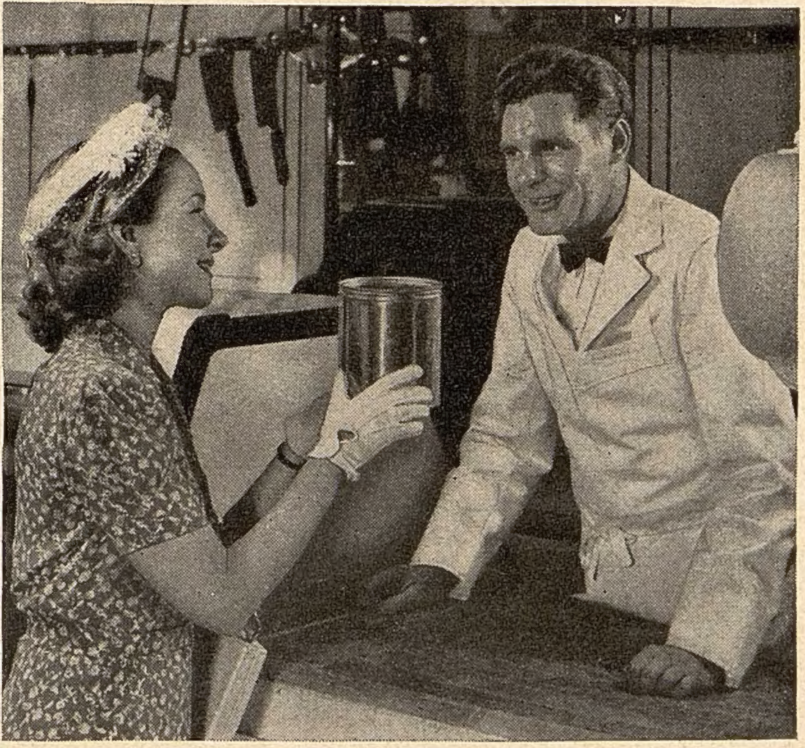
"But lately I've learned these things: that kitchen fats make glycerine, and glycerine makes the powder charge that drives millions of shells from the guns of the United Nations.

"I'm told that a single pound of kitchen grease will make two anti-aircraft shells. So you can bet that not one drop of waste fat in my house ever goes down the drain. Instead, I send it back to my meat dealer—and on its way to the war. I'm making it a wartime habit—are you?"

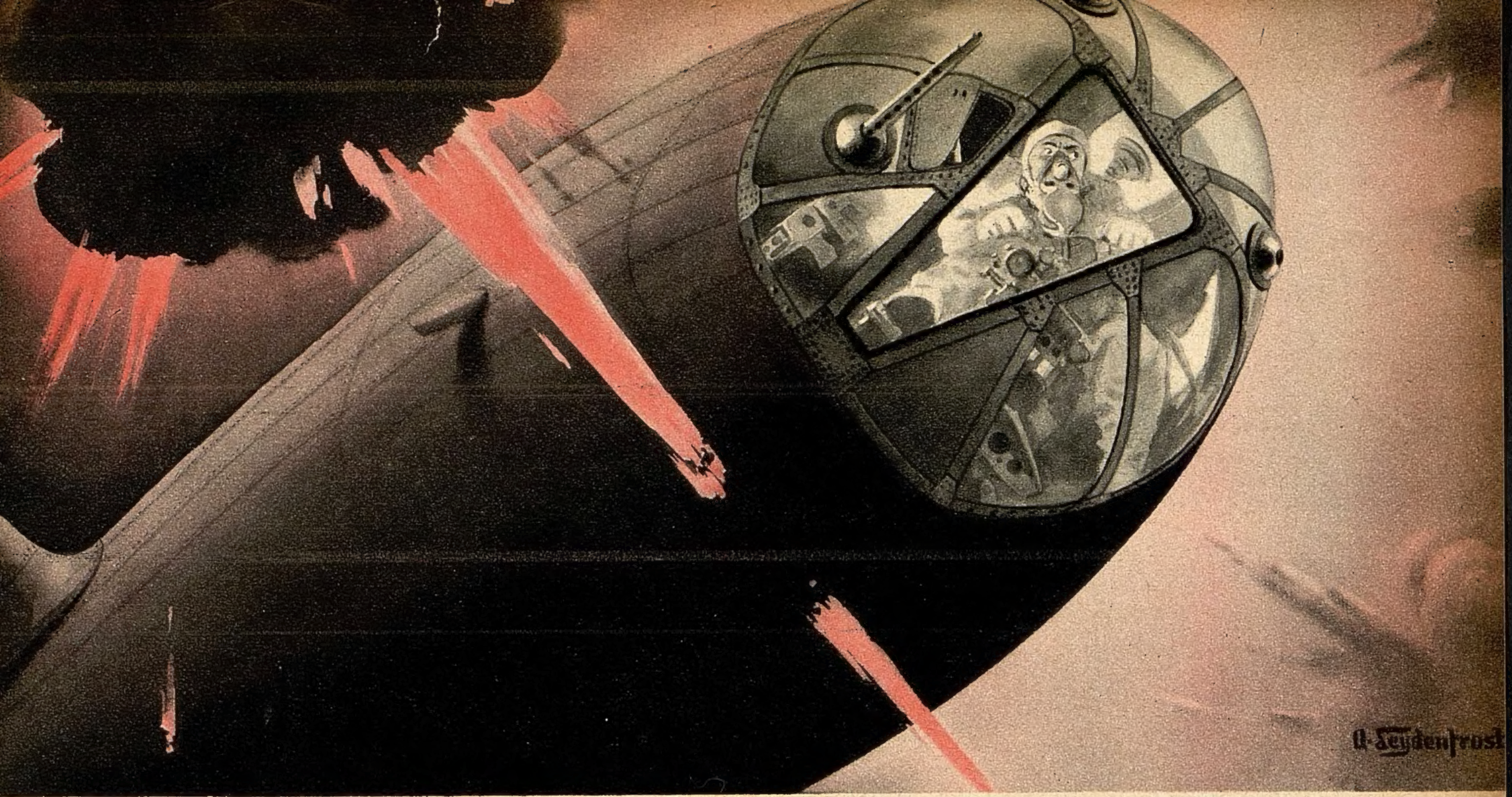
Helen Hayes

"Take it to your meat dealer," says Miss Hayes, "after you've collected a pound or more. He is cooperating patriotically, and will pay you for your fats and start them on their way to the war. But help him by delivering early in the week."

How do you save it? In the kitchen of her Nyack, New York, home Helen Hayes shows some visiting sailors. Every kind of waste kitchen fat—after you've got the cooking good from it—is strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can. Bacon grease, drippings, used vegetable shortening—everything. Don't use glass or paper bags. Keep in a cool, dark place.



SAVE WASTE FATS TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES



"They had us bracketed, and I knew that when the next blast came they'd get us. They did."

THE FLIGHT OF THE BOMBER PHYLLIS

An epic of endurance by men and machines

BY DONALD WILHELM

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

ON October 2, 1942, occurred one of the most dramatic incidents of the war. Riddled, with more than 200 bullet holes in its fuselage, one wing all but wrecked, two motors out of commission, six shell holes in rudder and stabilizers, half the controls shot away, oxygen and radio equipment knocked out, and landing gear smashed, the Phyllis, American Flying Fortress, returned to England after an attack by forty Focke-Wulf 190s. Its return is a tribute to the daring and the airmanship of its crew and to the sturdiness of the Flying Fortresses.

Of the crew's ten members, five were wounded, one seriously. All were fresh from civilian life. Their average age was just twenty-three. Two were only twenty. Here they themselves tell Donald Wilhelm what happened during that truly epic flight.

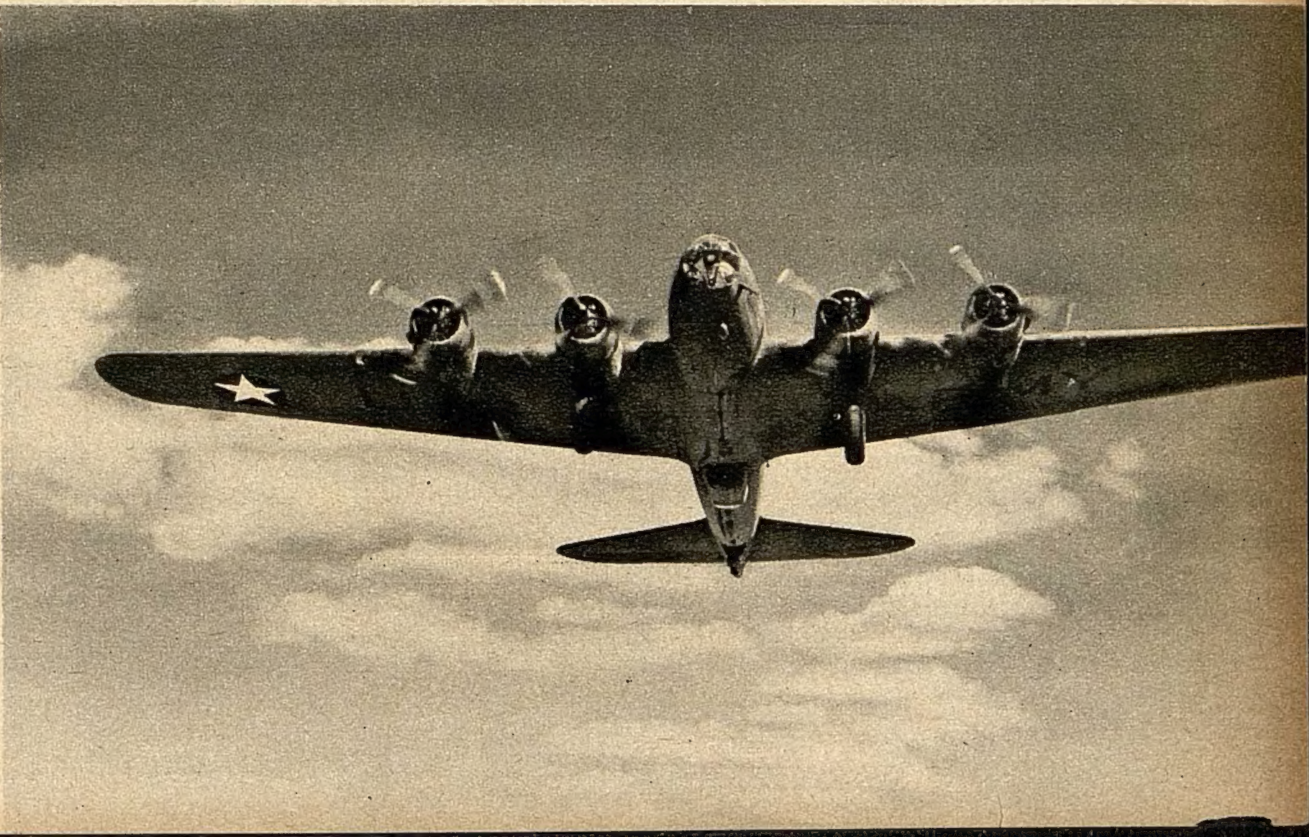
A WEEK after the bomber Phyllis got back from her raid over occupied France I met with her crew in the handsome lounge of London's Dorchester Hotel.

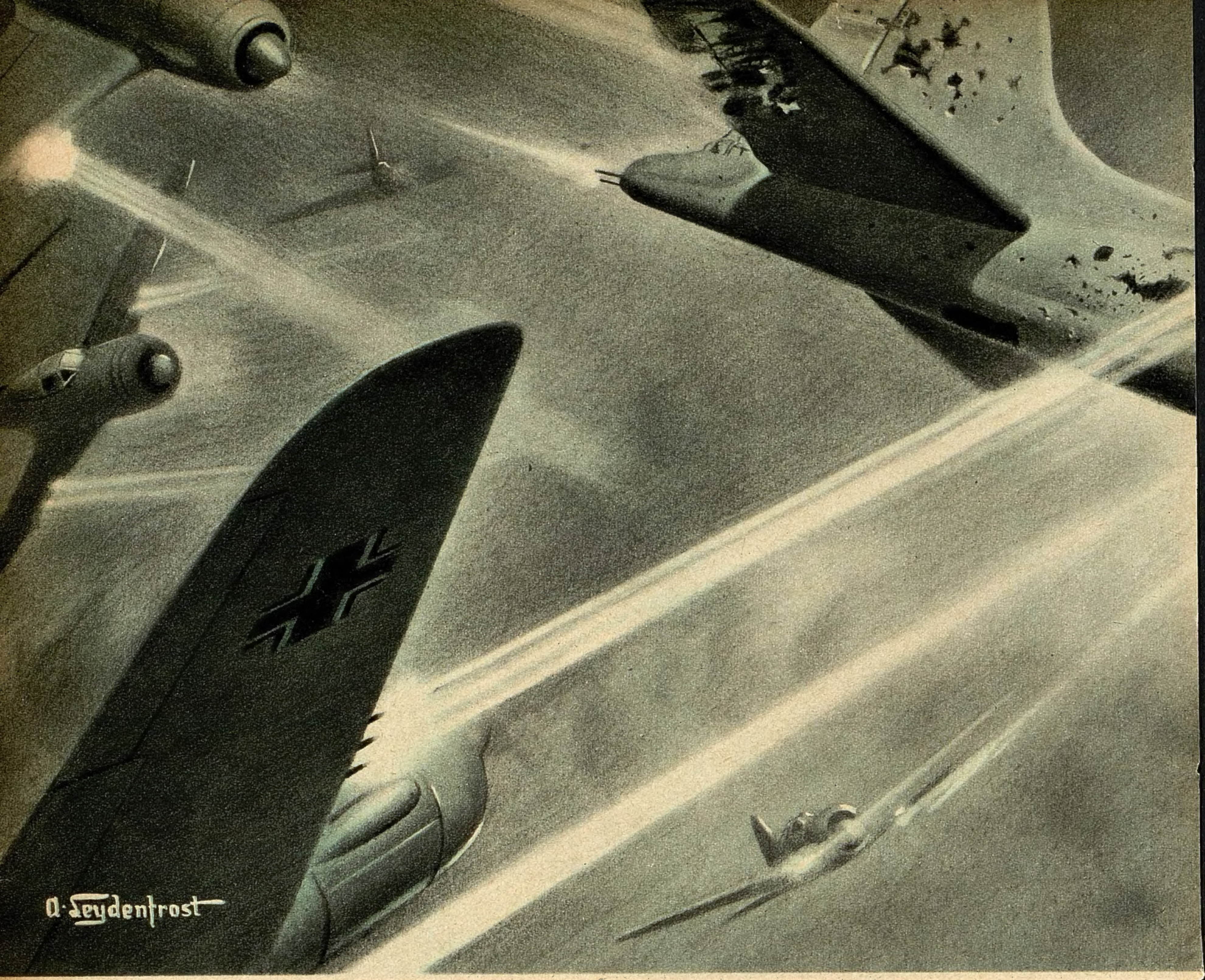
All but two of the ten men in that crew were there. Only Sergeant Thomas J. Coburn, Jr., the upper-turret gunner, flat on his back in a hospital, and Sergeant Bert Peterson, also hospitalized for the time being, were absent as First Lieutenant Charles J. Paine, Jr., twenty-seven-year-old commander of the Phyllis, began telling me her story.

"I was having a real good sleep on a cot in a Nissen tin hut on the field," Paine began. "The hut was so small I

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES

If this isn't Phyllis herself, it is a sister plane just like her—a Boeing B-17E Flying Fortress.





"It hurt to have Phyllis pasted like that. I could feel her taking it, getting harder to handle . . .

could reach out on both sides and touch other sleeping officers. It was dark—about five in the morning. I'd heard some one asking for me. Then Captain Rehmet, the operations officer on duty, came over and said, 'Paine, you're it! You're going over with the biggest lot of Fortresses we've sent yet, to bomb hell out of a German aircraft plant in France!' I said, 'Swell! That'll get my mind off being a new-born father any day now.'

"The captain said he was an expectant father too and wished to heaven he could go, to get his mind off his troubles. He said I'd take Dempsey's ship and Kelso's crew because Kelso was on the sick list.

"Teamwork is everything in operating a big bomber. I'd be commanding a crew of nine men I had never seen. I had arrived at that field late the evening before."

Paine, slender and brown-eyed, with black hair thinning at the temples, laughed and talked volubly, wisecracking now and then. He told me where he went to school and things like that, but he didn't mention that he had flown one Fortress in the States more than 200,000 miles, had taken others on bombing missions over the Continent, and had just been promoted to first lieutenant. He did say, over and over, "Lieutenant Long ought to have been put in command of a Fortress before now. He's *good*, that boy!"

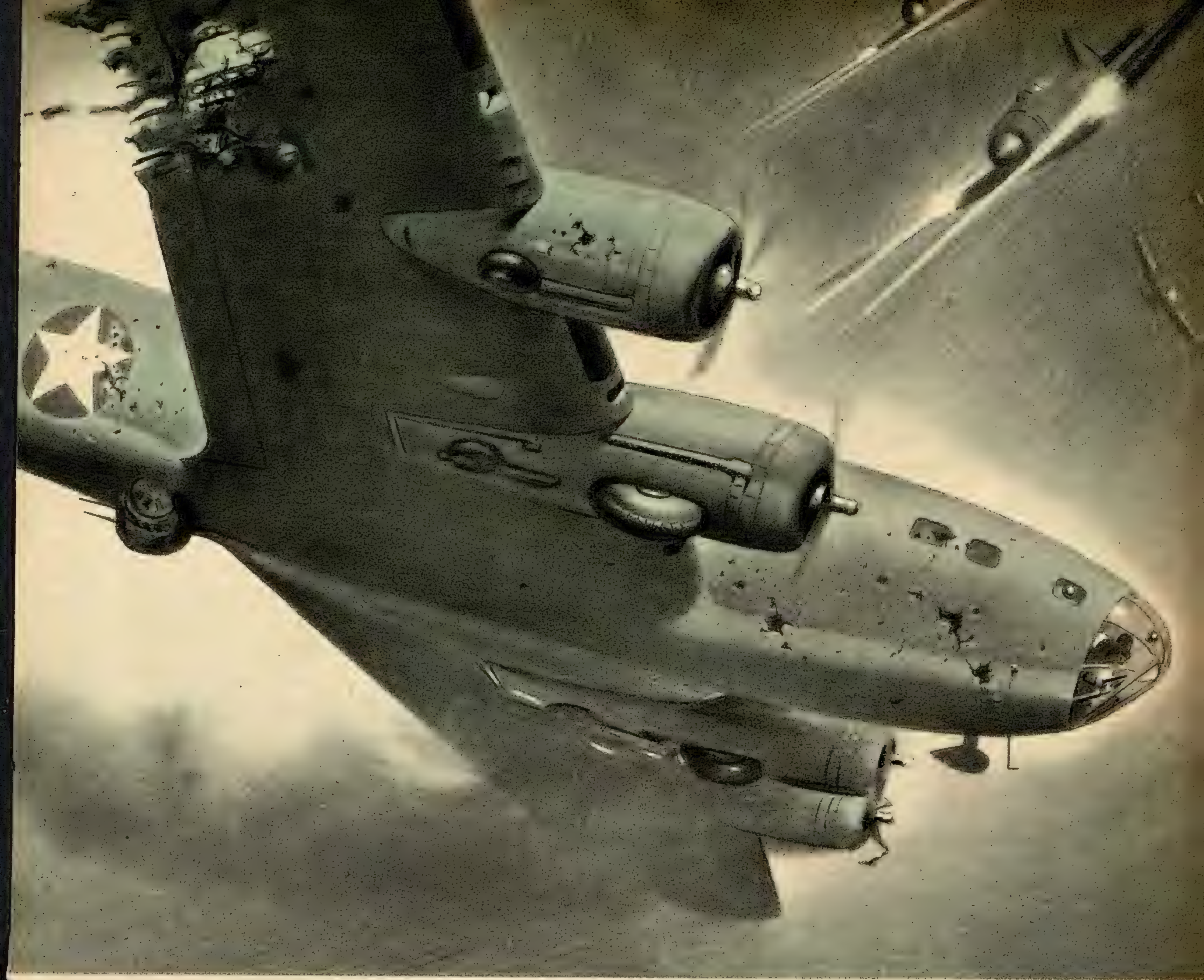
The boy referred to was sitting alongside us, quietly pulling on his long straight brier. He is a second looey, a handsome lad from Sweetwater, Texas. He now admitted that he had served as co-pilot on "several" missions over Europe. He added, "Two of the other boys had also been over—the radio operator and his gunner."

"After breakfast," Paine went on, "I asked Dempsey if the ship was O. K., because some ships, like cars and girls, have little peculiarities. Dempsey said Phyllis was as sweet as sweet, and she sure was. They called her Phyllis because a couple of her regular crew had girls named Phyllis (or maybe it was the same girl) and they had a picture of a swell-looker on the nose of the plane.

"Later on, after briefing—that's a session we hold before we take off on an assignment, when everybody asks questions about the mission—I went over the plane and the report of Engineering to Operations on her. When Engineering certifies to Operations that a ship is O. K., and Operations tells you so, you can darn well bet she *is* O. K. They go over everything—motors, body, wings, electrical equipment, oxygen lines, ammunition, and so on.

"The gunners just live with their guns. I reckon some take 'em to bed. And the ground crews—Lord, what devotion they've got for a ship! We boys that get shot at get the publicity. But the ground men are always begging to go with us, and they'll wait up all hours till their ship gets back. That's teamwork for you! I bet they darn near wept when Phyllis didn't come back to her own base at all."

All were "nervous as hell" before



looked out at our right wing and saw a couple of shell holes big enough to drive a sheep through."

the take-off. It is always like that, they agreed. Paine added, "I was so scared I could hardly walk. I always am before the take-off.

But everything went fine at and after the take-off, and, in V-of-V formation, on the way over. Then, ignoring the flak, they went in over the target, sixty miles from the Channel.

"We were Tail-end Charlie in getting over the target," Paine explained. "Then I heard Lieutenant S. A. Komarek—he's from Muskegon, Michigan—yell through the intraphone, 'Bomb doors open! . . . Left! . . . Right a bit! . . . *Hard* right! More right!'

"It was taking a lot of rudder to swing Phyllis to the right because we were in the slipstream of the other ships, and the flak wasn't helping any."

Stocky Lieutenant Komarek—"Kamerad" by nickname—smiled with a special joy in his ruddy face at having assumed command for a few seconds.

"My people came from one of the countries the Huns smashed," he said. "I like to drop bombs on the Huns. As I let 'em go I said, 'This one is for grandpa. . . . This one is for grandma. . . .' When I think about 'em like that, with the new bombsight I can hit the target right on the nose every time. I wish I could do it every day."

Paine added, "He sure did a job. I heard him call, 'O. K.! Bombs away! Button her up!' Meaning 'Close the bomb doors.' Then he added the good news: 'Hit! Hit! Right on the nose!' Fact is, our raid wiped that German aircraft plant off the map."

"Of course," Commanding Officer Paine went on, "opening the bomb doors slows a plane a bit. We were still in the wash of the other ships. As Tail-end Charlie, Phyllis now got a pasting from the AA guns. I saw flak bursting below us, in front, then above us. They had us bracketed, and I knew that when the next blast came they'd get us. They did. I could feel the ship buck and shudder each time they hit. Incidentally, they also destroyed one of their own pursuit ships, we learned later.

"The flak was bad enough. But after that came something worse. When the flak stopped cold, I knew we were in for it, especially with a crippled ship. That's the toughest part of a bombing raid—the few seconds between the time the flak stops and the moment when the enemy pursuits pounce on you. I had just time enough to go cold all over.

"Then all the gunners started calling in, 'Enemy aircraft at three o'clock, captain . . . at five o'clock . . . at nine o'clock!' and so on—meaning, in our lingo, that they were all around us. I remember what Taucher, the tail gunner, called in. He reported, 'They're coming, all right, captain. There's a *jillion* of them! They look like pigeons, only they're yellow!' "—a color meaning that they were Göring's own crack squadron of Focke-Wulf 190s.

Sergeant Ben T. Taucher, twenty-nine, the oldest man aboard, a coal miner from Rock Springs, Wyoming, and best known as "Bosco," tossed

(*Continued on page 39*)

SOME DAY I'LL FIND YOU

Kathie went to the desk on an everyday errand—and found a document that sent her on a search for a father she'd never seen

BY EVE BURKHARDT

AT the Sun office in San Francisco a copy boy told Kathie Sheldon he'd never heard of Gareth Howe, but it turned out the boy had only worked on the paper six months. A reporter remembered Gareth vaguely, or his name, but he was much more interested in Kathie's figure as she stood over his typewriter. Finally he passed her on to a man at the copy desk.

"Howe?" the man barked. "Gareth Howe? Been a couple of years since he left." Then he looked up. His voice grew gentler because her face was pretty.

"Didn't work here very long, at that; only a few months. Heard he was on the Portland Times. What are you hunting a guy like Howe for, anyway?"

But he didn't wait for her to answer. "Listen. I'm giving you good advice. Just forget him. You'll be better off."

"Gareth Howe?" the man in the next chair chuckled. "Remember the day he came spinning in here like a dervish? Blind drunk. Spun right into the Old Man. Joint hasn't been the same without Howe. Remember how the Old Man hit the floor? The thud shook the presses."

She walked out of the office with as much dignity as she could summon. In her mind she was already buying a ticket to Portland.

But Gareth wasn't on the Portland Times, either. He had left long ago. The information came from the lovelorn editor.

"I knew Mr. Howe when he was here." There was something defiant in the girl's attitude, and something pathetic too. She wasn't pretty and she had wise, sharp eyes. They were much older than her face.

"He helped me a lot. I was new here then, and green. He's clever, very clever, a fine reporter. He's not just a bum. Don't let any one tell you that. He could have been a great writer—he may be yet, but he needs somebody to look after him. He needs to be penned up in a cage with lots of love around him and a good typewriter. He needs to quit drinking. The last I heard about him, he was working in Seattle for the Lowell Advertising Agency."

"Thanks," Kathie said—and the words came from her heart. She felt as if they were staunch friends.

But when she was out on the street the warmth and the glow she had had started to leave and she found herself wondering again whether she should go on seeking Gareth; whether she was right or Bill was right. It was so hard to know what to do. One minute everything was so clear, the next so confused, and she could hear Bill say, "Why don't you let him alone? You've never seen him; why do you want to see him now?"

IT had started so simply, with an errand. Kathie had run them so often for her mother, thousands and thousands in her nineteen years.

"If it isn't in my dressing table, it might be in one of the small drawers of my secretary," Leah had called from the hall downstairs. "Or the sewing cabinet." She never was quite sure where she left her things.

The gold spray pin with the broken clasp was not in the dressing table, neither was it in the sewing cabinet. But in the third of the miniature drawers above the desk of the cherry secretary, there it was, wrapped in tissue paper.

It might have ended there. It could have so easily. Kathie might have gone downstairs with the pin and she and Leah would have started out together. The day would have been like all days were now—filled with shopping and fittings at the dressmaker's, where the bolt of white satin was beginning to look like a wedding dress.

Kathie might never have heard of Gareth Howe. Certainly she never would have seen the slip of paper that was her birth certificate, or the picture of the tall, strong man.

But the tiny drawer jammed when she pushed it back. It didn't close flush as it should have, so she took it out and looked into the empty pigeonhole. A short pencil had somehow fallen there. Underneath it was an envelope.

She scooped them out and put the drawer back. Even then she never would have given another thought to the envelope if she hadn't seen her name written across the face. Her name and something else: "Kathie's birth certificate." The handwriting was her mother's familiar backhand script.

When she opened the envelope a folded paper slipped out. Clipped to the paper was a snapshot. She stood for some time reading the paper. A few printed lines here, a typewritten word there. Nothing involved, nothing a child couldn't understand.

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES

She took it finally to the window, for the blinds in her mother's room were partly down. She was trembling as if she were very cold, although the day was warm. Spring. The paper shook in her hands. She looked from it to the snapshot, which was small but clear. She could distinguish every feature. The eyes were dark, the brows above them intelligent but querulous, the forehead wide and high. The young man was not smiling; indeed, he looked rather grave; but his mouth seemed kind and his chin was firm.

Kathie liked his chin, but his eyes frightened her. When she put the tip of her finger over the lower part of his face and bent the paper over the short curly dark hair, it seemed as if she were looking into her own eyes.

SUDDENLY she was angry, and the anger tore through her as fear will do at times. She was angry at Leah and at John Sheldon, who was dead now. It didn't seem strange that she thought of him in her fury as John Sheldon, when all her life she had called him father.

The anger passed a little when Leah came into the room.

"What *is* the matter, Kathie? I've waited and waited—"

"I found this. Naturally, I opened it because you had marked it clearly as my birth certificate." She held out the paper to her mother, but her fingers didn't leave it.

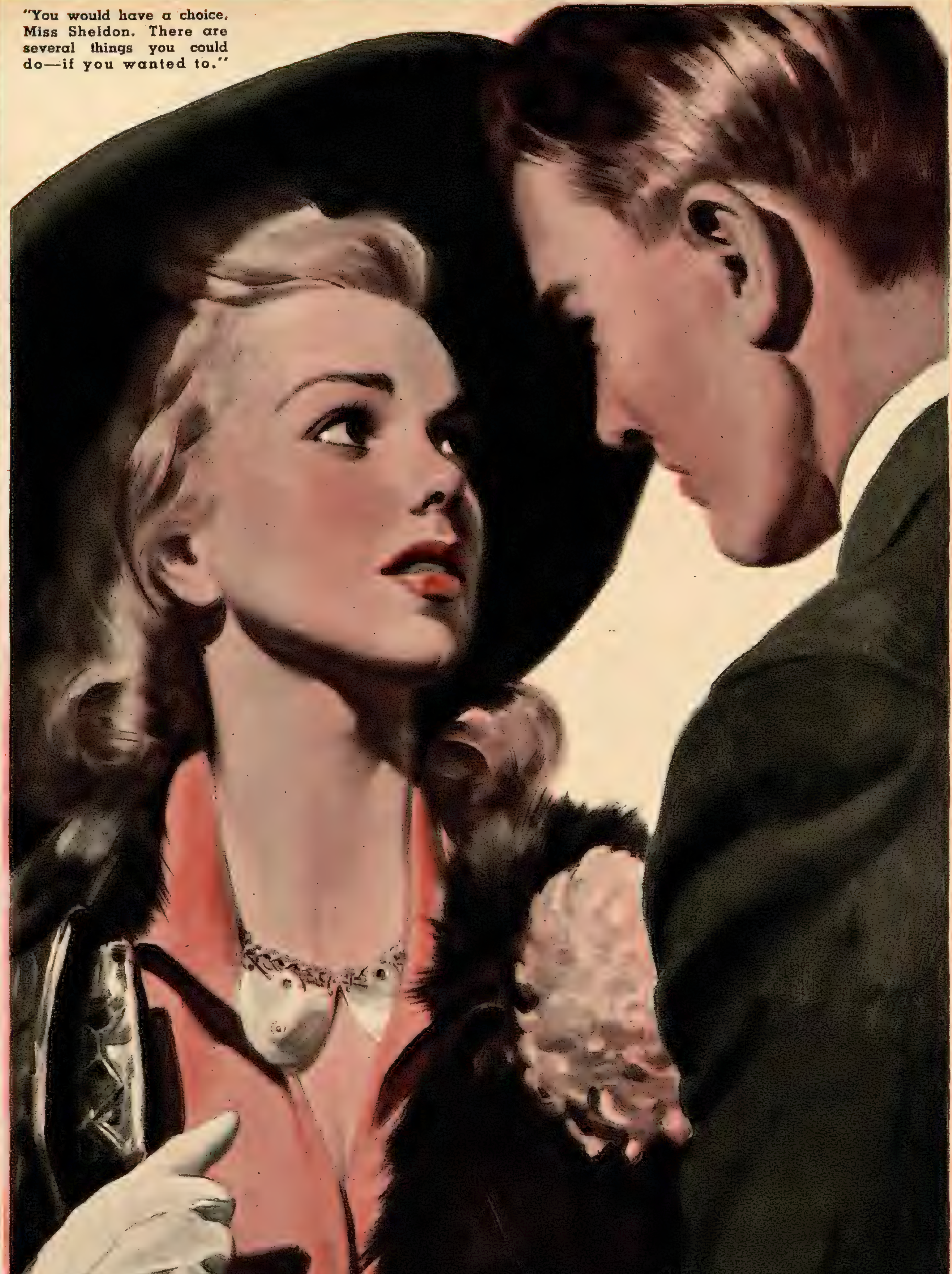
"Oh—" Leah said. Then her eyes became paler. The blue faded until they were quite gray. The change was familiar to Kathie. She had seen it come many times, but she had never understood it before. Now she did, and the anger in her softened still more. Leah was afraid.

"I didn't know what I was going to find," the girl said.

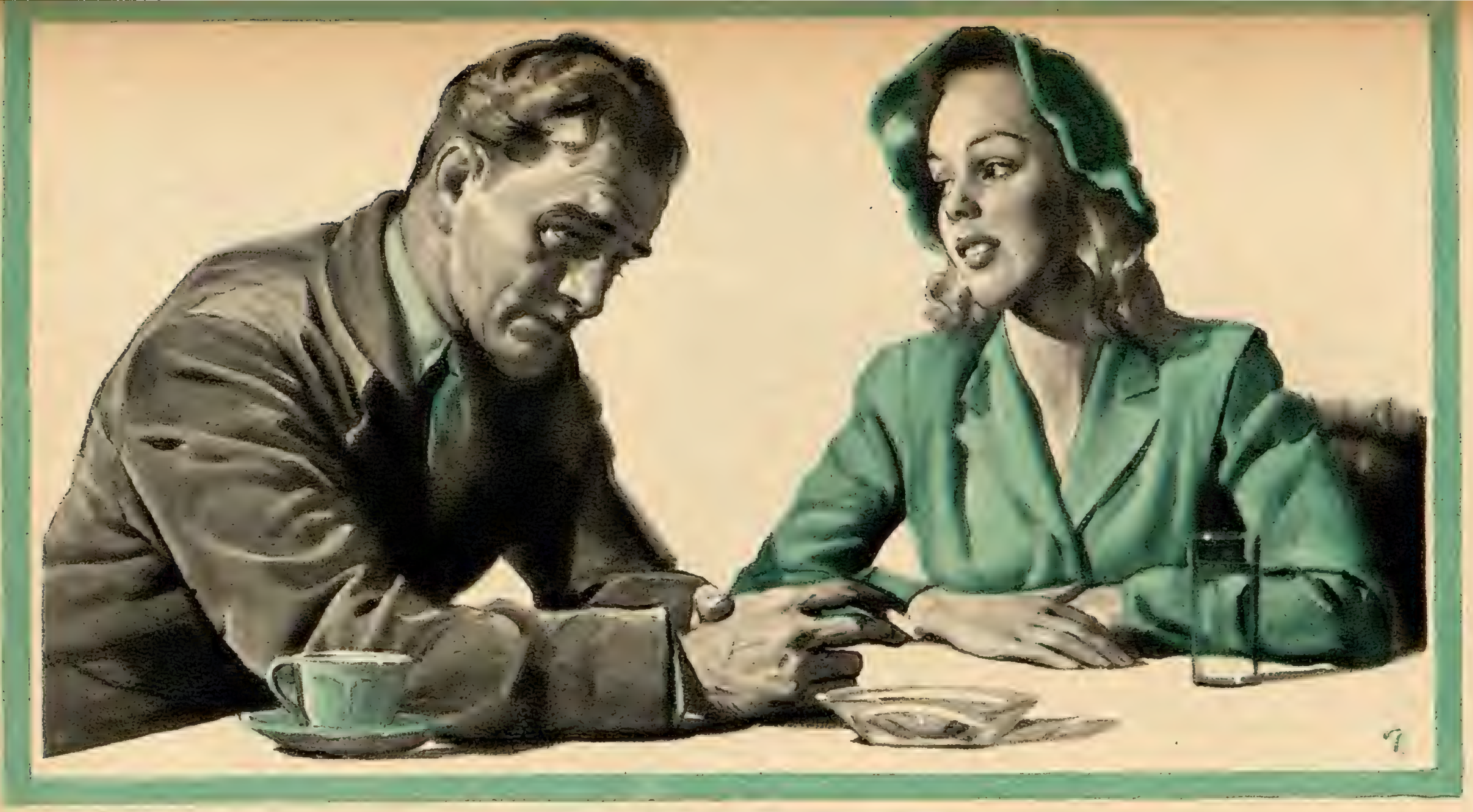
Leah groped with one hand for a chair. "I didn't mean that you should ever know. There was no reason for you to know."

"But I *do* know now. I'm not John Sheldon's daughter. I'm Gareth Howe's daughter. Gareth Howe." She

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



"You would have a choice, Miss Sheldon. There are several things you could do—if you wanted to."



"It isn't any use," he said. "I'm no good, I tell you. I'm not worth the trouble."

repeated the name as if to familiarize herself with it.

"John adopted you when you were three months old, Kathie. He was a fine father to you, the best father you could have had. Better, oh, better than Gareth ever would have been!"

"You never married Gareth."

The pale eyes closed. Leah's shoulders shrank against her chair.

"We don't have to go through all this. It's past, it's buried. Let's forget it and go on as we have. All I want to do is to forget it. No one knows about it. I took care of that in the beginning. Gareth, thank goodness, had the good manners not to make any trouble, although how he managed not to I don't know."

"This is Gareth, of course?"

Kathie held up the snapshot.

"Yes, that's Gareth, although why I kept it I don't know."

"You must have loved him."

LEAH didn't reply. Her eyes were still closed. Her lips, usually so soft, were tight and pinched. For the first time in her life, she looked older than she was.

When she spoke, her voice was a little harsh and her speech came slowly, as if her mind were reaching out for forgotten words.

"I suppose you won't rest until you know. You're like Gareth that way. He had to know the why of everything. Sometimes you're so like him—I'm frightened. Your eyes and the way you hold your head and the way you laugh at nothing. That's the way he used to do. Yes, I loved him terribly once. It was when we were in college. Madly, idiotically. Do you want to know the rest? It isn't—pleasant."

"Tell me, please."

"I found out I was going to have a child. You, Kathie. But when I went to tell him, he was gone. Quite gone. All his things moved from his rooms. I found out he had taken a job on a freighter and was going around the world. With not even a good-by to me. I had some money, so I went away too. Nobody knew about you until after I married John. Then they thought you were his daughter and mine."

"Did Gareth—ever know about me?"

"Just before I married John I heard that Gareth was in New York working on a newspaper. I wrote him there—an angry letter; but it never came back and I never had an answer. I told him about you in that letter. And I've never seen him."

As Kathie watched the wan face, the compressed lips, she thought, You loved him more than you did John Sheldon, more than you ever could love John Sheldon.

All her anger was gone now. She felt toward her mother as she might feel toward a child. She went over and put her arms around Leah.

"Is he alive, mother? Do you know where I could find him?"

Leah's slender shoulders quivered. "You don't want to see him, Kathie! You think you do, but you don't. It would be an impossible situation. Gareth—well, I suppose you have to know that Gareth drinks. Not just social drinking, a cocktail or two. Hopeless drinking. He doesn't stay on a job very long. I get news of him now and then from friends. The last time I heard about him he was working on a San Francisco newspaper, but that was three years ago. He's not a father you can be proud of. He's nothing but a—tramp."

"I want to see him. I have to!"

"I won't allow it! Oh, please, Kathie, you're Kathie Sheldon. You've nothing to do with Gareth Howe."

"I'm going to find out." The girl spoke quietly. "I'm going to San Francisco tomorrow."

Leah was staring wildly at Kathie now. "What about Bill? What will he think of your going off when you should be at home getting ready for your wedding? You can't tell him why you're going—"

"Yes, I can. He has a right to know—he's going to be my husband. He'll want me to go, mother. Bill's reasonable; he's fair."

"The McClures are so family-conscious, Kathie. Bill's had family hammered into him since he was born. The right person to know, the wrong person. The right thing to do, the wrong thing."

"I'm not marrying the McClure family; I'm marrying Bill." She turned quickly and ran from the room.

THE house was quiet; but then, it was always quiet—a peaceful, beautiful house. For John Sheldon had liked quiet and beauty, and after he died the same beauty stayed on because it was there in the fine rugs, the graceful furniture, the pictures he loved.

The same quiet stayed, too, and the same efficient order, because it seemed as if John had just gone for a little while on a business trip and would be back, and then he would want things as he always had them. The servants were the same, and the menus and the gardens; the great bed of prize iris—as blue as Leah's eyes—outside the solarium; the pansies, like a field of purple velvet, when you looked out the dining-room windows; the straight white stock beyond the library. John Sheldon's flowers were as famous as the furnishings of his house and his pictures.

In her childhood Kathie had felt much more comfortable in the homes of her friends than in her own home, for the Sheldon house could never be used for anything but dignified play.

Sometimes she had felt easier, too, with the fathers of her friends than with John. Not that John had been cruel or cross. He never raised his voice and everything Kathie and Leah wanted he gave them. But Kathie never played with him. When she was small she sensed that he didn't like to play with children. When she was older she excused him by telling herself that he didn't understand children.

Now she asked herself as she packed, Would it have made any difference if I had been his own flesh and blood?

Even if you had lived with John Sheldon for years, you didn't know him; you couldn't know him. You thought you did at times, and then you looked at him as if he were a stranger. Because he looked at you that way. This change of status didn't seem astonishing or unusual. It was simply because John was John. You watched for his moods and you were careful because he was sensitive. You were glad that you weren't going to have to be so careful about Bill.

BUT you were, it seemed. Kathie knew it before she was well started on her story. She could sense the change in Bill before she could see it. Then she saw it plainly—too plainly.

"Oh, it *is* a mess, isn't it? A filthy mess," he said when she finished. And she saw him at that moment as if he were just an ordinary person, not *her* Bill—not the man she was going to marry. It was the first time since she had met him that he hadn't seemed some one special, rising above all other men.

"Why do you want to see him? Why don't you let him alone?" he went on quickly, his handsome face clouded and frowning. "But of course you aren't going to try and find him. That is preposterous, Kathie. You've got to see that. As things are now, everything will be all right if you just forget you ever knew about him. He hasn't bothered you for nineteen years. We can take the chance that he won't for the next nineteen. We don't need to tell any one; even my mother and dad won't need to know. We'll go ahead with our plans to be married."

"But I want to see him! Don't you understand? You'd want to see what your father was like if you had never seen him, wouldn't you?"

"Not if he had any of the peculiarly vicious attributes Gareth Howe has. I'd let him alone, and glad I could. That's what you're going to do, too."

She shook her head.

"But, Kathie," he exclaimed, "here we're going to be married in three weeks. You simply can't walk out on your wedding plans!"

"The invitations aren't out yet, and this—seems to me to be more important than our plans now."

Then she felt she couldn't talk about Gareth to Bill any longer—that the more they talked the farther apart they'd be.

"I don't understand you, Kathie."

"I don't understand you, either."

When she went upstairs later, her head was throbbing.

Leah was waiting in her room. Her eyes were brighter and bluer. She didn't look so pale. "Did you tell Bill?"

"Yes, mother."

"And?"

Kathie wished she could laugh, but she couldn't. She didn't feel like crying. She felt numb. She kept thinking: How odd it is that you can think you know some one so well, and then you find you don't know him at all." Bill seemed like John Sheldon, some one you knew and yet at the same time you didn't.

"It was quite different than I had thought," she replied to Leah.

"What do you mean, different? Oh, Kathie, Gareth has hurt you already, and you've never seen him!"

"Gareth hasn't hurt me, and neither has Bill. Don't worry about me. It just happens that Bill doesn't see my way—the way that is so clear to me. We might as well know it now—"

"But you love him, dear!"

"This afternoon I would have said I did. Now I don't know. I'm all queer and mixed up about it." She went over to her half-packed suitcase and stood looking down at it.

"You're going, then, tomorrow?" Leah came over to her. Kathie nodded.

"You'll wish you had stayed here. You've always been so *safe* here, and I've always been so safe. John made it that way." She fumbled in the pocket of her robe. "You're sure you want to go?"

"Very sure, mother. I've never been so sure of anything before."

"Gareth may not be in San Francisco. He may have left there long ago. It might be a long journey—and then the disappointment when you do find him—" She put a billfold on top of the cherry silk dressing gown in the suitcase and hurried out of the room.

But Kathie had seen the desperate eagerness in her eyes, shining back of her tears. She loves him, she said to herself. She loves him still, whatever he is and whatever he has become.

WHEN Kathie reached Seattle, Gareth wasn't working for the Lowell Advertising Agency. He had been gone for three months. The receptionist suggested that if Miss Sheldon wanted to wait, Mr. Lowell might have Mr. Howe's address.

Kathie sat down. She was only three months behind Gareth now. His trail hadn't been hard to follow. He left it broad and wide behind him for everybody to see. She found herself wondering if he would look like the snapshot in her purse. And how she would explain herself. And what she would call him.

It seemed, as she looked across the room, that although her acquaintance with him was so short, only five days really, and she had never seen him, she had known him always.

The big house on Farrington Drive was far away. Bill was far away. Every step she took toward Gareth seemed to push Bill back still more. Of the past only her mother remained clear and sharp and definite. When she thought of her she thought of the desperate eagerness in her eyes. She knew that she loved Leah now more than she ever had.

"Mr. Lowell will see you now, Miss Sheldon," the receptionist called.

As Kathie got up and walked across the room, she was suddenly frightened, because Mr. Lowell might be like the man on the San Francisco Sun, brusque and bitter.

But Mr. Ray Lowell didn't resemble the Sun man in the least. He was young, in his early thirties. The smile he gave her was shy. His tanned face reddened as he motioned her to a chair.

"WHY, you're only a kid," he said in dismay. The flush reached up his high forehead to the roots of his stiff blond hair. "Only a kid—"

"I don't understand, Mr. Lowell," said Kathie, "I only wanted Gareth Howe's address."

His hands fussed aimlessly with some papers on his desk. The flush faded.

"I expected some one different. A woman, mature, somebody I could talk to about Howe. I've been wanting to talk to somebody about him for a long time, and when I heard there was an inquiry for his address, I thought this was the chance I was looking for. But I see it isn't, and I'm sorry." He looked even younger now, in his embarrassment. "I have an address here—it's the only one I know." He handed her a slip of paper.

She took it, but she didn't get up and leave, as he so obviously wanted her to. She sat quite still for a moment or so, looking at him.

"What would you have said to a woman, a mature woman, about Gareth Howe, Mr. Lowell?" She saw one of his hands slip from the papers under the desk. There would be a buzzer there, she knew, and soon his secretary would come into the room and that would end the interview.

"Nothing. We'll forget it, Miss Sheldon. That's the name, isn't it?"

"I don't want to forget it, Mr. Lowell. Would it make any difference if I told you Gareth Howe is my father?"

He looked at her sharply, and he kept looking at her while she told him all she knew about Gareth and how far she had come in her search. It didn't take long, because the words she uttered seemed to be ready and waiting to be spoken. It didn't seem strange, either, that she should be speaking to Mr. Lowell, whom she didn't know, about her father—that she should be telling him about Leah and trying to make him understand John Sheldon. It seemed natural and right. When she finished, she thought of Bill and what he had said when he heard the story:

"Oh, it *is* a mess, isn't it? A filthy mess."

Mr. Lowell didn't say that. He didn't say anything for a while. Then he spoke quietly, as a doctor might talk to a patient:

"Since you know your father's weaknesses, we won't go into them. His assets are considerable. He can write like a whirlwind and he's got ideas by the bushel. I had to let him go finally, but I told him he could come back when he quit drinking. That was three months ago and I haven't seen him since. My offer still stands. But he needs help. He needs somebody to take his hand and keep hold of it for a while. It has to be done right away if it's to do him any good. Even now it may be too late. Do you follow me?"

"I do." Kathie's hands were clasped tightly together in her lap. She was proud again. She felt warm and friendly toward Mr. Lowell, as she had toward the girl on the Portland Times. He was saying the same thing that the girl had.

"Gareth should be writing fiction, not advertising copy and news stories," he continued. "Just before he left he sketched out a play idea for me—it was awfully good. He called it Mrs. Allister Comes Home. I begged him to write it. I told him I could get it to a New York stage producer whom I know very well—Max Damon. I even offered to let him write it on office time. But he didn't. Instead he got drunk and ran away." Lowell dropped his eyes. "There are, of course, institutions for alcoholics. Sometimes they help, sometimes they don't. There are also psychiatrists who do excellent work. And then, there is loving care at home. So you would have a choice, Miss Sheldon. There are several things you could do—if you wanted to."

When Kathie left his office she felt light, as if the floor were a bed of soft clouds. She wanted to sing, to shout, to laugh. And she did find herself laughing as she hurried along in the noonday crowds, pushing her way across the street. A woman looked at her curiously, but Kathie didn't care. She was close to Gareth; she was so near him she could almost touch him. In a few minutes she would be coming face to face with him.

But the minutes passed, the afternoon passed, and still she hadn't found him. At the St. John Street address supplied by Mr. Lowell she learned that he had been gone for some time. Six weeks, to be exact. At the Avenor Hotel, a cheap walk-up, which had been his next stopping place, he was remembered by the proprietor, but he was no longer there. The Avenor had two suitcases of his, however, which it was holding for his bill.

That was how Kathie found his clothes before she found him. They weren't much: two suits, half a dozen shirts that needed laundering, some underwear and pajamas; some paper and some typewriter ribbons; a few illegible notes in a notebook. But she saw her father's handwriting for the first time.

The trail seemed to stop there, but she knew enough about Gareth now to know it didn't. That it never stopped. She picked it up at the bar around the corner, and she came away with a pawn ticket for a typewriter which had been left in payment for a bottle of whisky. At the pawnbroker's there was another address for him.

It was an old house, sagging and weary and crying for paint, the lawn a stubble of weeds. A woman with red hair and a lean white face was standing in the doorway.

But Gareth was there. Number 22, third floor to the rear, the woman said.

Kathie stood and stared. It was such a simple, direct answer to her question.

"I'm here," she whispered, when she was in the dreary dim hall. "I've caught up with him at last!"

The stairs had once been covered, and there was still some carpet at the edges, but the middle treads were bare. On the first landing a stack of cardboard cartons was jammed against the wall waiting to be moved. From the look of them and their dust, they had been waiting for a long time.

In the third-floor hallway two trunks placed end to end made a bench, but the bench was occupied by sundry things—a rusty bucket, two worn brooms, a pair of roller skates. Here it wasn't so dim. Light from a skylight shot down on the dirty tattered rug and on the scarred peeling brown varnish of the doors.

The door of 22 was half open. Kathie knocked timidly the first time; the next time not so timidly. There was no answer, so she stepped in.

It was a small room furnished with bare necessities: a gray-painted iron bed which was unmade; a small oak dresser, the mirror coated with a milky film; a spindly table; and a rocker with a cane seat. The walls were darkish green. On the floor were two small rugs curled up like soiled rags.

SHE felt as if she had climbed to a great height. The air in the room seemed thin like the air at the top of a mountain. She couldn't fill her lungs with enough of it. Back of her the stained torn blind was flapping against the screen, stirred by the breeze from the open window.

There was a brown felt hat on top of the dresser. Beside it was a wrinkled tie and a small case that looked as if it might hold a razor. That was all. The hat was old, but the felt was good.

On the table was an ash tray filled with cigarette stubs. They spilled over onto the torn oilcloth cover and some of them had fallen to the floor. Near the ash tray was an empty glass. In the wastebasket by the dresser was an empty bottle.

After a while she heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Then he came in. She knew him at once. He was Gareth, older than the Gareth of the snapshot, heavier but not much. The same broad sweep of forehead, the same thick unruly hair, the same dark eyes. The change was mostly in the lines around his eyes and the lines that went from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth. Deep lines. They were plainly visible even under his stubble of unshaven beard.

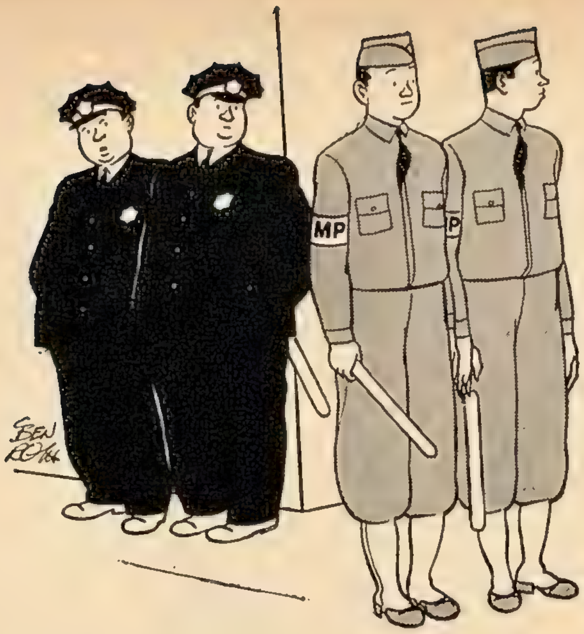
He didn't see her at first. He came in quickly and closed the door behind him. When she took a little step forward, his eyes swept over her and then away.

"You're Gareth," Kathie said, trembling. "I'm Kathie Sheldon. I'll have to explain about myself—"

"I know who you are," he interrupted. He was going through his

DR. BONES
M.D.
PHYSICIAN
&
SURGEON
JIMMY CABORN

"I feel half sick this morning, doctor!"



"How do you suppose they stay so slim?"

pockets, searching for something.

Kathie opened her purse and offered him a package of cigarettes. He reached for them, his hand shaking.

"You know who I am?" she asked as he was lighting his cigarette.

He didn't answer at once. He waited until he had a lungful of smoke.

"Yes," he said, and took a deeper drag. "Yes, I know. I recognized you as soon as I saw you. But you'd bettter go now. This isn't any place for you." He spoke roughly.

"But I've just come, Gareth." It was so easy to call him that. It came to her lips like an old familiar name. That was what she would always call him. "I've no intention of leaving just when I've found you."

"I tell you, you'd better go. I'm telling you for your own good. I'm not a father a girl can boast about. I'm a bum. Everybody says so. I know it myself. What do you think I'm living in a dump like this for?" His voice rose harshly. "Because I haven't a dime, that's why. I was trying to borrow two bits this morning around the place, so I could get myself a drink. I'm no good. Any minute now I'll have to get out of here because I can't pay my rent. There won't be any luggage to take away from me, because I've already lost it. Tonight I may be sleeping in a park. You don't know anything about people like me. You belong in a different world—the world John Sheldon gave you. That's the right world for you."

She went to the dresser, picked up his hat and the little box and the tie. She opened the drawers, but there was nothing in them. The closet was empty, too.

"Here's your hat and your tie. I'm hungry. We're going out to lunch."

He took the tie and looked at her, puzzled.

She spoke gently, as she might to a little child. "You can't make it any blacker than what I've already been told, so don't try to shock me."

He was silent as he put on his tie and then held out his hand for his hat.

They didn't say anything in the cab going downtown. Neither did they talk while they ate. When he finished and was smoking, he rubbed his hand over the dark bristles on his face.

"I'm a sight, I know. I should have cleaned up."

"I have your clothes. They're being cleaned and pressed. I have your typewriter, too. And you're going to use it, Gareth. We're going to get an apartment, and you're going to write. You're going to write a play. The one you outlined to Mr. Lowell, Mrs. Allister Comes Home. You aren't going to stop until you finish it."

Give him lots of love and care, the girl on the Portland Times had said. Well, she would love him and take care of him—Gareth, who was her father.

"You're nice," he said. It was the first time she had seen him smile. "You're like I thought you would be. But it isn't any use. I've had chances before. I'm no good, I tell you. I'm not worth the trouble."

"Don't you want to do something for yourself?"

His smile faded slowly. "I don't know. All I know is that it's too late now. I'm through."

"We could try together. Surely that isn't asking too much of you—to try once more."

She was watching him closely. He smoked another cigarette and another.

"Were you surprised that I knew who you were?" he asked suddenly.

She nodded.

"You didn't ask me how I knew."

"I'm never going to ask any questions, Gareth."

He smiled at her again. "I've seen you twice before today. The first time, when you were four. I—went out to Los Angeles and looked up the house, John Sheldon's house. I went to see if I could catch a glimpse of you. I hung around, and finally I saw you come out with a nurse. You had on a plaid skirt and a short red sweater. Your hair was in curls and you had a red ribbon around your head. You had a funny sort of doll in your arms. Its hair was ratty-looking yellow yarn. But you hugged it to you as if you loved it. I knew you were Kathie because as you passed me the nurse called your name. I followed you for maybe a block or two, and then I went back downtown and got drunk. It lasted quite a time." He paused.

Kathie put her hands on his across the table.

"I saw you again when you were twelve. I was out your way on a story, and I went to Farrington Drive and took another look at the big house. You weren't around that day, so I went back the next. You were just coming down the walk with a couple of other girls. I didn't have any trouble picking you out, because I had seen you before. Your face was the same—it's the same now."

She leaned over, her face close to his. "It's a go, then? You'll try it with me?"

"My good intentions are scattered in wastebaskets all over the country. Half-finished manuscripts. The play I started in Boston; the novel I began in New York; short stories in Memphis, in Chicago, St. Louis; poems in Salt Lake. Lots more—I can't tell you how many. None of them completed. I never finish anything I start, Kathie. You've got to know that."

"But you'll try again?"

"You're the boss now."

Can Kathie succeed in her plan to save Gareth? Read the concluding chapter of this moving story next week.

20 QUESTIONS

1. With what football teams do you associate these names: Hank Mazur, Sammy Baugh, Frank Sinkwich?
2. To an army man does S. O. S. mean shoot on sight, shave on Sunday—or what?
3. Is El Alamein a Turkish stage star, a battle line in Africa, or an Indian delicacy?
4. Who succeeded each of the following: Charles Curtis, Vice-Admiral Ghormley, Charles Evans Hughes?
5. In the motion picture Across the Pacific does the hero give up his life for his country, foil an Axis plot to bomb the Panama Canal, or does he use a chemical to make himself invisible?
6. "Squeezes it until the buffalo yells"—is this phrase applied to a tightwad, a big-game hunter, or a butcher?
7. Which would be most familiar to a Philadelphia epicure—scrap, scrapple, or scarab?
8. What famous boys were the charges of "Jo and the Professor"?
9. Do the names Currier and Ives describe famous lithographers, a keystone combination for the Brooklyn Dodgers, or a Midwestern railroad?
10. What important position is held by James F. Byrnes?
11. What do the following names have in common—Quincy, Vincennes, Astoria?
12. Is Red Star a Minnesota football player, a celestial body, or a Russian newspaper?
13. Which of the following is a musical term: fugue, fustian, fallacy?
14. What nations grant these military decorations—Order of St. Olaf, Distinguished Service Cross, Order of the Bath?
15. The term "tympanum" would most likely be used by an editor, a sailor, or a doctor?
16. Who received nation-wide publicity recently by merely saying, "I'm going to learn how to use a bayonet"?
17. When was the first Navy Day observed by this nation at war?
18. Who is Speaker of the House of Representatives?
19. Was Herman Melville one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the author of Moby Dick, or a German spy?
20. What is the historical significance of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina?

(Answers will be found on page 38)

KEEPING WARM WITH THE MINIVERS

Profit by the experience of the famous Miniver family and beat the fuel shortage this winter

BY JAN STRUTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

NOW that I have lived in the United States for more than two years, I realize even more clearly than before how much American visitors to Great Britain must have suffered from the cold. British standards of heating must have seemed to them unbearably rugged, and I am sure they are all wondering how even the heartiest Britishers can stand it, since the wartime fuel rationing plan has cut down still further on the amount of heat permitted in homes and offices.

Now that fuel rationing has come to this country and the temperature of the average American home will probably be just about the same as that of the prewar English home, many Americans must be racking their brains to try and remember some of the customs of dress and living which apparently enabled the British to get along happily and healthily in houses which for the most part don't even have steam or hot-water radiators.

So, because of the kind interest which so many Americans have taken in Mrs. Miniver, I should like to remind you of how families like the Minivers used to manage to keep themselves warm in prewar England.

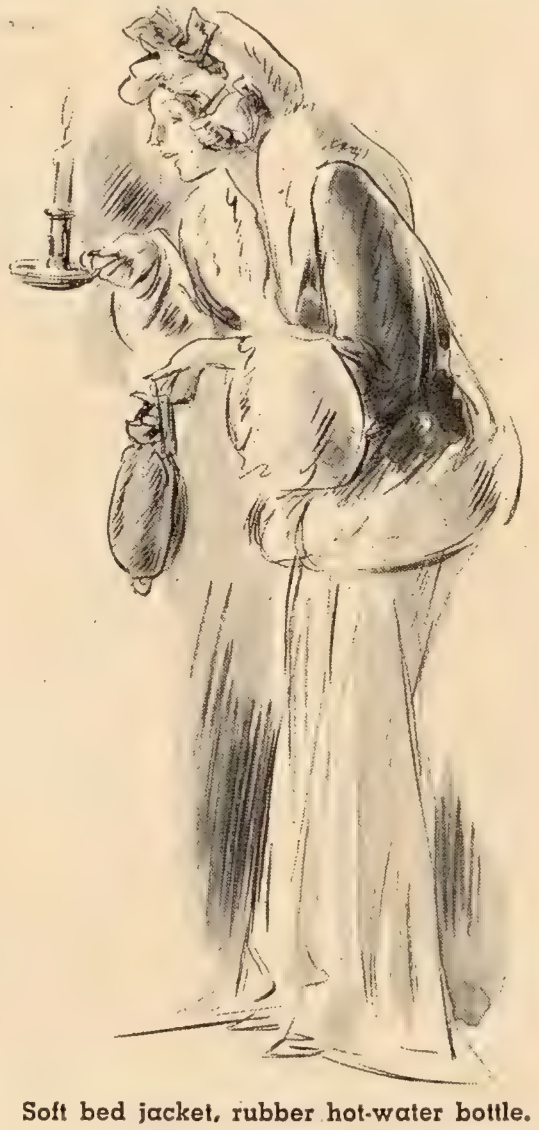
For one thing, we wear warmer clothes in the wintertime than you do. We don't just toss on heavy coats if we're going out of doors: we dress for winter from the skin out. The Englishwomen have an entirely different kind of outfit for the colder months. Long-sleeved woolen dresses and woolen suits, worn with blouses or sweaters, are considered absolutely essential garments for indoor wear.

Also, because the bedrooms of the Minivers are largely dependent for heat on small gas or electric stoves, or, in some parts of the country, on open fires, Mrs. Miniver always saw to it that her family was kept as warm as possible at night. She herself, being a highly feminine creature, would wear pretty silk nightgowns, but on cold nights she often used to wear a soft woolen bed jacket as well, to protect her shoulders. Little girls of her daughter Judy's age (ten) would wear warm flannel nightgowns or pajamas: children of Toby's age (six) or smaller would wear flannel sleeping suits, often covering the feet.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES

Then, of course, there is that time-honored English institution, the rubber hot-water bottle. Mrs. Miniver always swore by hers, and if she were here now I feel sure she would suggest that Americans should try one. It really isn't as sissy as it looks!

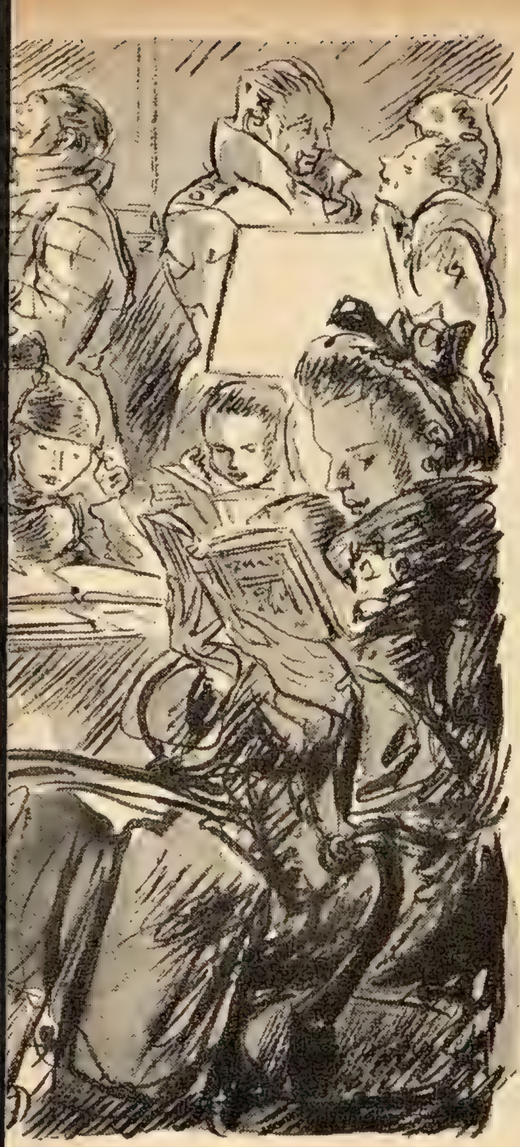
She realizes that the children's schoolrooms are apt to be colder even than the house, so she is extremely careful to see that Toby and Judy are warmly clad when they start out in the morning. Mrs. Miniver knows that porous weaves and knitted materials are the most comfortable for indoor wear, so she struggles to get the children into cotton-and-wool underwear, which protects all the most vital parts. She also provides them with plenty of jackets and sweaters that can be taken off and put on again as the temperature demands. And of course the Miniver children wear knee-length stockings, not anklets, for there is a lot of extra warmth to be gained by those extra inches of wool or cotton.



Soft bed jacket, rubber hot-water bottle.

As for Mr. Miniver, the clothes which he cherishes above all others are those extremely heavy old tweeds which have been keeping him comfortable in the wintertime for years and which he hopes will hold out for the duration. He knows that they weigh more than the suits that most American men wear, but he also knows that American men may begin to long for them when they find their offices getting chillier and chillier.

But all of these prewar arrangements, of course, aren't enough to cope with the new rigors imposed by fuel rationing. Mrs. Miniver is now very weather-strip-conscious. These gadgets, as Americans from the colder states already know, are the things that keep the wind from whistling in through cracks around door and window frames. Americans in England must often have watched the woman of the house glance uneasily over her shoulder and say, "Where *is* that draft coming from?" and then look appealingly at the man of the house with a please-do-something-about-it expression. Now that Mrs. Miniver so often has to be the man of the house herself (for Mr. M. is increasingly busy with war work), she doesn't want to have to do any more draft-stopping-up than



Mrs. Miniver asks other families in, not just to make social conversation.

necessary. So, in addition to weather strips, she is having storm doors and windows put on wherever possible, for they prevent those expanses of icy glass from pulling down the temperature in a room.

Even some of Mrs. Miniver's most elegant friends have discovered what a cozy place the kitchen can be; for, no matter how chilly the rest of the house is, the chances are that a cooking stove in action will warm up the entire room and make it a most comfortable place to breakfast or dine in. But if they do eat in style in the dining room, they quite take it for granted that topcoats will be worn.

Because she knows that no amount of warm clothing will do any good if your stomach is cold and empty, Mrs. Miniver is giving great thought to her family's diet these days. Taking a tip from the Scots, who have always known how to live and get along in an extremely harsh climate, she sees to it that every one in the house starts the day off with a breakfast of hot and filling cereal, and has a warm drink before going to bed. Most of her meals include at least one dish that will "stick to the ribs." Hot soups appear on her menus more and more frequently, for they, more than any other food, contribute to internal warmth.

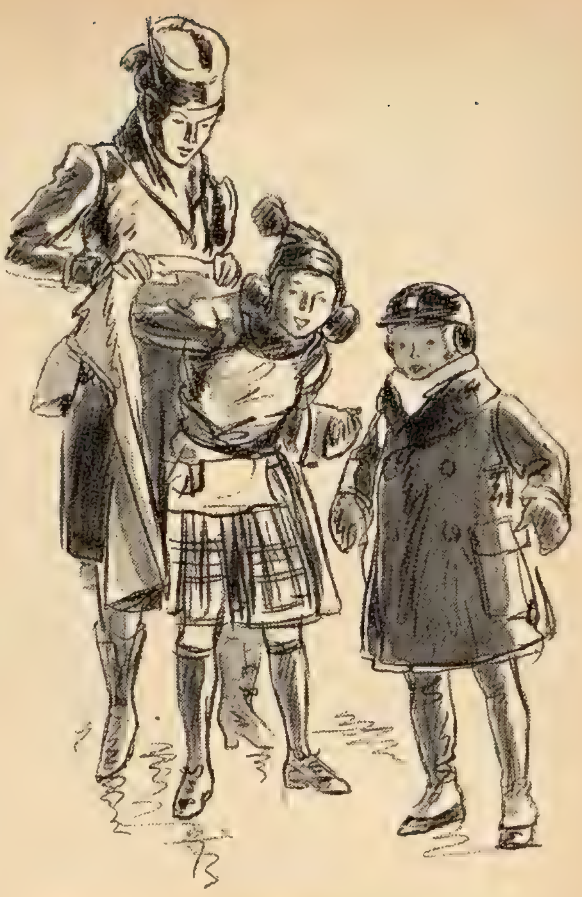
She has also discovered that if the family goes to bed an hour earlier than used to be customary, they can save heat in the rest of the house and keep nice and warm themselves, besides getting a bit more rest, which doesn't come amiss in these strenuous days when everybody seems to be doing at least two full-time jobs.

The traditional bath of the Englishman, which according to fiction he was supposed to take daily even in the jungle or at the North Pole, has had to go the way of so many other pleasant customs of the Minivers' life. They are lucky now if they get one two or three times a week—and it's apt to be a pretty skimpy one, at that. Even the bathtubs in Buckingham Palace have a five-inch dead line carefully drawn around them—and, naturally, no patriotic person would allow the water to rise higher than that in his own tub.

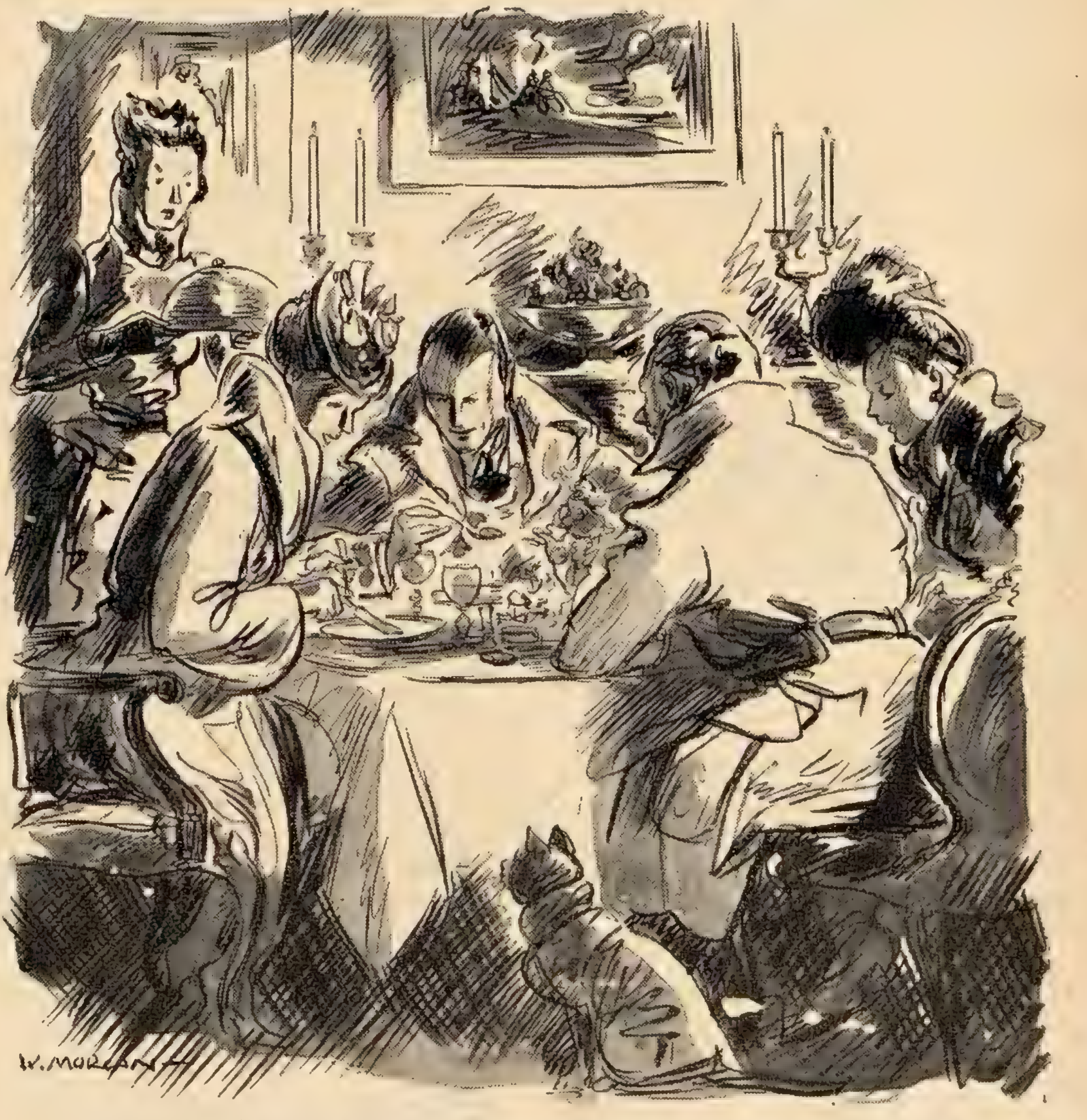
Mrs. Miniver has become quite accustomed to seeing herself, her family, and her friends clumping about indoors in wool-lined overshoes, for every one has caught on to the fact that keeping one's feet warm is half the battle. But one thing that she still finds a little startling is the sight of many women wearing slacks to their work in government offices. Once, years ago, she worked in one of those offices herself, and she is certain that in those days there would have been a first-class Constitutional crisis if she had turned up in trousers. However, the government, like private individuals in England, has had to make many concessions to the changing order of things and has to permit its women employees to wear any garments they choose for the sake of warmth.

To Mrs. Miniver, one of the happiest results of the fuel rationing has been the increase in neighborliness. She and her friends are learning to share their sitting rooms, and they ask other families in, not just to make social conversation but to do their reading, their knitting, their work, and their studying. For, of course the more people that can share one room, the more fuel can be saved. In short, Mrs. Miniver and most other Britishers have discovered, as Americans soon will, that the colder the house, the warmer the heart must be; and that in itself is a discovery well worth making.

THE END



She also provides jackets and sweaters.



If they eat in style, they take it for granted that topcoats will be worn.

BLOW, BACK, AND PRAY

"Crash-dive!" ordered the skipper. "Faster!" The sub crew tensed. Were they speeding to death?

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES

"HERE! Take her down faster!" Lieutenant Law, skipper of the submarine S-100, pushed Blondy Hansen away from the wheel controlling the bow planes. We were diving, but not fast enough to suit the captain. "This is the way I want it done," he snapped, giving the wheel a spin. Our bow dipped at a sickening angle and a moment later the depth gauge read 75 feet . . . then 125 feet!

"But, captain, sir!" Blondy's years of experience made him protest. One hundred and fifty—175 feet! Still sinking. The next moment Blondy was at the skipper's side, trying to pull the bow up, straining to catch the boat, to halt her momentum as she headed for the bottom. Blondy's anxious eyes swept the depth gauge—200 feet and still going! Going for the bottom, 400 fathoms deep. That depth would crush our steel hull as if it were an eggshell.

Blondy gave the wheel all he had. The boat didn't answer. Then he shot an agonized look at Mr. Craig, our diving officer.

Mr. Craig nodded. "Blow all tanks!" his command roared in the control room. He was a junior lieutenant and second in command. "Let her have it, men!" Compressed air shot to tanks with a rumble and the boat quivered. For long seconds the S-100 hung there . . . then we started for the surface.

The S-100 was Lieutenant Law's first command and the way he handled her on this, his first dive after taking over, made us wonder. We could see the time when we wouldn't come back. There are enough strikes against a submarine in wartime operations without having somebody in the crew calling the third one. And the skipper'd certainly messed the dive, yet we weren't surprised, for ever since he came aboard hell had been popping. Lieutenant Law was young for a submarine skipper—only twenty-nine—but he was crusty enough to have sailed with John Paul Jones.

Before he came aboard we had a real home, the happiest submarine in the navy; but his coming changed everything, and within two weeks the 100 was red hot, a regular madhouse. There was blood in his eye, and his nagging voice didn't spare an officer or man in our crew. Even the white E

BY GEORGE W. CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES LA SALLE

painted on our conning tower for Battle Efficiency made no difference to him, for in his estimation we were a slack crew, nonregulation, and incompetent to handle the boat. Nothing we did pleased him and he freely said so. Sting! Even when he returned our "Good mornings" his words cut.

In all fairness to the skipper, I must say he had his reasons for feeling as he did. So far, our boat was the only one in the division that had come home with an empty bag. For weeks at a time we had taken every sort of beating the Japs and the angry Pacific had to offer, but not once did we get close enough to ram a torpedo home. Hence you couldn't blame the new skipper entirely for his attitude. Classmates of his who commanded other boats in our outfit were sporting the Navy Cross, and it was only natural that he should try to equal their feats. He had the killer instinct and he was smart enough, but his eagerness was getting the better of good judgment.

After we surfaced and got squared away, the tension from nearly losing the boat died down. Several of us were on deck enjoying a smoke. That and the good air never felt better.

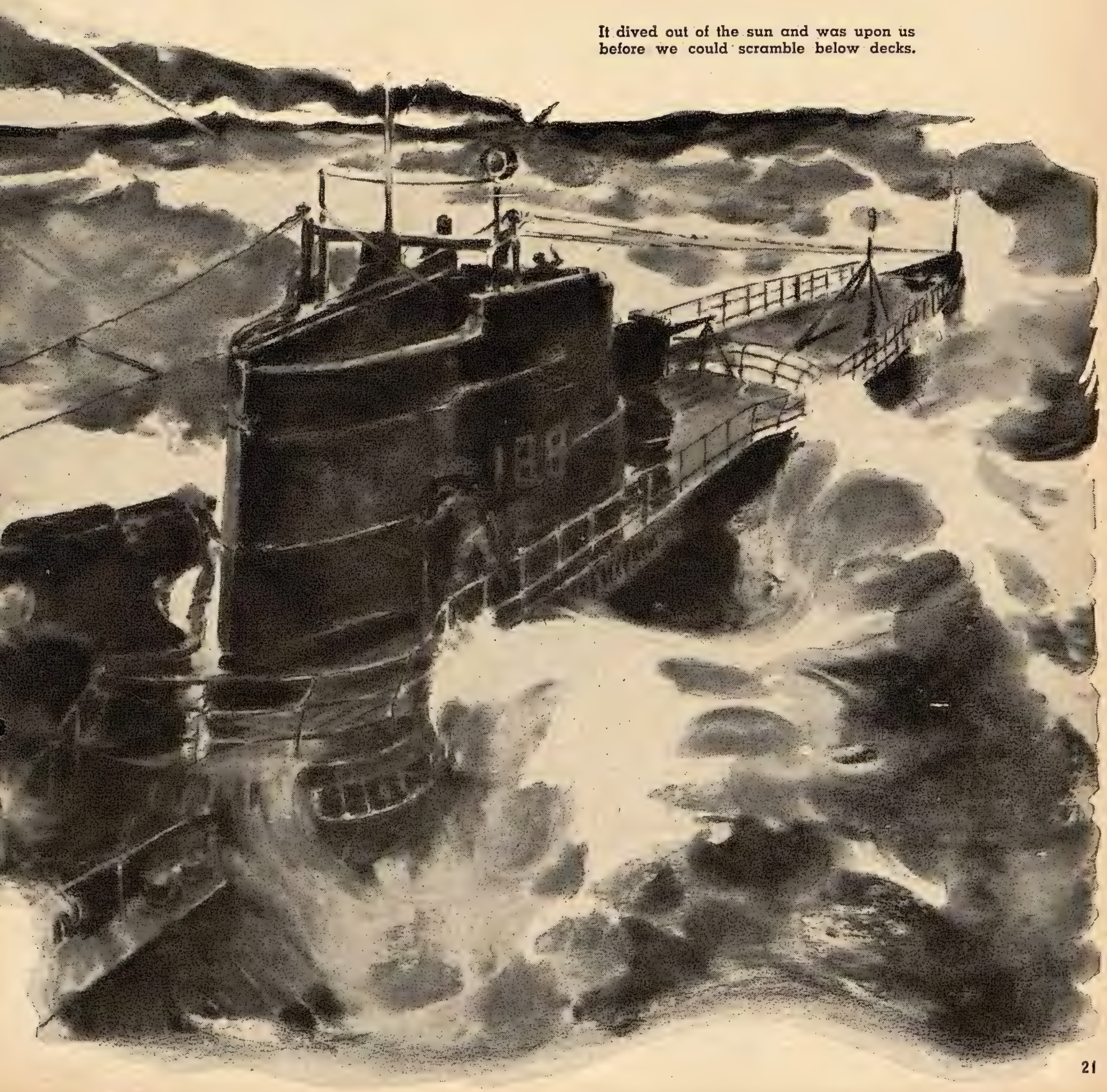
Blondy inhaled deeply and said, "Mr. Craig sure done his stuff, didn't he?"

"He sure did," a guy named Jenkins piped up. "The sound of air blowin' them tanks never sounded sweeter to my ears. They oughta give him a medal—"

Then we heard the skipper say, "Mr. Craig, it'll pay you to have more faith in your commanding officer. Hereafter wait for my orders before you blow."

We turned around and saw the two officers standing just forward of the conning tower. Mr. Craig's face turned a fiery red as he sputtered, "Aye, aye, sir!" Then he hurried below.

But as hard as the skipper was on everybody, there was one man who bore the brunt of it. He was Andy



It dived out of the sun and was upon us before we could scramble below decks.

Shannon, chief torpedo man and leading chief of the boat. Any ordinary man would have given up, but old Andy's only reaction was to square that ugly jaw of his and take it. Twenty-three years in the service had taught him a lot—things none of us knew about until later. But in spite of his taking it very patiently and trying to do his best, you could see that deep down inside of his great frame Andy was boiling, and you wondered what it was going to be like when he reached his limit. Yeah, I know the skipper was an officer and Andy was an enlisted man, but you still wondered, for even the best man can be goaded too far. And it wasn't that you worried about Andy's outcome, for there were some things on his side you had to consider—not only was he an old-timer but there was a medal or two to back up his excellent service reputation besides the several admirals and captains who'd served with him when they were junior officers. Those old brass hats never forget a guy like Andy. Andy was good. Why, there wasn't a submarine skipper in the fleet who wouldn't have gladly traded any ten men they had for him!

A couple of days after our first dive with Lieutenant Law, we were moored to the dock and making preparations for a long cruise. This was to be a do-or-die attempt against the Jap supply routes and we knew what we were in for. Andy was mustering the crew at quarters and he bellowed: "Hansen! Hansen!" When Andy yells you can hear him all over the boat, but Blondy Hansen didn't answer. "Any you guys seen Blondy?" Andy said.

Big Dutch Stolz muttered something and then shifted in ranks. Andy caught the knowing look on Dutch's face, walked up to him.

"Well! How about it, Dutch? Where is that Swede?"

The whole crew felt pretty sullen and some dirty remarks rippled through the ranks.

"Ha! Maybe he beat it—went over the hill," Dutch said gaily. "Who wouldn't?"

"Me too," came from an engineer in the rear rank.

Andy's big fists doubled and he rested them on his hips. Then his eyes became narrow slits, as they always do when Andy is mad. "Listen, Dutch, and this goes for the rest of you guys, too. There's too much loose yappin' on this boat. You men got to keep your traps shut. Savvy? Fall out and turn to."

Later, when we were around the mess table having a cup of coffee, Jim Carter said, "Thank the Lord I've got less'n three months to do. This bucket's goin' to hell fast."

Gunner Jackson horned in, "You can't get out of shippin' over with a war goin' on."

Carter looked at him disgustedly. "Of course I'm shippin' over, but not on here. When I sign on the dotted line it'll be with a real skipper. This guy Law is poison. Too much for me."

Andy had been quiet, but when Carter mentioned the skipper, Andy's coffee cup thumped the table.

"Say that again, Carter," Andy growled. "What's wrong with this captain, huh?"

We all looked at Andy kinda funny. He stared right back at us, his eyes cold and glittering. Not a man answered, for we knew Andy didn't want an answer. Besides, we couldn't understand him not overlooking a single bet to defend the skipper. It just didn't seem natural for a guy like Andy to stand up for an officer that was giving him hell at every turn.

Andy and the captain. I thought about it the rest of the day. There was a tie-up some place, but what it was, I couldn't savvy. That night I got the answer.

I WAS in the lee of the conning tower, on the port side, just sitting there and watching the ships pass along the channel. Not a light showed because of the blackout, but the ships moved along without a single hitch. It's queer the way you can get used to things during a war, but I was sure I'd never get used to our new skipper. The more I thought of it the more positive I was that I had to get off the S-100. If I stayed on board, the skipper's growls would get me down and I wouldn't do my work right, and then I'd get busted from torpedo man second class to third. But if I jumped ship— You've got to understand me right, now, for I had no idea of deserting; not that. I just wanted to get off that boat. She was sailing the next morning, and I figured if I beat it now and stayed away until she got to sea I could then report in to the navy yard or over at the receiving ship. Sure, they'd give me a summary court and I'd get busted to third class and maybe get some brig time, but I'd at least be off the S-100. I decided to go.

The best time to leave would be during the midwatch, when all hands were turned in and things were very quiet. That's what my mind was made up to do when I heard two voices on the other side of the conning tower—Andy's and the skipper's. I flattened against the steel side, edged a little nearer, and listened.

"Shannon, we're sailing tomorrow, and before we shove off there are some things I'd like to ask you."

"Yes, sir," Andy replied.

"And I want it straight," the skipper said.

Andy cleared his throat. "Just how . . . well, just how do you mean, sir?"

"Come, let's not pretend now, Shannon. You know the crew hasn't been living up to my policy of how a submarine should be run. But they've got to come to it, if I have to bring every last man up with a round turn."

Andy didn't reply, and a minute or so passed.

"Have I made myself clear?" the skipper barked impatiently.

"Perfectly," Andy said, and was quiet again.

"Well, let's have your ideas. As your captain I'm entitled to know."

"All right, Benny!" Andy was calling the captain by his first name! I wondered if I had heard correctly. Then he said it again.

"You've asked for it, Benny, and I'm

LIPSTICK
by

"Do you have a luminous lipstick for blackouts?"

goin' to let you have it. The whole truth—"

Lieutenant Law cut him short: "That's enough, Shannon. I should have known that you'd take advantage—"

This time Andy broke in. "I haven't even started," he said. "You've asked me and I'm tellin' you, givin' it to you as straight as anything you ever heard in your life. Now, listen to me. Eleven years ago you shipped in the navy as a punk kid. You came to my division aboard the Woodburne as a second-class seaman from a ship that wouldn't have you. Remember? Maybe you don't, but I do, for if there was ever a kid headed for trouble, Benny, it was you."

"That's past," the captain reminded him.

"It's only the beginnin'. You caused me a lot of trouble, Benny, a heap of it. When I think of all the jams I got you out of, when I think of the many guys who'd of knocked your can off if I'd of let 'em . . . maybe I should of socked you myself . . . but I didn't. And do you know why? I'll tell you. You were smart as a steel wire, Benny. You learned quick, and there was a cockiness about you that would take you places if you handled yourself right."

The captain went to the rail and a faint shadow of him slanted across the deck, but he didn't say a word. Andy kept right on laying it in.

"That's why I took an interest in you, Benny. I figured you could really do the things I always wanted to do, be the guy with gold braid and an Annapolis ring on your finger, even to tellin' guys like me what to do. That's why I hauled you up and talked you into goin' to the Naval Academy. Yeah, you made it all right . . . from sailor to midshipman to a commission. And then for ten years I never hear a word from you. But all the time I'm livin' a dream, Benny. Dreamin' of the day me and you can serve together again. I could have retired a long time ago, be takin' things easy, but I stuck around just to see how some plans of mine are comin' along. Well, I've found out. You up here askin' me what's wrong with the men, the boat. Matter be damned, Benny! You've sure made a nightmare out of my dream."

"That's enough," the captain snapped. "I—I ought to court-martial you."

And Andy's voice came very even and final: "I wouldn't, Benny. You're goin' to need me for a while yet."

I hugged the conning tower for a long time after they both had gone below. I was too surprised to move. But now I was sure of one thing: I was sticking to the S-100. Andy was too good a guy to let down. . . .

A COUPLE of weeks later the bow of the S-100 was plunging into green water of the China Sea. We'd had a miserable trip, running at periscope depth most of the time and coming up only at night to recharge the batteries. The air in the boat was hot and humid, and adding to its foul odor was the stench of seasickness. At night we took turns standing on deck to breathe in the sweet air. But even then we had to watch ourselves, to keep from being swept overboard by the following seas. And all the while the crew was as taut as a fiddle string, for the skipper never relaxed his sarcasm for a moment. He was out for a kill and he seemed to blame us that no ship loomed up in his periscope.

And then one bright morning, while Mr. Craig stood at the periscope, he suddenly turned to the skipper and smiled. "Vessel two points on the starboard bow, sir. She looks to be a large freighter and is alone." Without further word he stepped back from the eyepiece and gave way to the skipper.

The captain glued his eyes to the glass and swung the periscope several degrees in train.

"She's headed on a favorable course," he said at last. "Making about twelve knots." Then, to the helmsman: "Come right to two-seven-eight. Steady as you go. Ahead two thirds," he next commanded the chief electrician's mate at the rheostats.

This was what we'd been waiting for, and within seconds the word traveled through the boat that we were coming on the range. As tired and dirty as we all were, it was electrifying to get the news.

THE S-100 held her course and from the skipper's casual remarks we learned that the enemy ship was steaming along entirely oblivious of our presence. There was a slight chop to the sea and that helped to hide the feather cut by our periscope.

Up in the torpedo room we stood by. And then at last came the command: "Fire one!"

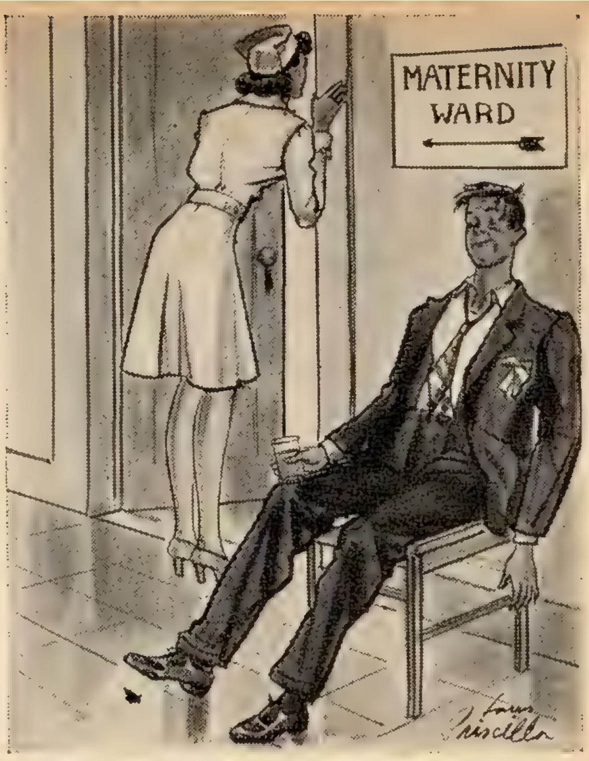
The boat shook and a torpedo left the tube to race toward the target. In a few seconds the order came: "Fire two."

And then we waited. A minute . . . two minutes . . . and then three. We stopped counting the seconds and presently we heard the thud of a torpedo striking home. The second one smacked a little later. This was the kill and maybe now the skipper would turn out to be a decent guy.

And while we were wondering about the skipper's reactions we heard the command: "Stand by to surface!"

I looked at Andy and he looked at every man stationed around the torpedo tubes. Surfacing after you had socked home a couple of torpedoes was something we hadn't expected. Andy couldn't believe it. The best thing for us to do would be to hold our depth and get away; but orders were orders and we felt the bow rise. It was hazardous, although the doomed ship was without escort.

It was good to be on top once more and feel the warm sunshine, the clear sweet air. Just ahead of us lay the Jap freighter. She had a broken back amidships and her bow and stern were poised upward. Smoke rose above her superstructure and some of her crew were trying to launch a lifeboat. After what we had seen at Pearl Harbor, several of us wanted to turn the deck gun on the fleeing Japs, but the skipper waved us back.



"Don't worry, Mrs. Hood. Mr. Hood is resting comfortably."

We watched the sinking ship for several minutes, and then suddenly we heard the roar of an airplane. It dived out of the sun and was upon us before we could reach the hatch and scramble below decks. Machine-gun bullets spattered the wooden deck gratings and along the conning-tower's edge. The plane held its dive and was headed directly for us.

Clang! Clang! The crash-dive warning reverberated throughout the boat.

"Crash-dive! Man your stations!" Lieutenant Law hurried down the conning-tower hatch, closing it behind him. The bow was already dipping and we were going under.

Mr. Craig was taking her down nicely, as slick as the S-100 had ever gone under. Andy stood idly by, his eyes moving from one instrument panel to another. Just as the bow went under, a great sea swept from aft, making it difficult to handle the boat.

"Take it easy," Andy cautioned the man on the bow planes. "Don't rush her when there's a following or quartering sea."

For a minute we porpoised. The skipper watched and then he grew impatient.

"Faster, Mr. Craig. This is war, man. Get her under!"

Mr. Craig was unruffled. "She's answering nicely, sir," was his only comment.

"Faster, man, faster!" Then the skipper sprang to the control on the auxiliary ballast tank. "When I say faster, I mean just that." He yanked the control on the auxiliary ballast tank. Tons of water flooded it and Mr. Craig's eyes popped. Instantly we began falling . . . down . . . down . . .

Mr. Craig held his tongue as long as he could. Finally he sang out, "Permission to blow, sir?"

Lieutenant Law was too busy to answer. He was pushing against the lever to stop more water from entering the ballast tank.

From my own station on the ship's rudder I watched Andy. He hadn't moved, but his expression was that of a man too startled with wonderment to interfere.

"One hundred and seventy-five feet, captain. We can't stop her!" Mr. Craig's voice was pleading.

The angle of inclination went to fifteen degrees, then to twenty. Men at the air manifolds waited for word from Mr. Craig, just a single word, but it never came.

Down . . . down . . . 200 feet. Then to 300 . . . 375. . . . Only a few feet more and we'd be crushed. . . . Then we hit bottom. The impact of the S-100 striking bottom made her shudder from bow to stern. One circuit breaker tripped and the port motor stopped. We were still at an angle of eighteen degrees, but we were down as far as we were going.

The captain called for help. "Get this tank closed first and then we'll see about trimming her up."

Big Dutch put his weight against the valve. He closed it. The phone from the forward torpedo room rang.

"Forward torpedo room reports we rammed into something, sir," Ensign Miller said. His face was pale but his voice was steady. "All tight forward, sir; not taking any water."

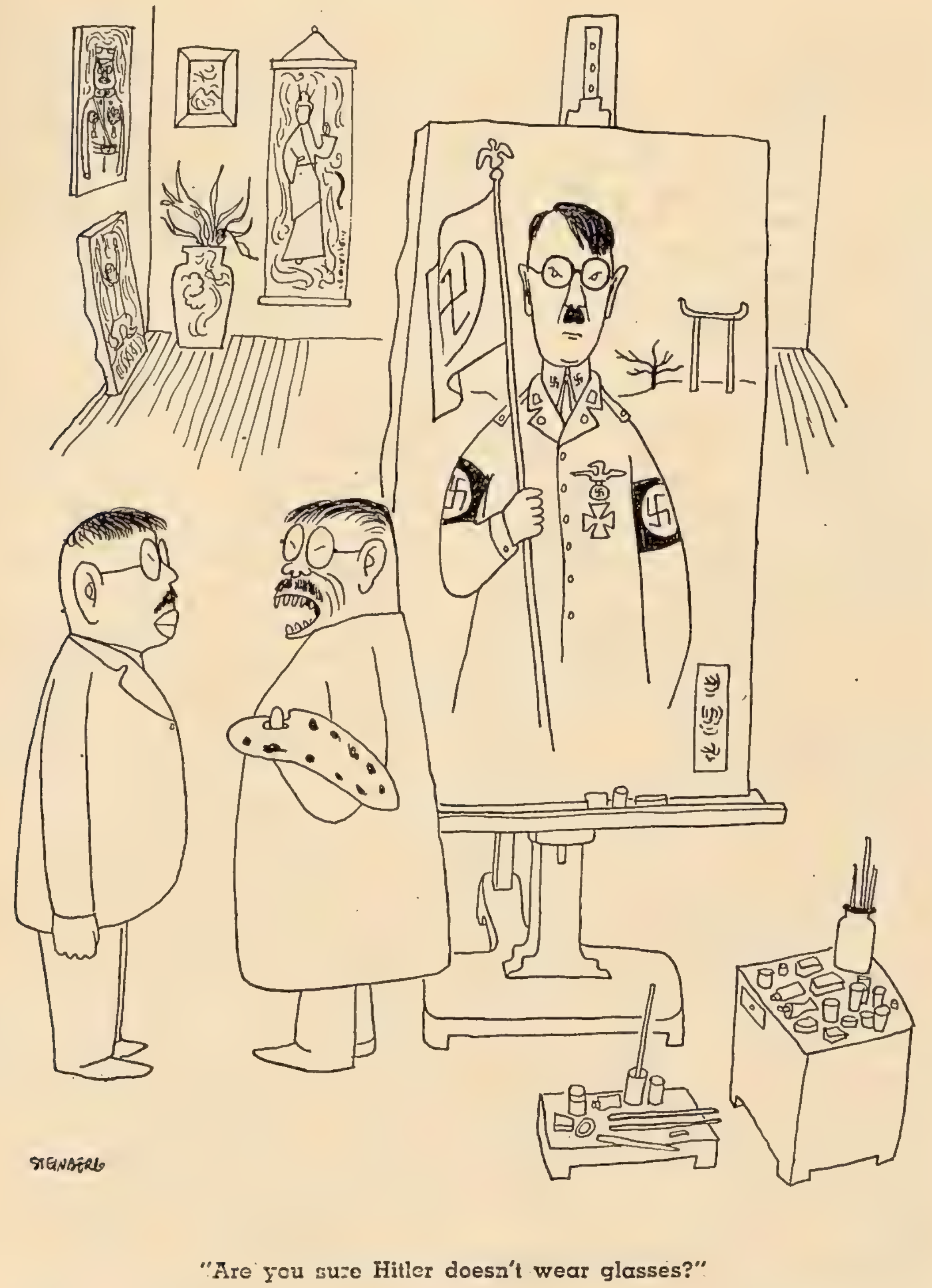
"Very well," the skipper replied. Now that we were down about as far as we could go, he seemed calmer. Much quieter than I had ever seen him. "Blow all main ballast tanks, Mr. Craig." And to Hart, chief electrician's mate: "Back full on both motors."

We blew and we backed, but the S-100 didn't budge. Whatever it was holding her had a strangle grip around her snout.

The captain looked around desperately. He clipped his next command: "Shannon, move all hands aft. Get everything aft that you can . . . perhaps that'll bring the stern down, force the bow up and free it from what is holding us."

Andy got the men aft, but the angle of inclination decreased very little, not more than a degree or two. After a while Andy left us and went forward. We had stopped trying to back her, or to blow, for the truth of the matter was, there was only 400 pounds of air left in the banks. And the batteries—well, we'd used them full blast for about an hour, which was near their limit.

"She's stuck in the mud, sir," Andy reported. "I've tapped around the hull and it sounds pretty dead—like we're nosed in about twenty feet."



"Are you sure Hitler doesn't wear glasses?"

The skipper's glance took in the men grouped about the control room. You could see that a decision was boiling within him. The greatest decision he'd ever faced. His men or his ship? Could he save both?

"Shannon . . ." Lieutenant Law's voice was soft. "Pass the word for all hands to get off their feet—they must remain quiet. We'll stay here for a while. Then, if she doesn't jar loose, we'll take to the lungs and leave by the escape hatch aft."

A slight smile spread over Andy's face and he acted as though he would have a lot to do before we were out of this mess. I wished that I had told the men what I'd heard that night on deck, but it was too late now. They'd have to guess why Andy seemed satisfied when we were in one hell of a mess.

IT was eleven o'clock in the morning when we hit bottom. At eleven that night we were still there. By that time we'd all wondered a million times what the captain's next move would be. And most of our guesses said he'd be wrong.

Baldy Davis started it off. "Judas!" he snorted. "When's the Old Man goin' to get us outta this trap?"

"Yeah, how about the Momsen lungs? What the hell are we carryin' 'em around for if we don't use 'em?" Jenkins asked.

Andy looked up from his bunk. "Take it easy, you guys. We got plenty of time."

Quartermaster Danley joined in: "Sure have. Even if we did go out the escape hatch now, we'd have a rough sea to battle after we got up. Don't forget, there's no friends up there waiting to pick us up."

"We could swim ashore," Johnson, a seaman, said. "We can't be more'n five miles off the China coast."

"Five miles hell!" Danley turned disgustedly in his bunk. "It's twenty-five miles if it's a foot."

"Listen, you guys," Andy said. "All this yappin' takes good air. . . . Ain't no use wastin' it while we got it."

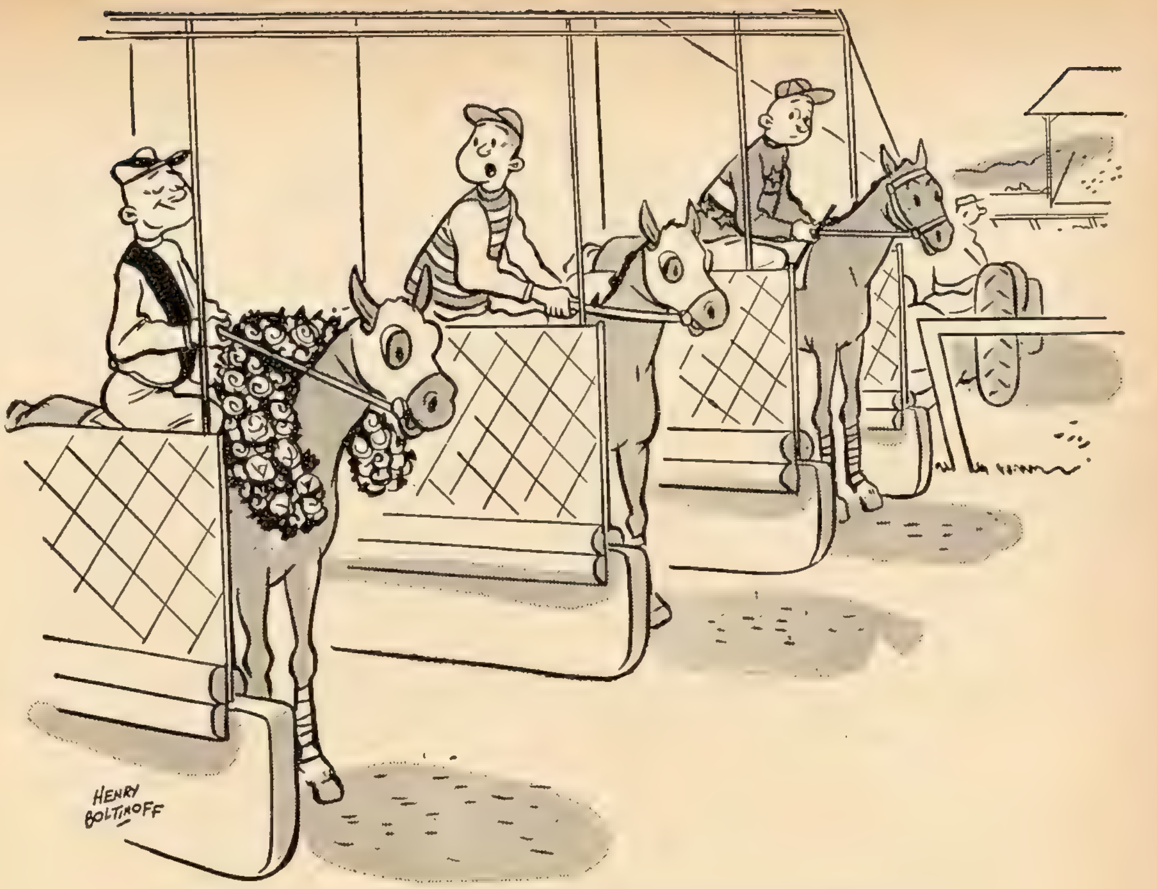
A couple of the men fell asleep, but the rest of us just lay there, thinking a mile a minute. No matter which way you looked at it, we were in a mess. And all because the skipper wanted to have a good look at what our torpedoes had done.

There was a new kid aboard, fresh out of the sub school at New London. His bunk was a couple down from mine, and after a while I heard some funny noises coming from him.

"Say, what is this, anyway?" Big Dutch grumbled. "What's eatin' you, kid?"

"Lay off, Dutch," Andy warned. "Maybe the kid is cold. Ain't you, kid? This's enough to make any guy sniffle." Andy took a blanket off his bunk and threw it over the kid. He stopped whimpering.

Toward morning we ran the soda-



"Ransome feels pretty confident of the outcome, doesn't he?"

lime purifiers and they cleared the air, but by noon—we'd been down twenty-five hours—it was foul again. Even when some air flasks were cracked it didn't help much. To add to our difficulties were fumes from the forward batteries. One of them was leaking, but still the skipper wouldn't give the word to abandon ship by way of the escape hatch.

Andy read our anxious eyes. "We ain't leavin' yet," he told us; "not time for it. You lads just stay off your feet and take it easy. I'm goin' forward, and if I need help I'll holler. If I do, you come runnin'."

The air got worse. But you didn't fight it. You just stayed flopped in your bunk and thought and thought. . . . Everything was quiet, hushed with the stillness of a ship long abandoned by her crew. Why we weren't doing something was more than I could figure out. Why we didn't try . . . try . . . try . . . try what? All I could think of was mud . . . mud . . . mud . . . and the war a long way from being over.

Andy was shaking me. "Mac! . . . Mac!" His voice was faint, so terribly far away. I didn't want to move. "Mac! Gimme a hand, fella . . . in the control room."

I stumblingly followed him there. I saw Big Dutch at the air manifold. He was holding on, but half slumped over and looking bewildered. Hart was at the circuit breakers and his head rolled on his shoulders. A man was on each of the wheels for the bow and stern planes. Only the helm remained to be manned. I grabbed it.

ANDY began explaining: "I'm goin' forward . . . there's four torpedoes up there in the tubes . . . six tons of 'em . . . I'm settin' all four on safety and then firin' 'em at once . . . in one shot, get it? That'll not only lighten the ship . . . the air blast from the tubes oughta knock us loose from the mud or our hides. When I yell 'Fire,' you guys do your stuff. Dutch, blow every last ounce you got in them air banks. Hart, back them motors full if it takes the last volt. And you lads on the planes and rudder stand by to check her when she starts up. With them fish gone and the air blastin' against that mud . . . well, pray, you sailors, pray!"

Andy turned to leave. The skipper stood in the doorway, his hands clutching the knife edges. "That's my job up forward, Shannon . . . mine."

Andy weaved toward the door. "But, sir, there's liable to be an explosion up there if things don't go just right."

"That's why you belong here," the skipper replied with effort. "Mr. Craig is out . . . I can't rouse him. I need you here as diving officer. And if I'm not back after the torpedoes are fired—" He looked steadily at each of us. "Men, stand by Shannon. Obey him in my absence."

He started forward then. Anything could happen when he fired four torpedoes together. Even with their safety devices on, the boat could be blown to bits forward. Why, if just a single tin fish exploded its air flask while still in the tube—air under 2,500 pounds' pressure—the tube would be shattered. And if all four blew up in the tube? The entire forward torpedo room would be opened to the sea. It was a long chance, a slim one. The skipper knew it and, after taking a step, he wheeled around. "I'm sealing off the boat behind me. Closing the watertight doors. If the discharge of torpedoes fails to jar us loose, don't open up to help me. Obey Andy." The door banged shut and the dogs closed it watertight.

A gleam shone from Andy's eyes when he faced us. "You heard him," he said huskily. Then, brushing his hand across his eyes: "Damn that battery gas. Stand by, men—"

Long seconds. The longest ever, with Andy muttering, "Come on, Benny. It's gotta work. . . . Shoot it to her!"

And then over the phone came the skipper's voice as cool as you please: "In the control room . . . stand by . . . ready . . . fire!"

A great shudder rolled through the S-100 to shake every rivet and seam in her. The deck quivered and pipes rattled. The torpedoes were gone and the air behind them was blasting at the mud holding the bow.

"Blow the works, Dutch! Bleed them tanks! To hell with the pressure gauges. Give her the works. Everything! Blow, damn it! Back full, Hart! Hold them circuit breakers shut. Melt 'em down to the handles. Give her the juice. All you got, sailors!" Andy shouted.

Blow, back, and pray. We were doing all three, and I found myself saying, "Oh, God, if she'll only break away a couple of feet! Just one foot."

The S-100 quivered, and Andy yelled, "More juice on them motors! Burn 'em up!"

The compass rolled in the binnacle. The boat was moving!

"More air, Dutch!" Andy was at the valves with him.

We felt the stern rise . . . she was tugging . . . doing her best to pull away, and then for an instant we held there while the motors whined a higher note. Another violent quake rippled from bow to stern. The bow jerked free, away from the mud that had held us for two days.

"Steady," Andy conned. "Hold all you got. . . . Down on them bow planes. Easy on the motors, Hart."

But in spite of our efforts to hold the boat under control, we shot to the surface like a cork. The stern cleared the water by twenty feet to race the propellers.

"Stop the motors! Steady as you go," Andy commanded.

THE S-100 settled then to her normal position in the water.

"We got plenty of buoyancy," Andy remarked. "How's the trim?"

"Bow light," answered the man on the bow planes.

"O. K.," Andy said. Then to Dutch: "Dutch, go aft and get some of them loafers forward. Mac, open the conning-tower hatch and get some air in here. Lively, men. The skipper'll be back here in a minute."

He was already there. "I relieve you," he said to Andy. "But stick around—I may need you."

The skipper needing Andy!

And he was still saying it when we got back to the base. But Andy was leaving us for a job one of the brass hats thought more important. And when he went over the gangway Andy said, "That's mighty white of you to want me to stay, captain, but you don't need me no more. You got a swell crew here. And they're with you. Everything's hunky-dory."

Lieutenant Law gripped Andy's arm. "All but one thing, Andy. Benny's the name."

THE END

THIS WAS HAPPINESS

BY G. B. STERN

Famous English novelist and playwright

THESE are some of the moments I recall as being happy ones:

I was in a small sailing boat on Wroxham Broad in Norfolk, racing another boat. It was the first time I had been left proudly at the helm without expert direction, and I had to put into it far more strength than I knew I possessed, because she carried more canvas than we did. The tiller kicked like mad. The snowy wave of our passage went roaring down the lee rail. The wind stung my bare throat, arms, legs. And I won that race.

I was hot, weary, and triumphant.

And my companion laughed and said: "You'll never be so happy again, Gladys!"

I wonder. . . . It depends on what we mean by happiness, and what we require for it. I had then a sailing boat, the right company, wind, sun, health, the certainty of a cool drink presently. No need for worry anywhere. And, above all, tomorrow would be a continuation of today.

Yes, continuity must be an essential of happiness; and confidence that while we plan we do not plan defiantly on the perilous rim of catastrophe. If today were happiness, but we knew tomorrow to be the end of happiness, it would be too sharply mixed with pain and suspense; too nearly resemble being in love.

And I am not going to reckon love in my landscape of happiness.

Let us translate by some other word those strange, unreal, enchanted periods. Being in love is the swoop of a plane over high mountains; but a state of pure happiness, as I remember it, is more like a little boat moving along a winding stream.

Happiness, when we think of it nowadays—far down and behind the arches of the last few years—may be, I believe, quite simply defined as normality in a normal world. I am not sure. . . . Let me run through twenty-four hours of life when it was going thus well, six or seven years ago in my London house—the one that was clean burnt out by an incendiary in 1940.

A Saturday toward the end of April. I was awakened with my mail and a tall glass of orange juice. At four minutes past eight the phone bell rang next to my bed. It was, as usual, my friend Drew.

As usual. There was the quiet magic, the open sesame, the abracadabra of happiness.

Presently, at the breakfast table, a great deal of laughter over tiny, almost invisible jokes—but they had wings. Henry VIII wrote a song which began: "Laughter with good company, I love and shall until I die!" And I agree with King Hal. At all times I would pay a fortune for laughter with good company. Only they cannot be bought with fortunes. To be happy is to be lighthearted, and to be lighthearted is happiness.

Nonsense, if there are no sterner duties on hand, is a lovely thing. When you have lost it you miss it more than great passion or great splendor. Yet, when some one writes you a letter enthusiastically describing a good time, you often skip that portion, slightly irritated because you were not there, because you are not drawn into the spell. You are apt to think the writer is being trivial, silly, hilarious over nothing at all. A good time should be marked "Perishable."

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

The next thing after a good breakfast (my favorite meal) would have to be a morning of good work. "Toil" and "labor" are heavy, reluctant words; "work" is creative, and I am certain there is no real happiness for me without it. Yet, unlike happiness, work is woven right into the texture of one's life; indispensable to existence, like being wanted.

After a good morning of work that Saturday came a delicious lunch with a friend unexpectedly arrived from his home in the south of France. And with him, after the meatiness of our first gossip, one could safely plan—plan without that wicked, nagging reminder of touch wood, which goes on all the time now, plan safely—my summer holiday down on my beloved Mediterranean. The same plan as last year, the same as next year. . . .

TOWARD five o'clock I sauntered down St. James's Street; past the Palace, where they were changing the guard; across the Mall into St. James's Park. Here the grass was brilliantly spread with sheets of golden crocus. And then I had a glass of sherry with Drew at his apartment, and we talked shop; and best of all we talked of going to Skye for Easter, with Paul and Pamela.

At home again; and before I dawdled off to have my bath I decided quite suddenly not to go to my party. I desired a lazy evening at home, talking or not talking, watching the big windows of our sitting room gradually turn a deep transparent hyacinthine blue in the gathering dusk. After dinner, mooching round my bookshelves, browsing, rearranging, pulling out a volume and reading half a page. That was a mellow pastime which cannot come to me again.

I have never repented putting off a party, for truancy can figure as a small but charming contributor to lighthearted happiness. Parties are far from essential; but laughter with good company, I love and shall until I die.

And I love going to strange places with familiar people. Strange places with strange people are to be dreaded, and equally the monotony of the same place with the same companions. So Skye at Easter was perfect.

I am trying hard not to be too homesick for Skye, for the Mediterranean, for Copenhagen, for New York and California, and for my own home with its Adam sitting room dreaming at dusk, the hum of traffic far down in Piccadilly. . . .

That was happiness, and that is what we are all missing today—today and tomorrow. It may be that the day after tomorrow will bring it back.

THE END

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

A WARM friendship with Marjorie Todhunter would be welcomed, I'm sure, by lots of us, right now in particular, because of our oil-heat situation. She's an authority on stoves and fireplaces, at present managing her father's business while he serves overseas as a British Army officer. Knowing that many of you are on the lookout for small stoves with which to ensure this winter's comfort, I asked Miss Todhunter for advice and information. . . . "Franklin stoves are scarce," she said, "as are cast-iron Victorian stoves, but they're worth snapping up at a reasonable price, around fifty dollars, though collectors' pieces may cost hundreds. With a sheet iron against the wall and a flue outlet into the chimney, they keep a room genuinely cozy. Until now they've been used chiefly as period decoration." . . . Some are for burning coal, others for logs. Little stoves made for ships' galleys are also practical, burning split wood, same as do the handsome barrel-shaped Shaker stoves. Though the country has been ransacked for them, rural districts no doubt contain old ones hidden away and forgotten. . . . Turning to fireplace facts, Marjorie Todhunter said, "Cannel coal makes the most economical fire, if you have the right grate. Burns less than half a ton all winter. Sift coal ashes. Leave *wood* ashes in the fireplace, but their level should be lower than the andiron bars holding up the logs. Use plenty of paper and kindling. Matches are safer than kerosene lighters. Light the fire in five places." . . . Search local plumbers' and house wreckers' shops for your grate. Pay between five and twenty dollars.

CANADA in a way owes its British nationality to Ben Franklin, inventor of the stove, so I learn from a fascinating new book, The Story of Man and His Food, by C. C. Furnas and S. M. Furnas (New Home Library; 69 cents). They say England would have traded Canada for the French sugar island of Guadeloupe if Ben hadn't butted in. . . . Vitamin and calorie explanations clear and readable in this book, along with entertainment, such as records of eating champs—R. Palmer, Alaska, eighty-four raw oysters; Ed Kottwitz, Minnesota, fifty ears of corn; Harry Kantor, New Jersey, eighty large red peppers; William Mungy, Palm Beach, eighty ounces beer in forty-five seconds; Max Baer, five pounds steak in five minutes. The actor, De Wolf Hopper, remains undefeated coconut-pie champ of all time.

PERSUADING an audience of women to take off their hats is always ticklish; one wrong word and they won't do it. Smartest ruse I've encountered was employed by Daisy Abbott, recently introducing me as a lecturer to 12,000 ladies at the Women's Institute of St. Paul. "Has it ever occurred to you," said Daisy, "that when you have your hat on, *you* don't see it? Only other people see it." Ripples of laughter. Up went 24,000 arms. Off came 12,000 hats—with a smile.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

BEDROOMS must often be furnished in a hurry nowadays due to quick family mergers brought about by war work or service marriages. Nicest-looking job I've seen was achieved at low expense with two gaily floral portable closets, a day bed set between them, wall-length shelf across the tops. Two bureaus to match, and drapes of solid-color fabric, complete a truly lovely room.

INVESTIGATED the news that Margie Hart, strip-tease star of the Broadway show, Wine, Women and Song, operates a farm of her own near Lathrop, Missouri. "Yes, I do," confirmed Margie. "I have 120 acres in one piece, eighty acres more up the road. Bought it four years ago. I work there about three months a year raising oats, wheat, soy, alfalfa, and bluegrass. Our Missouri bluegrass is the best in the world—better than Kentucky bluegrass. We sell truck loads of it to Kentucky." On Broadway Margie wears her fingernails two inches long. "They break off short on the farm," she said. "Takes me months to grow a new crop of nails."

MEATLESS days need be no hardship while we have varied vegetables and dairy products, *and* ideas about combining them. Try these *Russian Cheese Croquettes with Buttered Noodles and Cabbage Farmers' Style.* A grand dish any time, perfect for meatless days! . . . Have 2 pounds pot cheese pressed quite dry. Put through potato ricer. Add 2 egg yolks, 1 egg white, ½ cup flour, pinch of sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of baking powder. Mix well and shape into biscuit-size cakes. Brown 15 minutes in hot fat. Prepare cabbage separately. Place 5 cups shaved cabbage in heavy pan with 2 cups diced potatoes, 2 chopped apples, 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 tablespoon bacon fat. Cover tight. Cook slowly 1½ hours.

THE THREE LESSONS OF IRO

The boys wanted to go on a bender in New York—they did—and learned things they hadn't bargained for

BY CHARLES BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

IT wasn't until Iron Duke Weaver returned with his wings, a full-fledged pilot in the army air force, that Bill Payne and I made up our minds. We were freshmen at St. Paul's College in the Berkshires. We were seventeen and not subject to compulsory military service.

But the pressure of example was terrific. Boys were going off every day to enlist, to go into the air forces, the navy, to train to be officers. Superficially, those who remained behind were the same, the college buildings were the same, and the curriculum was as stuffy as ever despite a new emphasis on physics and an elective in navigation. Nevertheless, everything *had* changed, and the essence of it could be put into a nutshell: College was no longer a real world; the real world was war.

And Iron Duke Weaver seemed to sum it all up the moment he barged in for a day's visit just after he had gotten his commission. It was too much for Billy and me. Then and there we decided to enlist.

The Iron Duke will bear a little explaining. Until he left college the previous October to go into training as an army aviator, he had been Undergraduate Number One. An enormous man physically, he was the greatest football player little St. Paul's had ever turned out. He must have been twenty-four that year, and he looked older, with his thinning hair and heavy blue jowls. But, despite some difficulty with the arts and sciences, he was as popular with the faculty as with the undergraduates. Bill Payne and I considered ourselves fortunate to have him as our senior adviser at the fraternity house, and he gave us much good advice about hard tackling and light beer. To make the Duke's picture complete, I must add that he had a tremendous reputation as a wassailer, a Casanova, and a general social roustabout. He reminded you a good deal of a more refined Victor McLaglen. Bill and I worshiped him.

The Duke was magnificent in his wings. Although his bars indicated he was only a second lieutenant, he looked, at ten paces, like a field marshal. We sat around him and listened goggle-eyed to his exploits and near accidents as an army pilot. He expected to be sent abroad soon.

"It's the life," he concluded.

Every one seemed to think it was, too. I wasn't so sure. To me, an airplane was simply unimaginable. I could grasp a balloon or a dirigible. They were things understandably held aloft by gas and navigating an element, the air, as reasonably as a ship the sea. But an airplane was different. Its reason for being was not so evident. It was a kind of mechanical witticism.

And yet, as I sat before the fraternity-house fire and listened to the Iron Duke spin his heroic tales, I wished with all my heart I could be with him.

Bill Payne and I talked it over until late hours that night. The next day we accompanied Duke Weaver to the train to see him off. As his freshman wards, it was natural for us to do so.

"Gosh, we wish we were going with you," Bill said.

"Stick to your lessons, my boys," the Duke said from his lieutenant's eminence. "The country's going to need chaps like you after this mess is over."

It was the most prescient remark I had ever heard from St. Paul's single contribution in history to the All-America football team, and the Duke looked a little uncomfortable about it. He pulled down his tunic severely.

"But what are we going to tell our grandchildren?" I asked.

"That you were educated gentlemen," the Duke said. "I never could make it. I'm just a damned athlete. And that's all this business amounts to, if you want to know the truth. Your job is in the brain field, which is the thing that counts in the long run."

I thought that was a very generous way to put it.

The train came in just then, and Bill and I shook the Duke's hand. It was a moving moment, but none of us showed it much. Only a slight wobble of the Duke's Adam's apple indicated he was thinking he might never see us again. Of the three, this human Ferdinand was by far the most sentimental.

He boarded the train, waved, and disappeared. Then, by prearranged plan, Bill and I hopped on to the last car.

I don't quite know why we executed this slightly childish maneuver except that perhaps we feared that if the Iron Duke had known of our purpose before the train was actually in motion, he might have prevented it by physical persuasion. He could have.

We waited until we had passed Chatham before we walked forward to the Duke's car. Our plans all along had involved taking him into our confidence, even soliciting his aid, but we wanted to get far enough on our way so he could not reasonably suggest putting us off the train. We presented ourselves to the Duke in the parlor car. He stared blankly for several seconds.

"You little fools," he said finally.

There was a vacant seat next to him, and we sat on the arms, grinning foolishly and feeling a little guilty.

An enormous substance settled itself in a fifth chair. It was, of course, the Duke. "Fancy meeting you boys here," he said.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES

DUKE WEAVER

"What do you think you're doing?" the Duke asked.

"We're going to join up," Bill said.

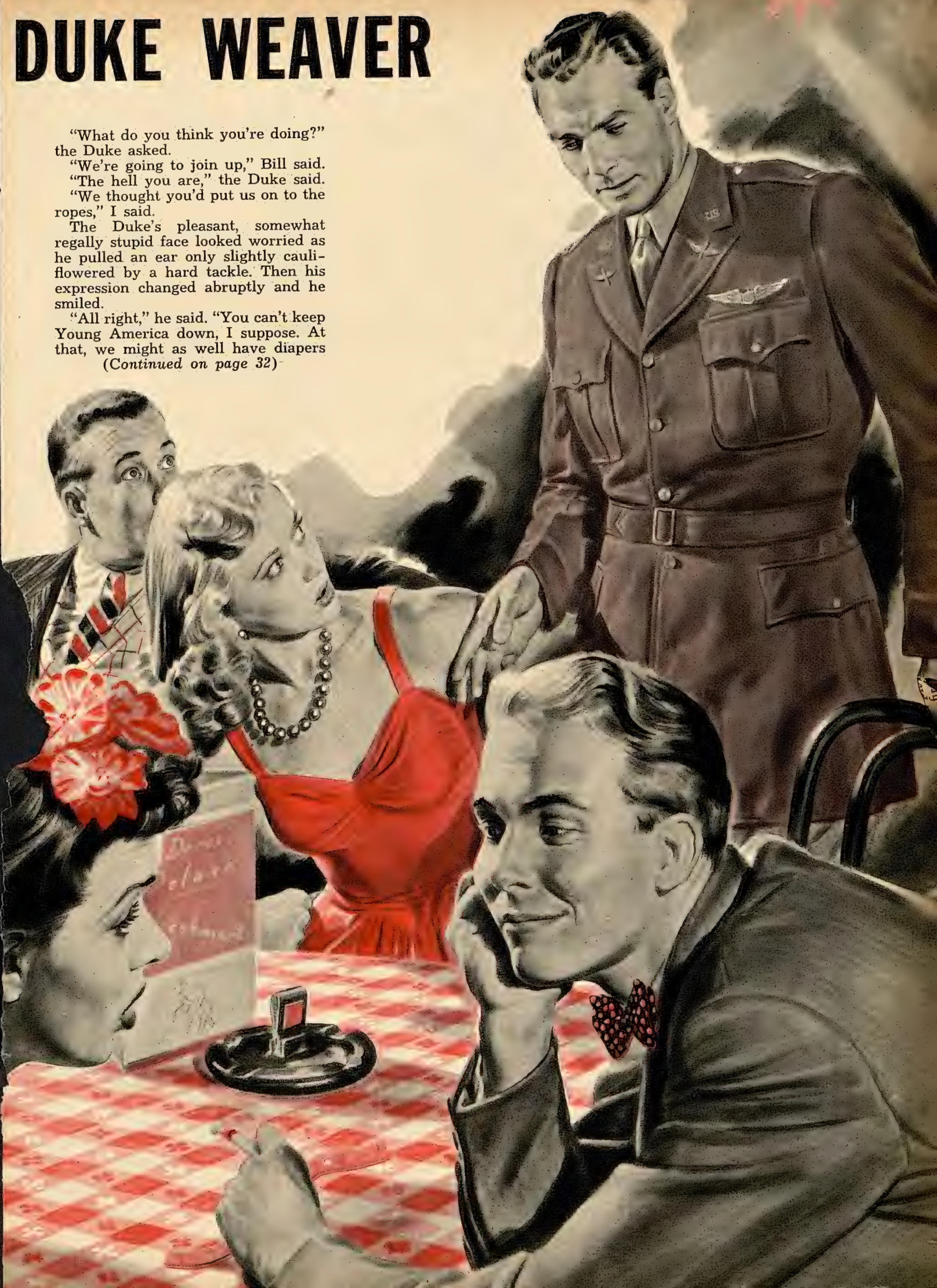
"The hell you are," the Duke said.

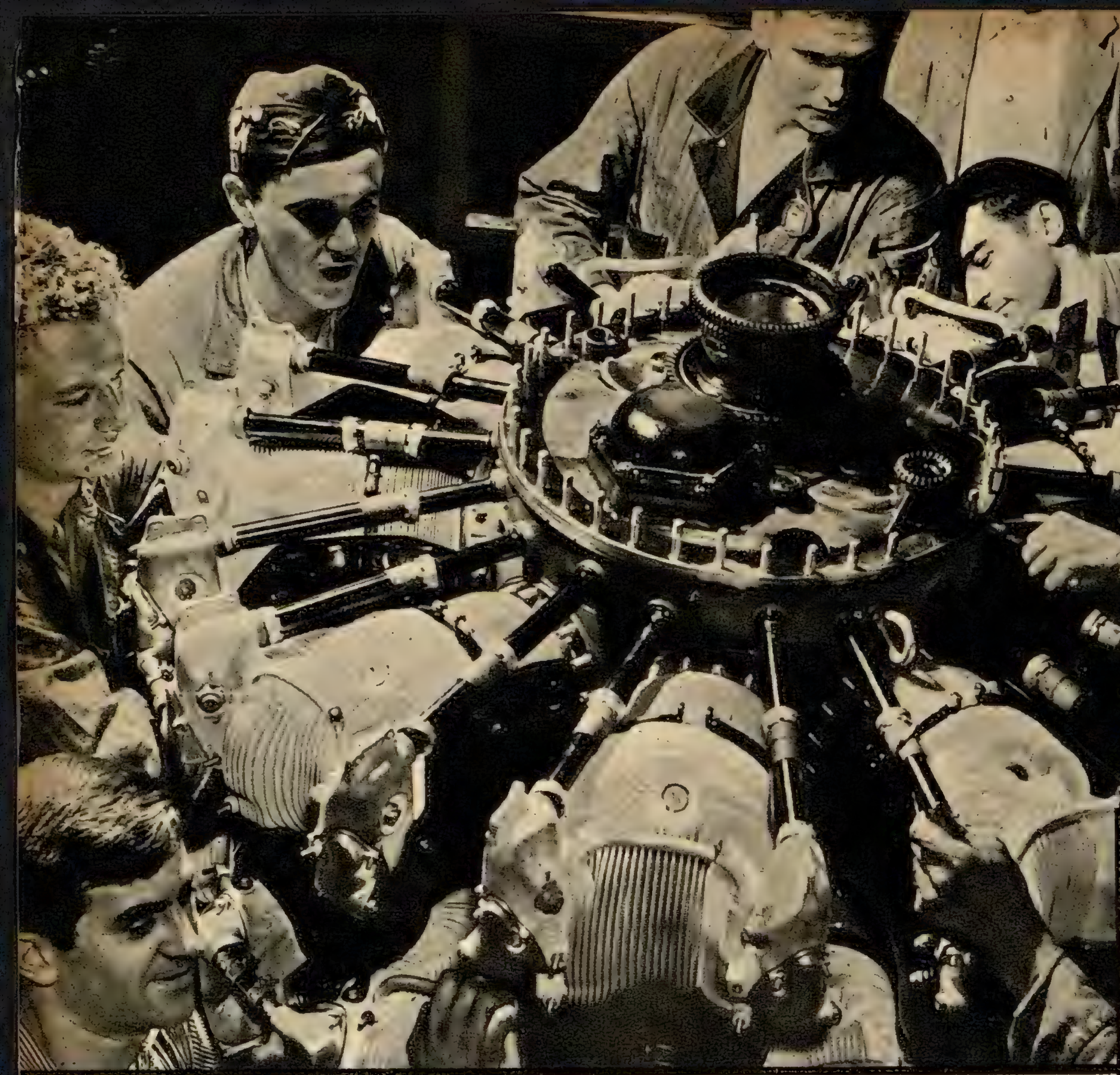
"We thought you'd put us on to the ropes," I said.

The Duke's pleasant, somewhat regally stupid face looked worried as he pulled an ear only slightly cauliflowered by a hard tackle. Then his expression changed abruptly and he smiled.

"All right," he said. "You can't keep Young America down, I suppose. At that, we might as well have diapers

(*Continued on page 32*)





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Ford-developed method of casting cylinders centrifugally is employed in making these engines. For every motor built this way, *four hours' time is saved* and a *third less critical material used!*

Rugged Jeeps — Reconnaissance cars which
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"eyes" of United Nations' troops everyw

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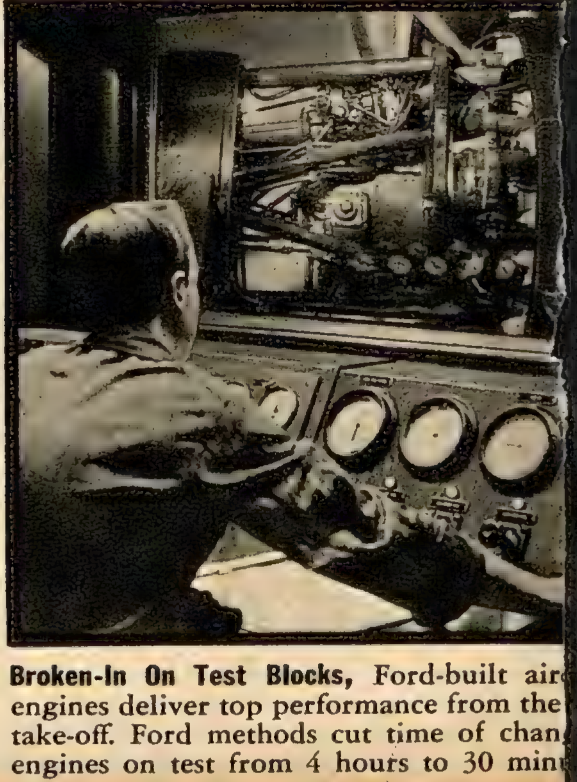
Ford plants, these men are over 100,000 strong!

Deft-Fingered Hands of a woman worker are helping finish the pilot's compartment of a B-24 Bomber built at the Willow Run Bomber Plant. Here over 6,000 women are now employed!



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engines deliver top performance from the
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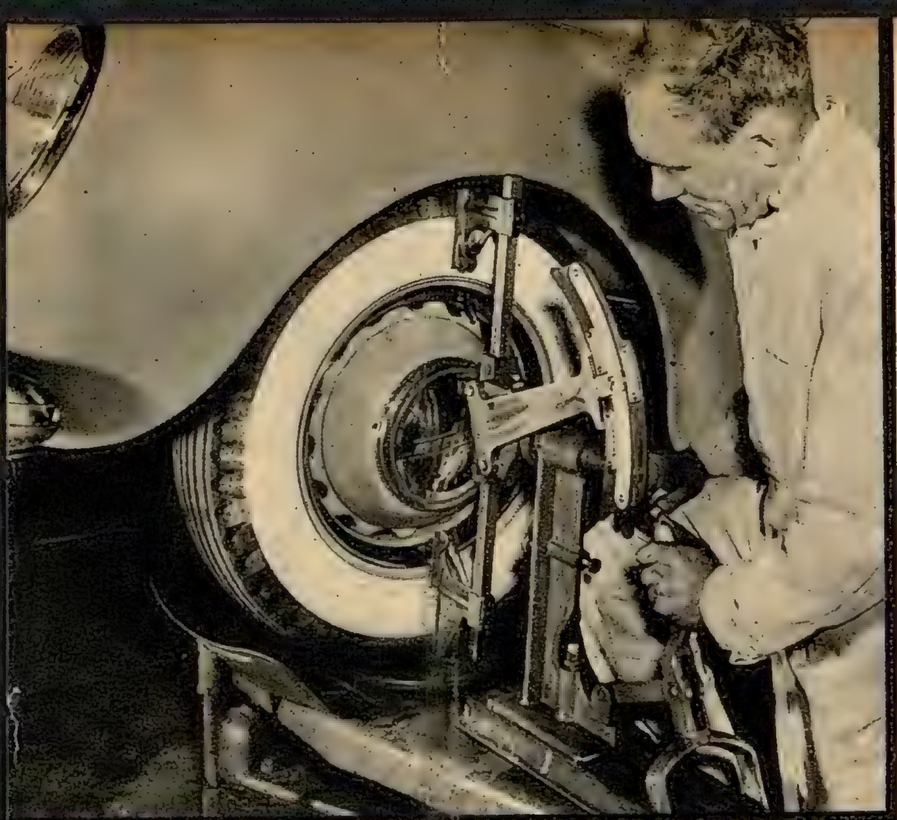

ing The Vital Role private cars and trucks play in national trans-
tion, Ford dealers help "keep 'em rolling" with Ford Protective
ce. That includes check-ups, repairs by trained mechanics and
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r, take your car to your nearest Ford dealer at regular intervals.

Stout Wings For A Tough Bird! These Ford men at the vast Willow Run Bomber Plant are busy at work on the wing of a B-24 Bomber. Ford-built to do its job *well,* this husky, long-range, four-engined plane has more than 400,000 volume-produced parts—and it is characterized by outstanding speed and dependable performance at high altitudes.

FORD WORKING FOR VICTORY

DID YOU KNOW?

At Army posts throughout the country,
rd Traveling Schools taught khaki-clad
echanics modern methods of servicing
ilitary vehicles.

To test Ford precision manufacture,
rts from a Ford-built and a Pratt &
hitney-built aircraft engine were scram-
ed—the engines re-assembled with parts
each in the other. Both ran perfectly.

To help supply the need for skilled
craft production workers, more than
00 men and women are now being
ined in the Ford Airplane School at
illow Run.

Super-accurate Johansson Gage Blocks
ade by Ford are the standard of
ecision measurement for American
dustry. Accurate to millionths of an
h, these gages have made possible mass
duction of interchangeable parts.

Less than sixteen months after con-
ruction gangs began clearing farms and
odlands for the Ford Willow Run
ant, this largest bomber factory in the
rld was turning out long-range B-24
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n introducing mass production, shorter
ours and higher wages, I have tried to
ve the American workman security for
imself and his family and the chance of
future for his children."

—Henry Ford

Ford

In The Ford-Built Navy School at the Rouge Plant, Uncle Sam's blue-jackets – 2000 at a time – receive a complete instruction course in trades and technical skills nec-

(*Continued from page 29*)

at the tail gun as well as dungarees. They use up less room. Now I'll take you two kids under my wing and everything will be dandy."

That was just what we wanted—to be taken under the Iron Duke's wing. Under his wings was even better.

His manner had entirely changed. He beamed at us as though our enlistment was the most promising event in American history since Patrick Henry and practically sealed the fate of the Axis. I was in a glow, and Bill's pink-and-white face showed he was, too.

"We'll make a couple of crack birdmen out of you," the Duke went on. "Tail gunners, that's what you'll be."

"We'd like to be officers," Bill said, voicing what was in my mind. "Pilots, like you."

"I don't know about that," the Duke said. "We'll have to look into it. Maybe you're not old enough. But tail gunners is what they need. It's the most exciting job in any ship. He's the guy who generally shoots the other guy down."

HE went into a long description of the excitement and rewards of operating machine guns from the tails of big bombers and fighters. Before he was finished the occupations of pilot and navigator seemed a little drab to us.

It was not until we reached the Park Avenue tunnel that I screwed up the courage to disclose to the Duke another aspect of Bill's and my plans.

"Look, Duke," I said. "Considering we're going into the Air Corps and—well, you can never know exactly what will happen. I mean, you can't be sure—"

"Sure," the Duke nodded understandingly. "They may get your number."

Encouraged, I blurted it out: "Bill and I thought we ought to have a little final fling!"

It was adult masculine talk. I would have given my right arm before admitting to the Duke that I'd practically never had any fling at all. Bill, although coming from a more worldly and more expensive background than mine, had been almost as carefully protected. While Duke Weaver's Rabelaisian exploits were legion, by his own admission.

"I get you," he said with a heavy wink. Then he reasoned soberly: "When a man offers his life to his country, he's entitled to a little bust, and nuts to the sourpusses! Tell you what—I've got two days' more leave. Suppose we go to a hotel, hire a couple of elegant rooms, complete with hot and cold folding doors and, using that as headquarters, go on the town. I myself, Iron Duke Weaver, feel a big bender coming over me and nothing would please me more than to show you young gentlemen how the other half lives."

Bill and I agreed with enthusiasm. It seemed natural that the man who had introduced us to the mysteries of St. Paul's campus should also sponsor our introduction to the undercover life of New York.

"We'll give the night clubs the once-over," Bill said with that worldly air of his which, even at seventeen, was wonderfully convincing. "The Stork Club, El Morocco, Twenty-one."

"I know spots better than those," the Duke said. It was a simple statement but tremendously provocative.

"We aren't kids any longer," I put in pointedly. "It's a hell of a thing to give your life without—without knowing all about it."

"You're exactly right," the Iron Duke said. "People get the screwiest ideas—all this USO tripe."

The Duke knew of a little hotel in West Forty-fourth Street, with surprising big rooms. We took two, with connecting door, and put three beds in one of them because Duke said it worked out better to have a parlor for visitors. That was a stimulating idea. But I did not put into words what I had in mind, because I was pretty sure the Duke knew it already. And we could trust him.

We had a couple of cocktails and dinner at the hotel, and the Duke, over a bottle of Burgundy, waxed vivid about the agreeable iniquities of the great city. Afterward we walked up Broadway. It was a warm, exciting spring evening. The dimout was in operation but, instead of destroying the magic of the Great White Way, it seemed to me to add to its pleasantly sinister quality. In the half-light the faces of perhaps very ordinary-looking girls were beautiful, their darkly splotched spring prints enchanting as they stirred provocatively in the light wind. And the voices you heard through the artificial dusk had a lovely muted significance not apparent either in the day or the bright night lights of other times.

WE reached Fiftieth Street and swung back. As the messages from that mass of slowly moving humanity flooded into me—imagined messages and real ones, the slow provocative laugh of a girl, the bold stare of dark eyes under a blue light, a sailor coddling his sweetie—I became increasingly impatient of the tardy development of our evening. But I kept quiet, knowing that the Duke's superior experience undoubtedly had the problem well in hand. Bill, however, was not so reticent.

"Look, Duke," he said. "Do you know any good numbers?"

"Ah," the Duke said, grasping us each by an arm, "I was coming to that. Everything in good time. Now we'll just step in here and get a couple of bottles of redeye, and then we'll go back to the hotel and I'll do a little plain and fancy telephoning."

My heart promptly doubled in size and nearly suffocated me with excitement.

With the bottles tucked under our arms and the Duke still herding us like an old mare with two colts, we returned to the hotel and our rooms. There, with ice and soda water, we started a few drinks, while the Duke, removing his tunic and making an expressive flourish of his arms as if to embrace all mankind, sat down at the telephone.

"Now to business, boys," he said, consulting a little notebook.

He began calling numbers while Bill and I replenished our drinks. From time to time, then, the Duke reported to us: "No answer," or "She's out," or "She'll call back later."

"He answers the phones during the lunch hour."

Bill and I did not pay a great deal of attention at first. We were busy declaring to each other exactly how we were going to conduct our part of the war. But after an hour we became aware that the Duke was not having very good luck. Although in several instances he apparently reached his party and held animated conversations, nothing seemed to come of them.

"Come on, Duke, don't hold out on us," Bill, emboldened by the whisky, finally said. "It's getting late."

The Duke shook his head sadly. "The hunting doesn't seem so good tonight," he said. "I'm afraid we started a little too late. This is wartime, you know, and the situation is very special. Wait a minute until I consult the social register once more. Flushing, Mount Vernon, Newark—no, they're all too far. Ah, here—yes, this looks likely. You fellows pour yourselves another drink and I'll have it all sewed up quick like a mouse."

I became aware at that moment that I had had quite a few drinks. I did not feel ill at all, although Bill's pleasant pink face seemed to have developed an ectoplasm that was not present a couple of hours before, and I noticed that his hand wove as he poured the whisky into the glasses. But we were not going to show the Duke that we couldn't take it. We each had another drink, and stiff ones. One bottle was empty.

It seemed hours before the Duke finished the last of his interminable conversations on the telephone.

"Well, boys," he admitted, "it looks like it's all washed up for tonight. Tell you what. I'll get busy first thing in the morning and get everything fixed up for tomorrow night. How's that?"

He beamed at us as if he had just made us a present of a battleship apiece. As for me, it was all right. I had become the possessor of sensations which strongly recommended a horizontal position, and quickly. "Sure, Duke," I said. "That's fine."

BUT Bill was rebellious. He got up, swaying. "Nuts," he said. "I'm going on a brawl. Tha's wot I came here for, wasn't it? You fellows can do wot you please."

He lurched toward the door, pulled it open. "Now, Billy, my boy," the Duke said soothingly, "you wouldn't like to go out the way you are."

"How'm I?" Bill said, interested.

"Very, very blotto."

A slow grin spread over Bill's face. "I like it. Goo'-by."

"Now, now," the Iron Duke said.

The room was doing acrobatics for my personal benefit and I did not catch the full significance of the action at the door. But I did vaguely sense some sort of struggle going on, and presently Bill's form was recumbent at my feet. After that, events were still more shadowy. I had a feeling as if some magic carpet were wafting me softly into the other room and onto my bed, and I could feel hands at my necktie. That was all.

I awakened the next morning to find myself in bed quite as properly as if I had been at home or at St. Paul's, and I looked over to see Bill sitting up in his bed with a puzzled and sickly frown on his face. And standing at the foot, a large breakfast tray in his hands, was the Iron Duke, grinning his special Victor McLaglen grin.

"Come, come, me lads," he said. "This is no hour to be lying in your downy—two great soldier bucks like you. We'll overlook your little weaknesses of last night if you'll just down your porridge like good boys. Fancy my having to put you lunks to bed. Made pigs of yourselves. Tut-tut."

"What time is it?" Bill inquired stolidly.

"Past noon, and we have a big day ahead of us, kids." The Iron Duke set the tray on Bill's bed and passed a plate over to me.

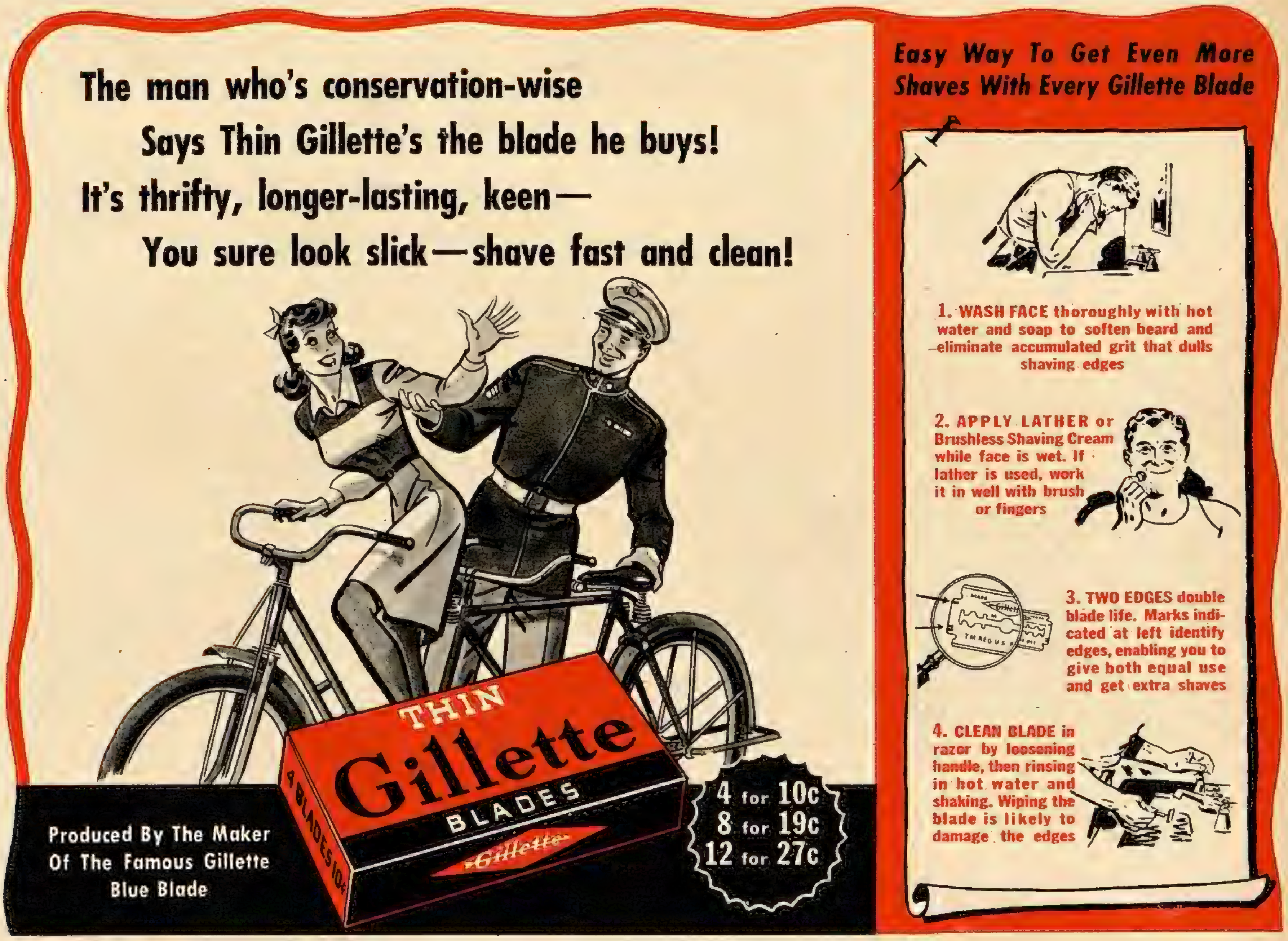
"I don't give a hoot about the big day," Bill said, a little rebelliously. "When are we going to the recruiting station?"

The Iron Duke looked surprised and hurt. "What, and have no final bust?"

Bill did not answer, and the Iron Duke went on, "Now, after you've had your breakfast and a little pick-me-up—"

I groaned. I had just caught sight of the two bulbous poached eggs on my plate, concealing under their milky glutinous exteriors what horrors I could only too well imagine. I bolted for the bathroom.

Bill had expressed a desire to visit a gambling resort as part of the itiner-



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ary of our bender. He had a couple of hundred superfluous dollars on his person and he wished to increase it to the dimensions his luck would permit. Of increase he had no doubt.

"I have a better idea," the Iron Duke said, as, with shaking fingers, Bill and I finished buttoning ourselves into our clothes. "I'll get a few pals in for a friendly game of poker."

That did not seem quite the same thing to either Bill or myself, but the Iron Duke was very positive it was the best way all around, so we raised no objection. After a late luncheon, before which the Iron Duke had forced us, like any old Nanny, to take a medicinal whisky sour, he consulted his "social register" again and called up some numbers. The result this time was successful, if not so inspiring as we had hoped the night before. Three gentlemen presented themselves at our rooms around four o'clock. They were an odd assortment, introduced to us by the Iron Duke as "Slim," a fat man with watery blue eyes; "Fatso," a thin man with red hair; and "Tiny," a gray-haired man, six feet four. As they had come equipped with all the paraphernalia, we sat down promptly to a game of poker.

It was the sort of thing you read about. Bill and I (playing with a stake of fifty dollars loaned by him) won the first few hands, and then we began to lose steadily. I was soon out forty-five dollars and was playing close to my chest to try to hang on to the remaining five. Bill was well into his second hundred. Slim and Fatso were the big winners, and the Iron Duke was up on the game a little, the grin on his face perpetual. There was an air about him that afternoon I did not quite understand—as if he were waiting for some kind of denouement. Well, it came.

We had been playing a couple of hours and I had finally gotten a hand worth betting—four queens, as I remember—when I saw something funny happening to Slim's cards. There was a quick exchange of some sort—very nearly a hand-is-quicker-than-the-eye business. But not quite. For I was certain that for one brief moment Slim's pudgy fingers had held six cards.

I UNDERSTOOD instantly that we were playing with card sharpers. I remember being surprised that I wasn't scared. I was just mad clean through. That blinding flash of rage you hear people talk about passed through my head and I got up and slammed down my hand.

"You damned cheat!" I said. "I saw you slip that card."

Slim's jowls were white and they joggled a little, while the misty eyes screwed up threateningly. "Better take that back, buddy," he said. "You little ——." And he used an epithet which is a classic, calling for a classic reaction.

I cocked my arm, even as I saw his hand steal toward his hip pocket.

But I never got a chance to use it for the table suddenly overturned with a crashing of poker chips and glasses and the Iron Duke's ham of a hand had reached across the table and collared Mr. Slim. In another second the fat man was jerked out of his chair. His colleague, the man called Tiny, coming weakly to his aid, was similarly collared and in another instant I viewed the remarkable spectacle of their heads being rapped together.

"Mrs. Grayson had double pneumonia. Do we charge her twice the regular fee?"

"Now, you babies, just shake out your pockets and beat it. Better frisk 'em, Billy."

Bill did not find the revolvers that my imagination had conjured up, but he did bring to light two ugly-looking blackjacks.

When the money we had lost had been restored, the Iron Duke shoved the three men out into the hall and locked the door.

"Now," he said, beaming amiably on us, "that ought to teach you not to gamble with guys you don't know. Lesson Number Two."

"I wish you had let me bust him," I said. I resented the Duke's taking my legitimate prey.

"Listen here, Weaver," said Bill rather hotly. "That may be Lesson Number Two, but I don't see what all this has got to do with enlisting in the Air Corps."

"Now, Billy boy," the Iron Duke said, "you'd be surprised."

"I've had enough surprises," Bill said shortly.

"Now, Bill," the Duke soothed, "tomorrow we'll all go down and become soldiers, but you're not going to blow the big party tonight, are you? You're not going to stand your pals up, are you? Tonight's the night." The Duke's expression was full of promise.

AMBITION

Sometime I'd like to meet the man
Who's fortunate enough to be
The first to board a bus or car
That's crowded when it gets to
me.

—LYNN GOODWIN.

"All right," Bill said, "only I'm beginning to think—"

"That's fine," the Duke said. "But I've just got to skip downstairs on a piece of business. I'll pick you fellows up in about an hour and we'll see what's what! Boy! It'll be a riot!"

After Bill and I were washed up and sitting around waiting for the Duke, he suddenly had an idea.

"Listen, Johnny," he said. "There's something funny about all this."

"What's that, Bill?" I said.

"Well, we don't seem to be getting anywhere with the Duke. I mean, here we've been twenty-four hours on our final big bender and all that's happened is Duke puts us to bed one night and the next day we get into a game with some card sharpers where we don't even lose any money. I don't call it constructive."

I saw what he meant. He meant we hadn't seen life. "What do you suggest?" I said.

"Well," he said, "we might blow now and try a little something on our own."

WE talked it over for less than three minutes and ended by sneaking out of the room, leaving a note for the Duke, saying, "Gone for a few hours on Lesson Number Three."

We got out of the hotel without running into the Duke and headed for Broadway. We began by wasting two hours eating expensive food at the Pink Ostrich. There were some pretty girls doing cabaret turns in the restaurant, but it did not seem their practice to sit down with the patrons, nor did they seem aware of the subtle and inviting smiles Bill and I directed at them. It was evident that no romantic friendships were struck up in such places. It was not until I had the brilliant notion of a dance hall that we finally made contact with Lesson Number Three. Within five minutes we were in the Primrose Gardens, an upstairs resort of not the most elegant kind on a street off Broadway, and I was buying tickets to dance with a pretty blonde by the name of Rose, and Bill was doing the same for a brunette by the name of Kate. Then we all sat at a table and had a beer.

Bill was enterprising. "You don't want to spend the rest of your life in this joint, do you?" he asked Kate. "Can't you make a break?"

"I can."

"All right. We'll do the Village."

"It's not as simple as that. You've got to buy my tickets for the rest of the night."

"O. K."

"And it's not as simple as *that.*"

"What's the catch?"

"I don't want to go."

"Oh," said Bill, and I echoed him.

My Rose did not want to go, either. But we had stumbled on essential information and we were undiscouraged. It *could* be done. So it wasn't long before we were sitting over beers with a redhead by the name of Marie and a girl with deep blue hair by the name of Doris. They lived together, they said.

"In fact we're sisters," Doris said.

"Sure," Marie giggled. "We wanted you to meet our mother, anyway."

Doris thought this was a great joke.

So Bill went up to the cashier and made the necessary arrangements. I think it cost him thirty dollars. But just as we were ordering a final round of beers, an enormous substance settled itself in a fifth chair. It was, of course, the Duke.

"Fancy meeting you boys here," he said. "Fancy crossing your social trail like this." It was evident he had been on it from the moment we'd left the hotel.

There wasn't anything much we could do, so we gloomily introduced him to the "sisters," and Marie politely informed him he was chiseling in because we were going to call on their mother.

"That's fine," he said, "but, if I'm not mistaken, there's your other sister across the room, the one with the long bob and the green dress."

The girls laughed and said he was right, and pretty soon we were joined by Alice, and Bill paid another fifteen dollars to the cashier. Then, our hearts bumping excitedly, the six of us went down the stairs to the street, and things seemed to be on their way at last. That was, until we rounded the corner. Then the Iron Duke stopped and regarded the girls tenderly.

"Listen, my cuties," he said. "Do you see that fellow over there?" He nodded his head toward a patrolman indolently swinging his stick. "Now, you so-and-so's, beat it or I'll have him run you in!"

Leaving some unpleasant sounds in our ears, they vanished like the mist.

"Lesson Number Three," the Iron Duke said.

THE night was shot, and Bill and I could see it, so we submissively went with him back to the hotel, where he tried to soothe us with promises for tomorrow.

"You see, a real bust is an artistic matter. You have to go at it in the right way. You fellows were just throwing yourselves blind. First you make pigs of yourselves with liquor, then you play cards with just any one, then you pick up a pair of floozies. Now, tomorrow we'll start right. It'll be a big day, so I think we'd better all turn in."

"Ah," said the Iron Duke the first thing the next morning. He had just emerged from the shower and was beating his immense hairy chest with a bath towel. "This is the big day! Can't you just feel it in the air?"

"What are we going to do, Duke?" I said. "Don't hold out on us."

"There's a little matter of enlistment," Bill said.

"Everything in course," the Duke said.

We had breakfast and dressed and were about to go down when the telephone bell rang. The Duke jumped and lifted the receiver. He listened.

"Send them right up," he said.

"Really, Duke?" Bill said excitedly. "Really?"

You could almost hear the beating of our three hearts as we waited for the knock on the door. The Duke opened it. My father entered first.

"Well, boy," he said quietly, "I hope you're ready to go back to college."

"William," said the other man—he was stoutish, gray-haired, with the short tailored mustache of a banker—"what's the meaning of this?"

I looked around for the Iron Duke. He had his cap on, his military raincoat over his arm, and his bag in his hand, and he was making rapidly for the door. He turned as he reached it.

"So long, kids," he said. "I never enjoyed a bender so much in my life. Study hard, now. We'll need you fellows badly after this mess is over."

Our fathers were not very hard on Bill and me. We spent the morning talking it over, and finally reached a compromise: That if the war continued another year, until we were eighteen, we had their permission to enlist. In the meantime we were to keep on at St. Paul's.

"What sort of a chap is that man you call the Iron Duke—extraordinary name?" my father asked as he took me to the station in a taxi. "Big fellow, a little uncouth, eh? How did he treat you boys?"

"Like a mother hen," I said bitterly.

THE END

"I TALKED WITH GOD"

(Yes I Did — Actually and Literally)

and as a result of that little talk with God, a strange Power came into my life. After 42 years of horrible, dismal, sickening failure, everything took on a brighter hue. It's fascinating to talk with God, and it can be done very easily once you learn the secret. And when you do—well—there will come into your life the same dynamic Power which came into mine. The shackles of defeat and fear which bound me for years, went a-shimmering—and now?—well, I am President of the News Review Publishing Company, which corporation publishes the largest circulating afternoon daily in North Idaho. I own the largest office-building in my City. I drive two beautiful cars, I own my own home which has a lovely pipe-organ in it, and my family are abundantly provided for after I'm gone. And all this has been made possible because, one day, about twelve years ago, I actually and literally talked with God.

You too may experience that strange mystical Power which comes from talking with God, and when you do, if there is poverty, unrest, unhappiness, ill-health, or material lack in your life, well—

DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON
Founder "Psychiana,"
Moscow, Idaho

this same Power is able to do for you what it did for me. No matter how useless or how helpless your life seems to be—all this can be changed. For this is not a human power I'm talking about—it's a God-Power. And there are no limitations to the God-Power, are there? Of course not. You probably would like to know how you, too, may talk with God, so that this same Power which brought these good things to me, might come into your life too. I have written the strange, almost unbelievable story in two booklets, and I have given away literally millions of copies of them. As a matter of fact, the story has been told in 67 foreign countries, and in every city, town, village and hamlet in America. It has been written up by such outstanding periodicals as Time, Newsweek, Magazine Digest, and scores of other internationally-known publications.

I want to give you these two booklets. I want to give you also illustrated circulars, and copies of letters which tell what is being accomplished all over the world through this new strange Teaching. If you will send me your name and address on a post-card or in a letter, these two booklets will come to you free of charge. This experience may sound unbelievable, but it's true or I wouldn't tell you it was. The address is Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 138, Moscow, Idaho.

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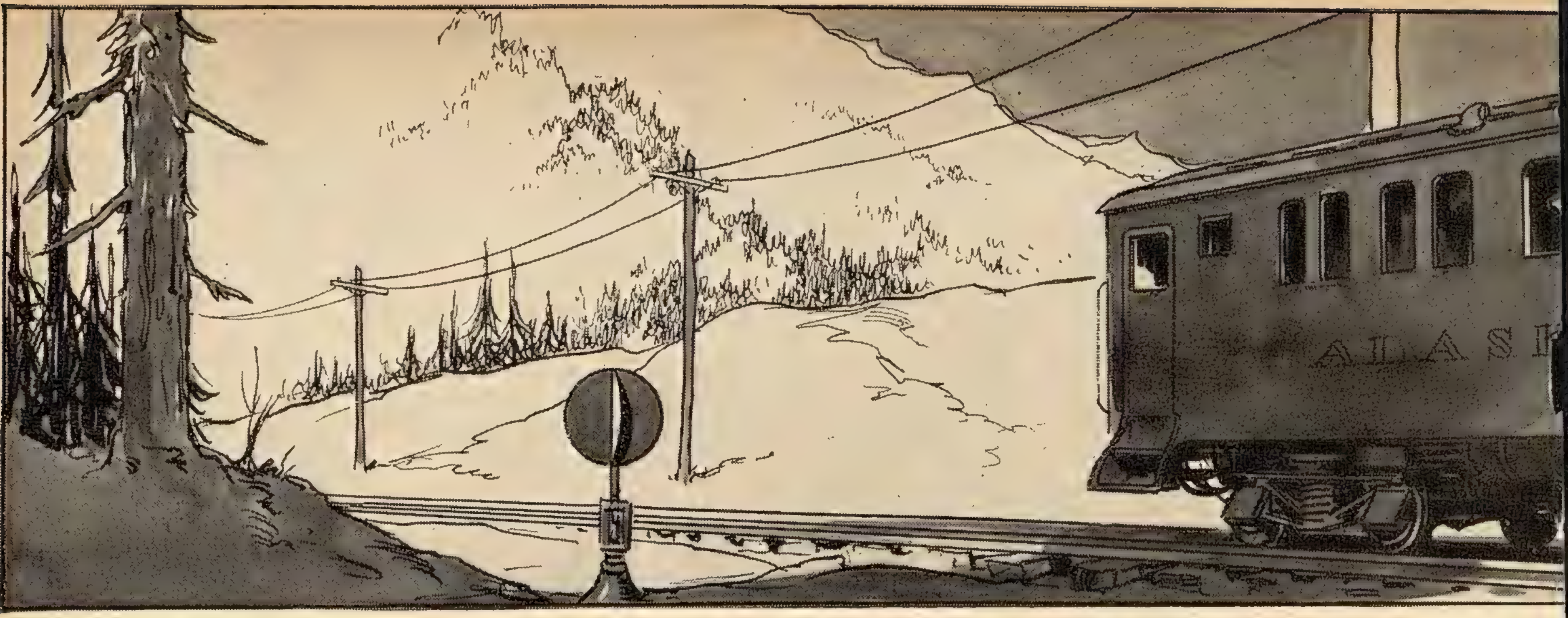
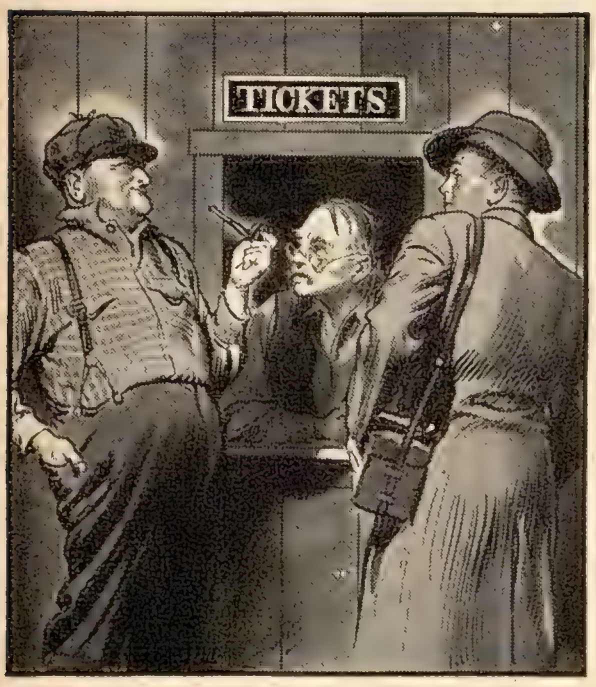


ALASK

One of the liveliest trips in the world—from Healy to Fairbanks on Alaska's fabulous Mercy Train

ALASKA, our last frontier which has become the first fighting front in the Americas, is a grim country these days. The gay laughter of the care-free tourists no longer is heard in that radiant land of the midnight sun. The only tourists in Alaska for months have been the Japanese invaders and the Americans in uniform who are kicking the Japs back where they came from. And yet Alaska, for all the deadly business afoot, can be fun, as I shall presently explain.

When William H. Seward, our Civil War Secretary of State, purchased Alaska from imperial Russia in 1867 for the trifling sum of $7,200,000, Americans knew little and cared less about that fabulous territory. Although Alaska is twice the size of Texas and one fifth as large as the entire United States, Seward's critics contemptuously discounted the military and economic importance of what they dubbed "Seward's Ice Box." Today there are rats in the icebox, and we are beginning to realize that Seward's patented refrigerator has a value beyond price as one of the most strategic sectors in a global war, and that the late General Billy Mitchell was not talking through his jaunty service hat two decades ago when he prophesied: "He who holds Alaska holds the world."



I have recently returned from an extensive tour of Alaska, during which I traveled thousands of miles by air, sea, and land and talked with the chiefs of our fighting forces. In the course of a stay at one of our remote island fortresses, I watched a trim young lieutenant play billiards at an officers' club while waiting for a plane to take him to his next station for a rendezvous with danger. A clever tactician, capable of executing the most difficult shots, the officer had one stock phrase that amused me; each time as he chalked his cue and lined up a seemingly impossible carom shot, he would remark to himself, "Pretty rugged." But he always hit his target.

My net impression of Alaska can be summed up in the same words. It is no place for pantywaists. A land of mountains, tundra, and muskeg, of rain and fog and chilling williwaws, it is pretty rugged country, and its valiant defenders are proving themselves equally rugged. The rats in the icebox have found that out.

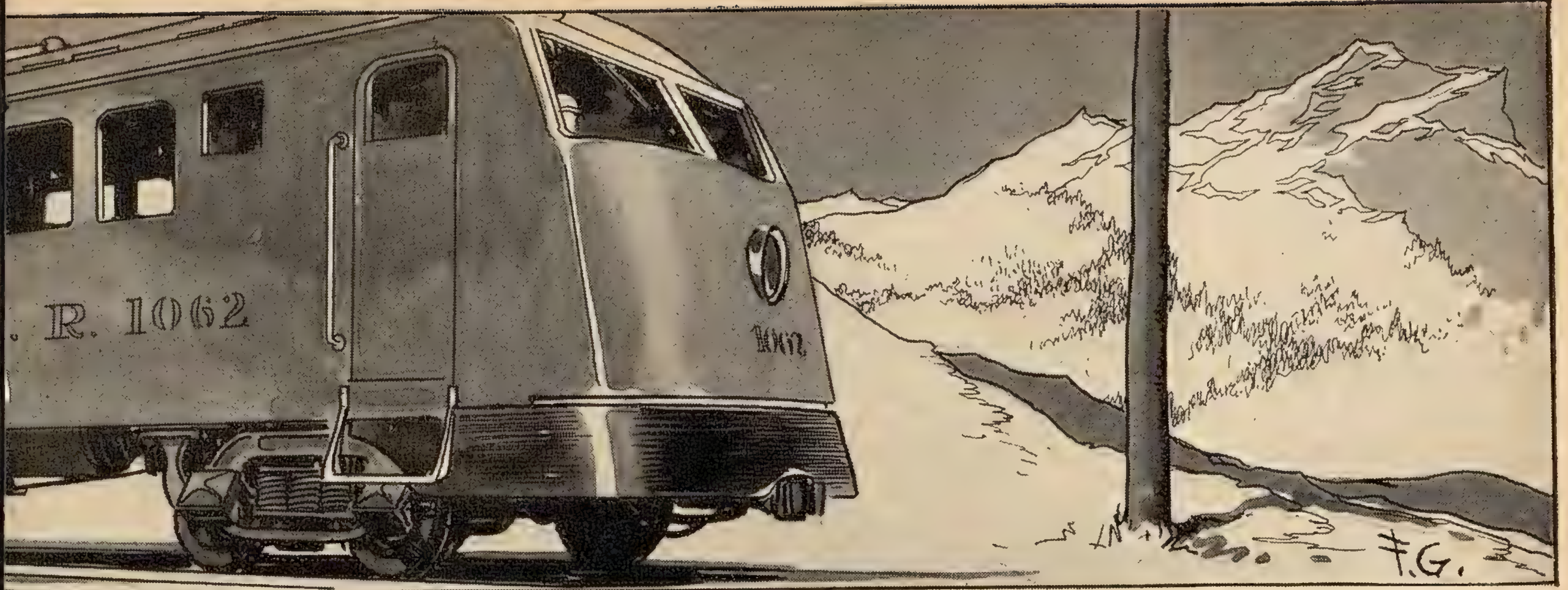
In addition to the rugged terrain and the inhospitable weather, life in Alaska can be hard because of the scant population and the lack of adequate transportation facilities. Although somewhat greater in area than the Scandinavian countries of Norway, Sweden, and Finland, which support a population of 13,000,000 in comfort, Alaska had only 73,000 residents at the 1940 census, and half of them were Eskimos, Aleuts, and Indians. The principal towns, Juneau, Anchorage, and Fairbanks, had populations of less than 6,000 each.

Except for air lines, Alaska still lives in the dog-team era of transport, if you overlook two or three highways and the one railroad of any real length. I flew up to Alaska and I flew back, and I used planes most of the time I was there. But, looking back, it is the railroad trips, and one in particular, that I remember best. In that primitive land aviation is prosaic and monotonous as compared to railroading, which is a fine art and a grand adventure. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world. For proof of that broad statement, I refer you to Leonidas Beebe, who shares a passion for railroading with the more famous Lucius Beebe, New York's celebrated connoisseur, dilettante, gourmet, and man about town. The two Beebes are not related, but railroading is their common bond. The highly literate Lucius has published several books on the history and romance of "high iron" and is an acknowledged authority on the Santa Fe Chief, the Twentieth Century Limited, and the Cambridge and New Haven locals. Alaska's Beebe, on the other hand, writes only for his folks and wouldn't know the difference between the Wabash and the Burlington.

Nevertheless, Alaska's Beebe is a practicing railroader, which New York's Beebe can't claim to be, and cuts an important figure in railroad circles close to the Arctic. In short, Leonidas Beebe is the engineer of the one and only ambulance train out of Fairbanks.

This train, property of the Alaska Railroad, ordinarily is reserved for the ill, disabled, and dying. Because a wreck on the line had tied up the

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES



TRAIN RIDE

BY JOSEPH DRISCOLL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

regular passenger trains, I was invited to make use of the ambulance train to reach my destination.

A lot of people in Alaska get ill. If they don't freeze to death in winter, they may suffer heat prostration in summer. For the so-called Frozen North, believe it or not, can be distressingly warm in summer. Add to this the perils of wild animals, mining accidents, tuberculosis, and insanity, and you begin to see the reason for Leonidas Beebe's mercy train.

I wasn't exactly ill when I hailed the ambulance train at the coal-mining town of Healy, on a spur of the Alaska Railroad. My only concern was that I should reach Fairbanks some time that day and once again feel a concrete sidewalk underfoot.

The train was not quite what I expected. I had not been so rash as to envision a Broadway Limited or a Spirit of St. Louis, but to me a train had always signified at least two or three coaches. Hearing a rumble outside the Healy depot, I inquired innocently:

"May I buy a ticket here or shall I buy it on the train?"

The village half-wit, always to be found hanging around railroad depots, giggled:

"He calls it a train! He hasn't seen it yet."

The station agent, disgustedly abandoning a telegraph key which had failed to inform him of the train's approach until it arrived, declared:

"It is, too, a train. It's officially listed as a train on the schedules."

Vindicated in my nomenclature, I bought a ticket and boarded what was officially listed as a train. It turned out to be a smallish affair, a one-coach thing with a model T Ford engine and a body like an up-to-date parcels or milk truck with glass windows in front for the driver to peer through. This train even had a windshield wiper. Train it was, though, for it ran on steel rails. On its dashboard were four railroad flares and four extra spark plugs. Back of the driver's compartment, the two sides of the strange vehicle were lined with leather divans and cushions on which a passenger might either sit up and look out or lie down and moan, if ill.

"How would you describe this contraption?" I asked Mr. Beebe, a stoutish fellow of ruddy complexion who was comfortably attired in brown leather house slippers, blue-and-white-striped overalls, and greasy gray cap.

"Oh, it's the ambulance train," Mr. Beebe replied airily. "If the passengers ain't dying when they come aboard, they soon will be. Ha-ha!"

Obviously our Mr. Beebe was a card.

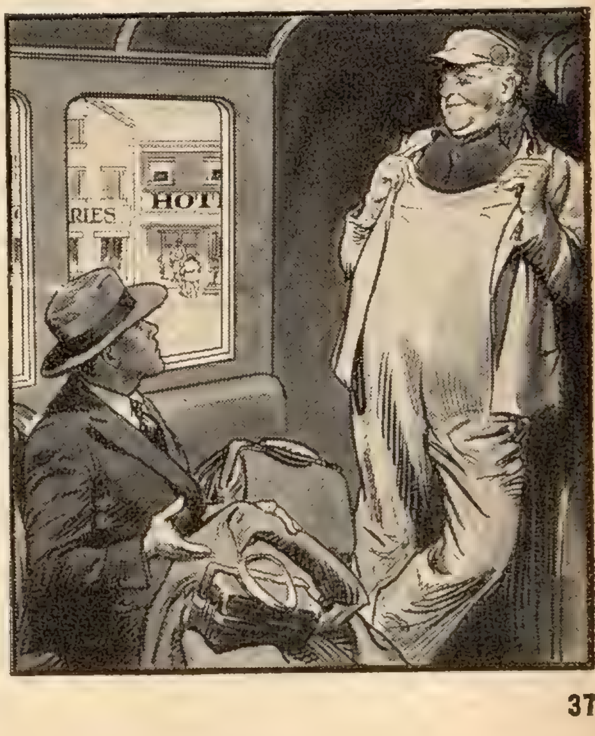
Soon we knew what he meant. The Mercy Unlimited raced forward at a speed that seemed like sixty miles an hour. The engine groaned, the windows banged, the chassis creaked. Actually, our speed seldom exceeded forty miles an hour. But the train rocked and bumped along in a slapdash manner calculated to render the hardiest passenger carsick.

Our crowded train began to grow green about the gills. The passengers, all three of them, had traveled on a variety of vehicles in their time, but never on one like this. Besides myself, they were a pair of United States Bureau of Mines scientists named Sam and Duff, who were searching Alaska for workable veins of strategic metals such as tin, tungsten, antimony, chrome, copper, and platinum. I feared Duff was becoming ill when he asked Engineer Beebe as a special favor to halt the mercy train for a minute at the first hotel on the route.

While we awaited Duff's return, Beebe showed us a letter he had just received under an Anchorage postmark. I recognized it as a typical example of broad Alaskan humor. The writer purported to be an evangelistic lecturer on the evils of Demon Rum. He mourned the loss of his stooge, Willie, who used to sit on the platform with blank expression and drooling mouth, a perfect illustration of what John Barleycorn can do to a man if temptation is not resisted. In conclusion, the lecturer wrote that he had heard of Beebe and wished to offer him the job left vacant when delirium tremens carried off poor Willie.

"I know the guy who mailed that to me," Beebe swore. "We were out drinking in Anchorage a couple nights ago and this guy laughed when I wouldn't drink nothing stronger than a coke. I used to be a heavy drinker, but I took the pledge two years ago. This letter is his idea of fun. I'll get even with him."

Duff returned presently with a carton of something heavy and asked Beebe if he would care for a beer.



"No, thanks," said Beebe, and he started up the ambulance train with an angry clash of gears. Duff opened the carton to disclose eight pints of beer, two for each of the four of us. It was very thoughtful of him.

"You know," said Duff, "I went in that little hotel, or roadhouse or whatever you call it, and had to wake up the proprietor—at one o'clock in the afternoon, mind you. I asked for Budweiser. 'Never heard of it,' he said. 'Beer,' I explained. 'Beer?' he said. 'Why drink beer? Water's better and cheaper.' So I compromised on the only beer he had. Alt Heidelberg, it says by the label. Not too bad."

Nor was it bad. Except that the incessant jolting of the ambulance train prodded by the teetotaler whipped up a terrific head on every pint. No matter how much you drank, the bottle foamed up and seemed full. It even got into your nostrils.

MILE after mile we rocketed toward the Arctic with Leonidas Beebe attending strictly to business, unaware that we had converted his mercy special into a roistering club car. The Arctic can be beastly hot and dusty in late summer. The hospitable Duff sidled up to the engineer and asked if he would mind making an unscheduled stop at the river town of Nenana. Again Mr. Beebe obliged and Duff disappeared down Nenana's main street. Like dozens of Alaskan main streets, it consisted of dust, boardwalks, frame shacks, a post office, a Northern Commercial store, and a gaudy variety of grog shops.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. While we stretched our legs and waited for the absent one, Beebe eased his train up and down the tracks, a yard at a time, as a signal for us to climb aboard. Then he honked his auto horn. Searching for the errant Duff, I sauntered out of sight behind the depot. Beebe mistook this for truancy, and shouted: "Damn it, I'm late for the freight now!"

Fortunately, Duff reappeared at that moment and the three passengers swung aboard the mercy mainliner, which left Nenana in high speed and high dudgeon. Refreshed and relaxed, we leaned against the cushions and studied nature from the windows of our speeding train. As we hustled toward the Arctic Circle, we noted that the majestic spruce trees vanished, giving place to scrubby birch and alder. We were heading toward the barren plains, which freeze twenty feet deep in the winter—and are hot as blazes in the summer!

We were on the lookout for moose and bear. But our Mr. Beebe was looking only for that freight train. It is not pleasant to meet a freight head-on on a single-track railroad. By our vulgar delays we might have let ourselves in for a combination of Casey Jones and The Wreck of the 97. Pressing hard on the throttle, Casey Beebe had the fierce yet resigned countenance of a man who feels he will never see his dear ones again but is somewhat reluctant to meet his Maker in his old work clothes.

Our fears were erased when, by a tremendous body-shaking burst of speed, our train reached its appointed siding at 2.32 P. M. The gleeful passengers threw the switch for their brave engineer and then dismounted and listened for a whistle from the north. The freight was due at that point at 12.32 but had been reported two hours late. So we barely gained the siding by the skin of our teeth. It developed, however, that the freight was another twenty minutes late. When she finally materialized, the freight was a real train, with a score of cars loaded with vital material. She stopped to salute us and hand over a package to be returned to Fairbanks. We felt like real railroaders, too.

ON the final lap the passengers inevitably got around to exchanging anecdotes in the best Pullman smoking-car style. At this Sam, a drawling Texan, excelled.

"Did you hear," Sam asked, "about the fellow who said to a friend, 'I don't think my wife understands me. Does yours?' And the friend said, 'I didn't even know my wife knew you.'

"Or there's the one about the British soldier in Egypt who saw a bevy of beautiful girls at an oasis. His pal warned him, 'That's not an oasis; that's a mirage.' The soldier said, 'Oasis or mirage, let's advance, just in case—' "

Well, we finally reached Fairbanks on the ambulance train, and it was a welcome oasis, mirage or not. We couldn't miss the look of disapproval in Leonidas Beebe's tired old eyes as he shook hands with his passengers and saw them off to the Nordale Hotel. He seemed to be thinking that passengers who won't take an ambulance train seriously are no better than poor little Willie of the delirium tremens.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 17

1. Army, Washington Redskins, University of Georgia.
2. Services of Supply.
3. A battle line in Africa.
4. John Nance Garner, Vice-Admiral Halsey, Harlan F. Stone.
5. Foils an Axis plot to bomb the Panama Canal.
6. Tightwad.
7. Scrapple.
8. Little Men.
9. Famous lithographers.
10. Director of Economic Stabilization.
11. All were United States cruisers sunk in the Pacific.
12. Russian newspaper.
13. Fugue.
14. Norway, United States, Great Britain.
15. A doctor.
16. Lieutenant Commander Paul Smith, who resigned his commission in the navy and his job with O. W. I. to enlist as a private in the Marine Corps.
17. October 27, 1942. Navy Day is twenty-one years old.
18. Sam Rayburn of Texas.
19. Author of Moby Dick.
20. The Wright brothers made the first successful airplane flight near Kitty Hawk in 1903.

GREAT SPECIMEN I BAGGED-EH?
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THE FLIGHT OF THE BOMBER PHYLLIS

Continued from Page 11

back his mop of black hair and leaned back in his chair. With a tumbler of what he loves best in England well in hand, he grinned infectiously at me and said:

"They came fast, out of the sun. They looked like a lot of yellow pigeons, or butterflies, except that they came on in a straight line—a new trick, they say. The first one took a pot shot at us, so near I could see the pilot. The second opened up, and the others kept coming right on.

"I cut loose, too.

"You're sitting back there alone, with practically no protection. You get them or they get you. Sure, I was scared, at first. But you get mad as hell, having a lot of guys shooting at you like that. To make it worse, I'd fired only about three bursts when both my guns jammed. Maybe that was because it was way below zero up there where we were, four or five miles up. I reported this to the captain. He said, 'Keep your guns swinging so they'll think you're firing anyway. No use shaking your fist at 'em, boy.'

"I pulled back the charging handle and got the right gun going, but the left gun stayed dead. So I went on working with the right gun, pot-shotting those yellow babies as fast as they came on. A bullet or a piece of flak nicked my arm, but I didn't know it. I pulled off my oxygen mask too, without knowing it. By rights I should have passed out, but I didn't. I wouldn't know whether working in a coal mine a mile down helps you to get along without oxygen four or five miles up. And when I tried to use the phone to find out how things were up ahead, it was dead.

"I FIRED all but a little of the ammunition for my right gun. Don't ask me how many of those yellow devils we killed off. We're told we got four. I wouldn't know. I wouldn't claim an enemy plane even if I knew I'd winged it, because you haven't got time to watch them go down and you haven't got time to concentrate your fire on any one ship more than a split second, things are moving so fast.

"Coburn, in the top turret, gave the Jerries hell until a shell blinded him. So did the gunner in the waist of the ship, Sergeant Bert Peterson, a Swedish boy from Des Moines, Iowa—when he could get a bead on them. And I could hear the guns of that hot little Pennsylvania Dutchman, Ralph Sheeder of Six Mile Run, Pennsylvania, going all the time. He and Coburn used up nearly all their ammunition—a lot! Sheeder is about to be a pa. That will be one for him to tell his kid about. He was manning the bottom turret, with nothing under him but space."

Cherubic, boyish Sheeder said, with simple Dutch matter-of-factness, "Some of those babies were so near I could almost have spit on 'em. They weren't blowing kisses at us. I tried to help out Ben all I could, back there in the tail. It was a good thing for me that I did. If I'd had my guns pointed upward, I'd have got it in the belly. A piece of flak came through my turret, tearing a big hole in it in front of me, and hit my seat. That made me sore."

Sergeant Peterson could not speak for himself, being in the hospital. As waist gunner, he manned two guns, one on each side of the radio room. Darting from one to the other, he worked so hard and fast, his companions said, that he forgot a bad bullet wound in his leg. The flooring where he stood was later found to be a sieve.

"One dodge the Jerries used," Paine explained, "was to start for one of the ships ahead, then do a twenty-degree turn and pepper *us*. Mostly they came from the rear, but at least one came up under us from the front, stalled, and raked the whole length of Phyllis' belly. I could feel his hits banging into her. As a matter of fact, I could feel a lot of their hits and the machine-gun fire sounded like hail. It hurt to have Phyllis pasted like that.

"I heard a twenty-mm. cannon shell explode just behind the upper turret. I thought, Gosh, if one hits the flares—good-by!

"I could feel Phyllis taking it, getting harder to handle all the while. After what seemed a thousand years of that, I began to realize that this wasn't going to be any Sunday-school picnic. I didn't have time to pray, though my pa and ma raised me to be a minister. Once or twice, though, I thought about my wife and Charley Paine III.

"I looked out at our right wing and saw it was all shot to hell. There were holes everywhere. A couple were shell holes big enough to drive a sheep through. The other wing was all shot up too.

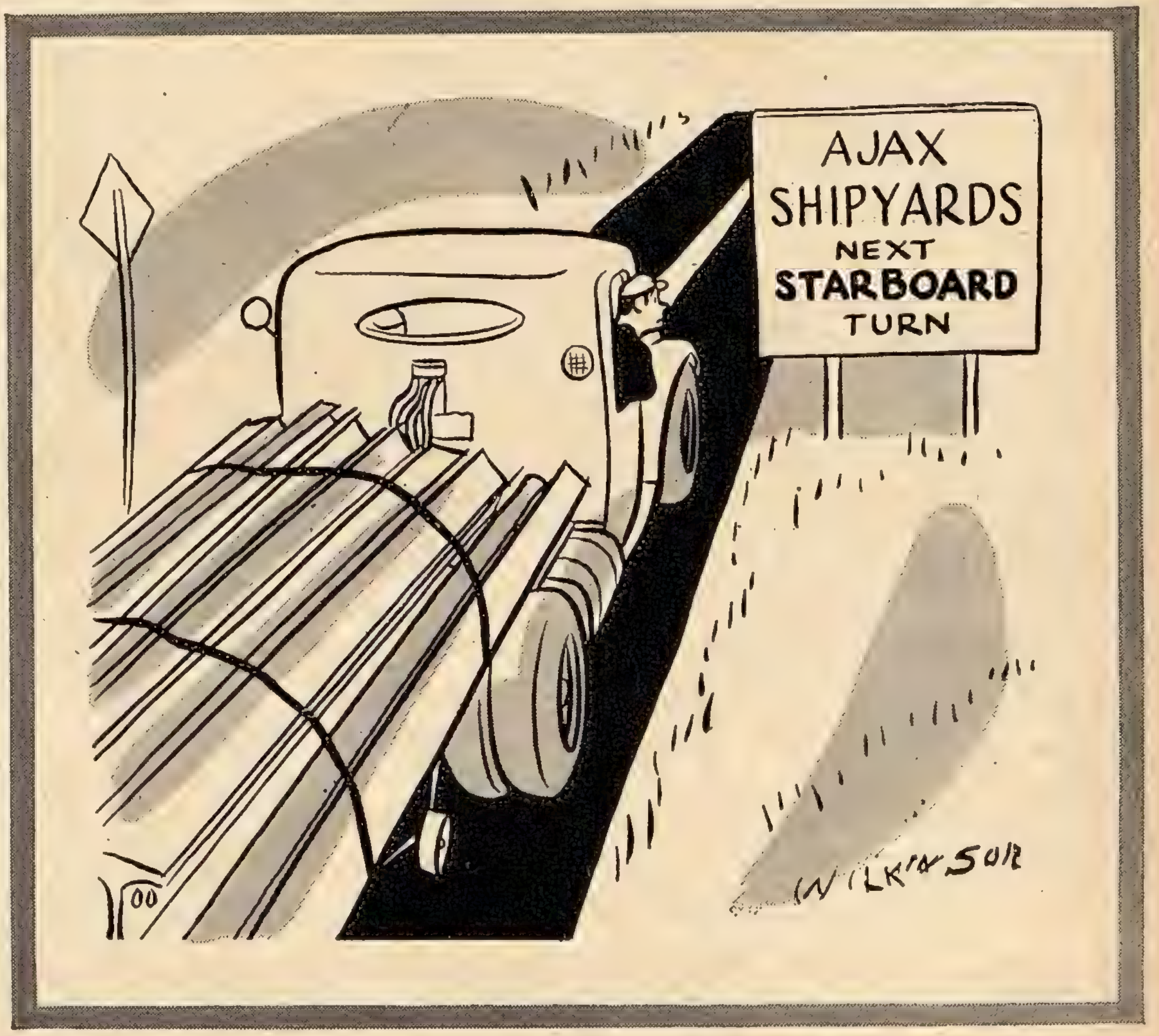
"I looked at Long. That was a treat. There he was with his control wheel shoved clear over to the right, whereas mine was centered. I started to laugh, then realized that his aileron control cables had been damaged. That wasn't funny at all, because without ailerons you can't turn a ship. Waist Gunner Peterson phoned that a bunch of control wires were slapping him in the face, meaning that some of the tail surface controls were shot away.

"Meanwhile the left-hand outboard engine, No. 1, was running wild with smoke, and the controls were so messed up we couldn't shut it off. No. 3 engine was soon running away too. Later it went dead.

"ALL of a sudden Phyllis lunged upward in a steep climb—so steep that Bosco Taucher said afterward it made him, back there in the tail, feel like the ship had dropped 10,000 feet, tail-first. This meant that the tail controls had been shot up. I had to brace my knees against the wheel. The control column kept trying to push me through the back of my seat. I motioned to Long to help me, and between us we managed to push the control column forward and assume level flight.

"Meanwhile a nice bit of drama was going on that I couldn't see.

"My radio gunner and assistant radio operator, Arthur Bouthellier—a commercial artist from Westcott, Rhode Island—suddenly passed out. The radio operator, Walter Parcells, a redheaded printer's apprentice from Kingston, Washington, saw that gun-



fire had damaged the oxygen system. He tore off his own oxygen mask and, using the emergency 'mercy flask,' went to work on Bouthellier, who revived just in time to see Parcells go out.

"He took the emergency bottle from his own face and revived Parcells. After that, on the verge of going out himself, he called me to report the left oxygen supply line gone.

"Now, to keep half my crew from passing out, it was up to Long and me to get the ship down to 20,000 feet, where we could get by without oxygen.

"We had a tough time doing it. Phyllis wanted to go up, not down. But we got her into a steep dive, down to 20,000 feet, with the Huns following us down, giving us hell all the way."

STILL over enemy territory with the big 13-ton ship wobbling uncertainly, moving so slowly she was "like a sitting target" for the hornets swarming after her, Paine now decided it was time to do "some plain and fancy thinking."

As commanding officer, he was responsible for the lives of nine men. He called the roll, all answering including Peterson, who, with a bullet in his leg, said, "Sure I'm O. K. How's the ship? *How are you?*"

This bunch were, Paine now knew, as fine a crew as ever took off. "With thought of a German prison camp in mind," he said, "it seemed a tough thing to do, ordering them to bail out, even though the ship was doomed." But he gave the order, "Prepare to bail out!"

Each man knew what to do. Anyhow, they and their fellow raiders had downed thirteen Focke-Wulfs.

But fate intervened.

From the top turret and the belt and stirrups supporting him in firing position, Coburn suddenly slumped to the floor behind the pilots. He was helpless, barely conscious, and coughing up blood. His body was quivering with pain. Long asked permission to leave his wheel to help.

At once, despite all of Paine's efforts, the ship trembled and lunged upward.

Now Paine spoke into his mouthpiece, asking Lieutenant Komarek, the bombardier, to come up to help. Forward, in the very nose of the ship, Komarek and his navigator, Lieutenant John A. Thomson, twenty-three-year-old Washington University graduate and former market analyst for Time magazine, both moved back to the hatch leading "upstairs."

"Coming through the cracks," Komarek said, "were trickles of blood." When he tried to lift the hatch door, he reported back to Paine, he could not do it.

Again Long left the wheel, to ease Coburn off the hatch. Then, when Komarek relieved him at the wheel, he ran back along the bomb-bay catwalk to get first-aid equipment and help. Parcells now came forward and applied digital pressure to keep Coburn from bleeding to death. In this way, the doctors said later, he saved his life.

Obviously Coburn could not bail out. "So," Paine explained, "it had to be England—or the wash!" meaning the Channel, now under them.

He used every trick he knew to nurse Phyllis on, careful all the while not to let her battered wing down. He knew that if it ever got down, he could never get it up again, and he was afraid to use his remaining two engines unnecessarily, lest they quit altogether.

Nudging him, Long pointed to an enemy plane ahead and above which was swinging as if to blast them out of their seats. In a moment Long nudged him again, then smiled and pointed. Racing to the rescue was a flock of Spitfires. "Nothing could have been more welcome," said Paine.

"So now," he continued, "we put Phyllis into a long dive for the nearest point on the English coast. We passed over one, then another, then a third British crash boat, racing out to give us a hand. We'd sure have needed one if we'd had to land in the wash. For our rubber boat had been shot to pieces."

Soon they were nearing England, where they knew every landing field was ready for them.

"What about it?" Long asked.

"I guess it will have to be a crash landing," Paine said.

"Not use your wheels—?"

"One of the tires is shot out," Paine replied. "Even if we could use our wheels, we'd run through half of England and over the edge."

"Crash landing it is, then," agreed Long. The crew was advised to stand by.

ON the field selected, as on others they had passed, an ambulance and fire truck could be seen waiting. While circling to the right—the only way the ship would turn—the two men planned their approach to the field. Together they fought her down for a belly landing, not at a Fortress' normal landing speed of around 110 miles an hour but, despite their most frantic efforts, nearer 170. Ahead of them suddenly loomed a hangar. With the plane streaking straight at it like a flash, Paine gunned his last two motors. Suddenly the big battered ship lifted. An agonizing second later it cleared the hangar by less than a hair's breadth, knocking off one corner. *But it held to the air.*

QUERY

Maybe in a month or two
I shall have gotten over you;
And probably within a year
Somebody else will call me "dear."
I know in time I shall recover
And find myself another lover.
But facts like these don't ease my
plight—
What am I going to do tonight?

EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.

Beyond was a wooded slope. Climbing slowly, the big ship brushed the trees all the way up, finally got into the clear.

Paine sighed his relief.

"All right so far!" smiled Long.

Making another wide right-hand swing, again these two young lawyers from the South quietly talked things over, decided what to do. Ignoring the cross wind and selecting the longest stretch on the fighter-plane field, they aimed to go in lower this time.

Fighting her down, they switched Phyllis' motors off, and she touched with little more than a jar. Said Sheeder, aft, "Gosh, look at my bottom turret tearing up that grass!" Finally she skidded the length of a football field, then stopped.

IN that instant she was surrounded by men with fire extinguishers and an excited, cheering R. A. F. crowd. From this mob a doctor emerged, asked to be shown the wounded.

"So," laughed Paine, "we piled out through the emergency door to take a look at Phyllis. The last man out ahead of me was big Komarek, carrying his bombsight. He must have loved Phyllis, battered up as she was, because, though terribly planesick, he was using his helmet to keep her clean. We got a laugh out of that."

"She looked like a big bird that had plumped out of the sky on her tummy," laughed Lieutenant Thomson.

Her left wing had been nearly wrecked by three high-explosive shells, and her aft section ripped wide open by flak. Her No. 1 motor was afire. Her four propellers were bent under her; even some of the blades were punctured by bullets. The upper turret was smashed. Aft of it a four-foot section of the fuselage had been torn away, leaving a big gaping hole.

Three shells had exploded against her right stabilizer, two against the vertical, one in the left horizontal, making R. A. F. pilots wonder how she had been steered at all. Altogether, sixteen vicious twenty-millimeter shells had exploded in or against her. At least 300 bullets had punctured her skin, turned areas of it into sieves, cut the oxygen tubes, cut or damaged nearly all the controls.

"She looked like a duck that about thirty guys with guns and cannon had taken pot shots at," said Bosco Taucher. "They tell me four other bombers on this mission went down. Phyllis took it and got back. So I said to the captain, 'What I'd like most, Charley, is a big hooker of Scotch, neat.' "

"And so," said their captain, "here we are in the Dorchester drinking whisky. Here's to Phyllis! God bless her!"

THE END

CANDID CLOSE-UPS

OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

Hedy Lamarr, in the new screen version of the melodrama, White Cargo, plays the bewitching half-caste, Tondeleyo, the most audacious role of her American career.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Temptation in the Tropics:

WHITE CARGO

HEDY LAMARR, in an eight-ounce garment known as a "lurong," holds the spotlight in White Cargo. The Leon Gordon stage play (vintage of 1923) has been revived in a smooth new movie version expressly as a vehicle for Miss Lamarr's sultry talents, and it serves its purpose admirably. Not since her American screen debut with Charles Boyer in Algiers has the spectacular beauty been presented in such an audacious role. From her first provocative scene, when she sways into camera range uttering the classic line, "I—am—Tondeleyo!" until her last, when she is forced to drink the poison she had prepared for her unfortunate husband, Lamarr dominates the melodramatic proceedings with authority and even conviction. To her credit, she makes no attempt to soften her character of blazing half-breed who bedevils the Englishmen of a West African rubber colony; consequently her Tondeleyo is believable even when she is slithering up to the latest arrival from "home" with her insinuating offer, "I make tiffin for you?" There is a line that should catch on!

Only Walter Pidgeon, as the overseer who bears the burden of warning recent arrivals against the damp rot of the steaming climate and the practice of mammy-palavering, is able to resist tropical temptation—and only Walter Pidgeon could turn the trick of a tough and powerful portrayal of a stock role. The other actors struggle with their routine characters: Richard Carlson as the stubborn novice who marries Tondeleyo; Frank Morgan, the sentimental drunken doctor; Henry O'Neill, the missionary; Bramwell Fletcher as the most abject of the siren's victims. It is when Hedy Lamarr is on the screen that White Cargo compels undivided attention.
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

Incandescent Entertainment:

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER

FRED ASTAIRE and Rita Hayworth teamed again are a cinema treat in themselves. But when you have them dancing and singing to Jerome Kern tunes played by Xavier Cugat's crack orchestra—then you have something incandescent in screen entertainment. Add the astringent humor of Adolphe Menjou, in the role of an incomprehensible fellow who regards Astaire and all his steps with utter loathing, and the crustiest customer will find little to complain of.

Set in Buenos Aires, the story follows the frantic efforts of hotel tycoon Menjou to thaw the cold heart of his beautiful daughter, Miss Hayworth, toward any acceptable suitor so that his two lovesick younger daughters may, as the convention goes, wed the men of their choice. Menjou, resorting to such subterfuges as anonymous love notes, sees his scheme succeeding when by accident his hired hoofer, Astaire, is pressed into service

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and A Happy 1943.

★ ★ ★ ★

And add a particular wish to all those in the armed forces.

★ ★ ★ ★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland, Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and New Caledonia.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On, Donder and Blitzen", there are two films of opposite type tucked in his bag. There's the melodious music box of hits "For Me And My Gal".

Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (*the boys with Judy are George Murphy and Gene Kelly*) fulfills every promise of her precocious entertaining art.

★ ★ ★ ★

The other film is "Random Harvest" starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

★ ★

Those of you who wish to be reassured about "Random Harvest" should read "To the Ladies and Gentlemen" by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in next week's issue of this magazine.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two pictures in production at MGM dealing with the one burning topic of today are recommended especially.

★ ★ ★ ★

One is the talked-about "Journey for Margaret". The other is the will-be-talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

★ ★ ★ ★

Both are from novels and both were condensed for the Reader's Digest.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Journey For Margaret" is a William L. White story of a refugee child who found a refuge at last.

★ ★ ★ ★

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in one of the greatest of all performances. Robert Young and Laraine Day admirably foster the child.

★ ★ ★ ★

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of Innocents".

★ ★ ★

They are Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy. But more about this anon.

★ ★ ★

It is a lionhearted picture.

★ ★ ★

Naturally. —*Leo*

Fred Astaire and lovely Rita Hayworth are teamed again in the romantic, gay, tuneful You Were Never Lovelier.

as delivery boy, and the melting goddess mistakes him for her anonymous caballero. Thanks mostly to Mr. Menjou, the romantic results are hilariously funny even when most fantastic, reaching a riotous climax in one of those masquerade balls so dear to the hearts of Hollywood producers.

Of the dances, the Shorty-George, with its Harlem accents, a daringly low-down departure for the fastidious Astaire, will probably serve to win over to his side the young set hitherto overawed by his virtuosity and elegance. His solo—always a high spot in his pictures—is set in a streamlined office, with the inspired stepper taking his remarkable leaps and taps from desks and chairs and juggling ash trays and inkwells as his boss, Menjou, looks on glowering. There are delicate and dreamlike dances, too, with the lovely Miss Hayworth as the perfect partner.

The Jerome Kern tunes, including the already popular Dearly Beloved, You Were Never Lovelier, and I'm Old-Fashioned, receive expert attention from Cugat, who also does very well when he puts aside his baton to play a comedy scene or two with the stars. (Columbia.)

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

I Married a Witch, Springtime in the Rockies, For Me and My Gal, The Hard Way, George Washington Slept Here, Flying Tigers, The Glass Key, My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade.

THE UNKNOWN HITLER

BY ROBERT ST. JOHN

THE almshouse called Manner Heim, in Vienna's Wurlitzer Gasse, was a place for beggars. In all my travels I have seldom seen such a disreputable lot of human wreckage as used to gather there. Any time a crime was committed, Manner Heim was one of the first places the police visited in their hunt for the criminal.

During the day the inmates went out begging. Since it was against the law, they were generally arrested and sent to the workhouse. As soon as they got out, they returned to their old life.

But one day one of these reprobates surprised the judge.

"I am an artist," he declared. "I was not begging. I was selling my art work—my paintings. *This* time your Lordship cannot send me to the workhouse."

Every one in the courtroom stared in amazement at the old rascal with dirty white hair and tattered clothing, who time and time again had been sent up for common begging. But there really was a law that any artist could sell his creations in public without a permit and without police interference.

"Can you prove," asked the judge, "that you are an artist?"

The beggar fumbled in the pockets of his shabby overcoat and finally handed something to the judge, with a smirk of satisfaction.

All the lawyers in the room gathered around to examine the evidence. It was a crude water color. A street scene. A house or two and people on the sidewalk. All very much out of perspective. But it *was* an original painting, so they had to let the beggar go free.

The next morning another old man offered the same defense. His water color was a landscape. Green hills and what might have been a cow. Just as crude as the street scene, but just as obviously an "original work of art."

After three or four more cases, all identical, the police investigated. They discovered that the brains behind the hoax was a parasite living in Manner Heim. A man named Adolf Hitler. A man whom no one then suspected would some day become one of the most dangerous big-time racketeers the world had ever known.

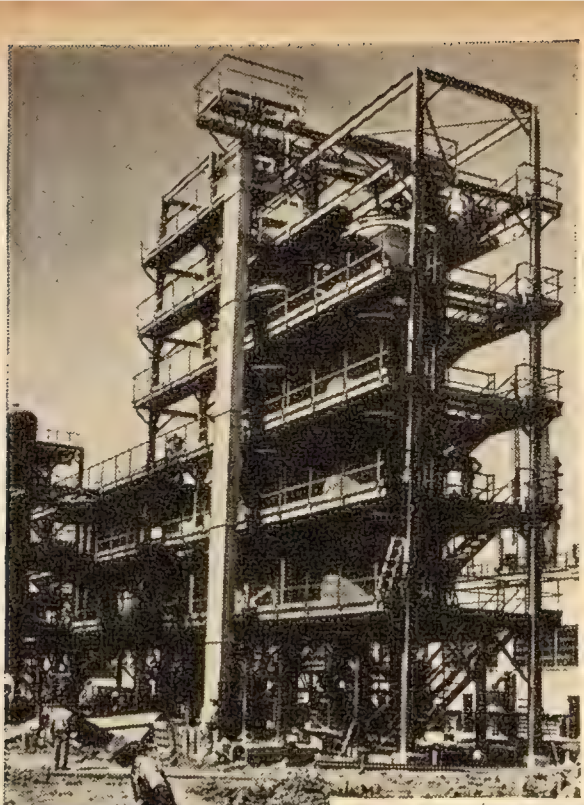
Adolf Hitler was whiling away his time turning out these crude paintings. And when the "artists" returned each night from their panhandling, each had to turn in a percentage of his day's "take" to the master mind! The racket went on for months, until Hitler went to Munich in search of a more lucrative field.

THE END

TAKING THE RUB OUT OF RUBBER

Why we got caught short . . . and what we're doing about it

BY MORRIS MARKEY



One of the new government-built plants for the manufacture of butadiene, the basis of synthetic rubber.

This strip of synthetic rubber will be sliced into sheets of a size suitable for packing, and shipped to plants to be processed as natural rubber is processed.

When synthetic rubber, made from butadiene, a by-product of petroleum, comes from the dryer it looks like this. Later it will be pressed into a flat strip as shown above.

ON the morning of December 7, 1941, there lay in the storerooms of the United States certain quantities of an incredibly valuable material.

The material was rubber. And we had about 600,000 tons of it on hand.

That seemed a comfortable supply. It was enough to meet our needs for a whole year. We had our orders out for replenishments in the normal way. The ships bringing in fresh supplies were moving in orderly procession across the Pacific. Nothing had happened—there were no signs that anything could happen—to interrupt that procession or to reduce our stock.

Seventy-one days after Pearl Harbor an event occurred which nobody believed possible. The mighty fortress of Singapore fell to the Japanese. And at one swift stroke we were deprived of the source of the natural rubber which was vital to our existence.

And nine months after Pearl Harbor every citizen of our country was acutely aware of something called the "rubber situation." Orders from Washington had come out affecting his immediate life in a hundred ways—most particularly in the matter of motor transportation, upon which all of us depend to a greater or lesser extent.

So now a substance with which Indian savages played ball when Christopher Columbus first saw them (it got its name from its most insignificant use—rubbing out mistakes in writing), of which even as late as 1910 only a trifling 11,000 tons were marketed in all the world—this substance has become critical stuff in our lives.

We know from the Baruch report that we cannot possibly win the war without rubber, and that we cannot possibly avert civilian chaos and disruption unless we can get tires for our automobiles.

In the face of such a state of affairs every single American has the right, in fact the duty, to ask questions—not angry ones, but serious and direct ones—and to get satisfying answers.

So, first, why did we not have more rubber on hand? We knew that the

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES

world was at war even before we were thrust into it ourselves. And why did we not get more, and quickly, when the enemy first struck at us?

The answer is that we certainly should have done both things. But nearly all of us, including our government and industrialists and the British authorities, regarded our rubber situation as perfectly secure.

Why? Because Singapore was the key to our replenishments, and everybody thought Singapore as indestructible as Gibraltar.

We were wrong. The damage was done. There is no use wailing over our mistake or hunting out scapegoats.

Curiously enough, the first rubber to come on the market was harvested from the wild trees of the Brazilian jungle. Then a few Englishmen took some seeds and planted them in regions which seemed to them more accessible. The great plantations of Malaya and the Dutch East Indies were the result.

We may speculate now, with something of wonder and even of sadness, upon the irony of these events. If we had developed plantations in Brazil, where the trees were first discovered . . . !

Why did we not have an adequate plan for the production of synthetic rubbers? That is merely to say again that hindsight is better than foresight. We had ample and apparently perfectly sure sources of supply for natural rubber, at a price of about three cents a pound. The cheapest synthetic rubber which we had been able to make—and not very satisfactory at that—cost about thirty-five cents a pound.

NEVERTHELESS, we really did have plants for the making of synthetic rubber. The Standard Oil Company alone had spent $12,000,000 on research and plant construction before 1939, and had made synthetics which worked. The duPont Company, working on a purely American formula, had made imitation rubber that was so superior to the real thing that it found a market even at one dollar a pound. This was neoprene, the best of all rubbers but far the most difficult to make and therefore the most costly.

Then why didn't we establish our own plantations at once, when danger threatened? And what about guayule, the rubber-producing weed found in Texas and Central America?

Well, it takes about seven years of growth before a rubber tree goes into full production. We didn't have seven years to wait. And as for guayule, the harvesting of it is a slow and tedious and unsatisfactory procedure, even if we could find men overnight who knew how to do it.

What about Germany?

The first synthetic tire I ever saw was in the Argonne Forest, on a dripping day in 1918. Four of them were on a heavy truck that had been abandoned. They were curious contrivances of spiral steel springs, anchored to the rims of the wheels, and the whole covered by leather sandals, lashed on with rawhide. The truck was German.

The Germans now seem to have ample stores of rubber. Naturally—and for several very good reasons. In the first place, they knew there was going to be a war, because they planned it. So they laid up massive stores of crude rubber and established a synthetic rubber industry. They did not actually know as much about synthetics as our own technicians did. But they didn't have to consider internal economics nor to calculate costs of production and make them sensible, as we had to do under our democratic system as long as there was hope for peace.

Also, remember that Germany was never committed to the use of automobiles for civilian and industrial use as we were. European workers and shopkeepers do not go to their jobs in a car. Very few of them have cars.

And the Germans had another trick in the bag. They conquered a lot of weak countries rather quickly. In all those countries there were military and industrial stock piles of rubber.

Under the German way of life, it was simple to put all carefully planned rubber resources to military use without seriously disturbing civilian life. In our country that is not the case.

Well, what are we doing about it?

The 600,000 tons of crude rubber we had on hand was the supply for a normal peacetime year. Military requirements alone will be more than that for 1943.

Neoprene, duPont's chloroprene rubber, in an early stage of its manufacture.

So, first of all, the government cut civilian consumption. Second, the government got to work building plants for the production of synthetic rubber—enough plants to produce, if all goes well, an annual supply of about 800,000 tons. That will be enough to take care of all military needs, and even to leave a little over for absolutely *essential* civilian requirements, such as getting armament workers to their jobs and getting the crops in.

The construction of these plants will cost about $700,000,000—nearly three quarters of a billion. The government—that is, you and I—will put up that money. The rubber manufacturers will operate the plants, because they know how to do it. And at the end of the war you and I will own one of the most fabulous industries the world has ever known. The plants will probably be sold by the government to the companies which will operate them for the duration.

WHAT are they like, these synthetic rubbers? Strictly speaking, they are not synthetic rubbers at all, but imitation rubbers. We cannot exactly reproduce rubber in a chemical laboratory, because we do not know just how the elements which form it are put together by nature. We know that those elements are carbon and hydrogen in the proportions of 5 to 8. But we do not know the *molecular* structure of the combination.

Molecules, the basic particles of all matter, are totally invisible even under the strongest microscopes. And while it is important to know what basic substances are in them, it is almost equally important to know how those substances are joined together.

In a single invisible molecule of rubber the 5 parts of carbon may be "hooked to" the 8 parts of hydrogen in an infinite variety of ways. One thing the chemists do know is that the rubber molecule is a giant one, as such infinitesimal things are measured. The chemists call it a "polymer"—a big molecule. This accounts for the jawbreaking word which you have been seeing in print and will certainly see again: polymerization. This means making big molecules out of little ones, marrying them, so to speak, in the costly, tricky plants which are the essence of making synthetic rubber.

The ingredients, carbon and hydrogen, are brought together in polymerization plants in the form of a gas. Certain other chemicals are added. And the substance that emerges is something that looks and behaves very much like rubber.

The synthetic of which you have heard most is Buna-S. Its basic substance is called butadiene; and butadiene can be manufactured from an almost endless list of raw materials. The Germans make it out of acetylene, coal, and limestone. The Russians make it out of potatoes. It may also be processed from grain, peanuts, cotton—nearly any starchy substance—and from petroleum.

The great bulk of synthetic rubber which we are now launching into production will be Buna-S. And most of it will be made from petroleum. This is not necessarily because Buna-S is the best synthetic that could be found, nor because petroleum is the very best thing from which to make butadiene. It is because we are in a hurry. Buna-S has been thoroughly tested in working conditions and we know what it will do. We have already built a number of plants to make its mother substance out of petroleum, and we haven't got the time to start over again. It is true that we will make some butadiene out of grain. Grain is just as good as petroleum.

But petroleum has been decided upon for the bulk of production now, for a variety of reasons. The oil companies are the people who have technical staffs, men who know more about synthetic rubbers than anybody else. And the plants already built to their designs, or being built, are miracles of construction. They are huge "four-way" cracking plants. In one operation they produce the two necessities for Buna-S, butadiene and styrene. At the same time they produce high-octane aviation gas and toluene, the basic ingredient of the high explosive TNT.

How good is Buna-S?

At this stage it is as good as rubber for some uses. It is better for things like insulation and waterproofing, because it is more resistant to oil.

In a tire it is about 60 per cent as good as a natural rubber tire—about as good as the natural rubber tire of twenty years ago. It is not as flexible as the modern tire and does not wear as well. It does not stand up so well under the weight of trucks and gun mounts. It runs up high internal temperatures, which make forty miles an hour the maximum speed. It is not resilient enough to make satisfactory inner tubes.

Buna-S gives the best results when it is mixed with a seasoning of natural rubber or reclaimed rubber scrap—and this gives us a chance to spread out our reserves of natural rubber.

Standard Oil has given to the rubber effort its formulas and its know-how to produce a second synthetic, called butyl. It is simpler to produce, and cheaper. It seems flexible enough even to make inner tubes. But it has two drawbacks: there has not been sufficient time to test it under hard road conditions, and it will not mix with natural rubber.

Neoprene, the duPont product, is proved to be of very high quality. It is not the cost, in these urgent days, which prevents us from adopting it as our major synthetic rubber; but the manufacture of neoprene requires very special care and skill, and it calls for the use of ingredients which are scarce and which are already on the list of critical shortages.

The Baruch committee, implemented by the President's directives, has ordered the production of butyl to go forward, even if on a lesser scale than Buna-S. It has ordered an increase to maximum possible capacity of neoprene for special uses. It has ordered the production of high quantities of alcohol from grain. This alcohol may eventually be turned into butadiene for rubber. It may go into gunpowder. Under any circumstances, it is a reserve, an ace in the hole for ourselves, another example of the foresight and thoughtfulness apparent in this committee's admirable report.

Our engineers and technicians are setting up, with a speed of which every American may be immensely proud, a new industry of colossal proportions. With even the worst of luck, even the maximum of difficulty and human error, we are pretty certain to fulfill our military requirements by the end of next year. With the best of luck, we may even be able to meet reasonable civilian demands, particularly in recapping and retreading.

In the meantime, we must keep that reserve, that great pool of natural rubber which is on the wheels of our thirty million motorcars, as intact as may possibly be contrived. That is our insurance against disaster—not only military disaster, but the calamity of industrial and economic collapse should our workmen be unable to travel to their jobs.

Synthetic rubber of our time is undergoing, at greatly accelerated pace, the improvement and advancement which came to the natural rubber tire in twenty-five years of test and research. Every single tire they turn out now is better than the last one.

Trucks and cars, tractors and jeeps and gun carriers are pounding the roads day and night, finding out just where synthetic tires succeed and where they fail. And, as the reports come in, technicians improve, improve, improve.

When the war is won to us at last, we shall perhaps be astonished to discover that we are free forever from dependence upon steaming plantations half a world away for one of the utterly essential raw materials of our civilization. And war, for all of its desperate agonies, will have worked another of its perverse miracles.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

1 Strike smartly
5 Military student
10 Mexican dollar
14 Employ
15 Marble
16 A port on the Red Sea
17 Tart, sour
18 Fieldwork
19 Italian coin (pl.)
20 Term used in card games
22 Talks pompously
24 Note of the scale
25 Heavenly body
28 Timbre
31 Thrash
32 Dangerous
36 Expand (poet.)
37 Kind of gem
38 Greek letter
39 Highest note in Guido's scale
40 Church bench
41 Reclines
43 Part of a fish
44 Anger
45 An alleged force
46 Learning
47 Day before an event
48 Billiard shot
50 Heap
51 Unit of measure (pl.)
52 Pillage
54 Either
55 Skillful
58 Game bird (pl.)
62 Imitates
63 Kingly
67 Dispose of for money
68 Native of the Philippines
69 Angry
70 Language of Highlanders
71 Paradise
72 Crippled
73 Boil slowly

VERTICAL

1 Pretense
2 Insect (pl.)
3 Seed envelope
4 Retail in small quantities
5 Disentangle
6 Era
7 Parent (colloq.)
8 Greek letter
9 Term used in carpentry
10 Part of mouth
11 Correct
12 Withered
13 An individual (pl.)
21 Deity in Babylonian mythology
23 Reject
25 Chirp
26 Unctuous substance
27 By
28 Subject
29 Musical drama
30 Fresher
31 Raised
33 Allude to
34 Quick
35 Narrow road (pl.)
37 Colorless oily fluid
38 Pond
42 Only
49 Prayer
50 Scrambled type
51 Gets up
53 Danger
54 Over, and in contact with
55 Reputation
56 Footless animal
57 Part of a bird's bill
58 Conveyance
59 Saucy
60 Otherwise
61 Killed
64 Period
65 School of whales
66 Consumed

1	2	3	4	▨	5	6	7	8	9	▨	10	11	12	13
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■	■	■	W	I	T	S	■	K	N	E	E	D	■	■
F	L	A	K	E	S	■	A	N	G	E	R	■	B	H
L	A	P	E	L	■	S	C	O	U	R	■	D	U	O
A	V	E	R	■	R	O	U	T	E	■	W	A	L	L
G	A	S	■	V	E	N	T	S	■	B	A	R	G	E
S	L	■	D	I	R	G	E	■	T	U	R	K	E	Y
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P	O	L	A	N	D	■	A	L	N	■	I	D	O	L
Y	O	G	I	■	E	L	I	T	E	■	P	E	S	O
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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ONE LAST BIG WHIRL

LIBERTY'S *SHORT SHORT*

BY MARK HANDLEY

FOR a long time I'd been stuck on this little girl and did my best to get her. I spent my dough on her as fast as I made it, for if I didn't win Mary, what good was money?

Let her mention anything, and I was on the job. I took her roller-skating, ice-skating, canoeing, bowling. We went to dances, though I was a dub on my feet, and we saw all the new movies. When she said she adored elephants, I said let's go to the zoo. So we spent a Sunday there. She liked culture, so I took her to art exhibits, though I couldn't rave much. When I heard her talk about books I sent her the best sellers as they came out.

But, brother, I wasn't getting anywhere. The more I spent on her, the chillier she got, and expensive night spots seemed to bore her.

"Swell place, isn't it, Mary?" I'd say, to feel her out.

"Sure is, Tommy," she'd say, but you could see she was holding back something.

Honest, I was getting desperate. I didn't know where I stood, and I had cleaned out my bank account and put a loan on my roadster. Since I already had my physical for the marines and might be called any day, I had to act fast. I had to have a showdown or go nuts.

One last big whirl, dope, I said to myself, and then pop the question. If it's No, take it on the chin and consider yourself lucky even to have met a girl like Mary.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

The first part of the big evening went slick. A swell dinner, a great show. And Mary looked more beautiful than ever. As we came out of the theater, I called a taxi.

"Empire Grill," I told the driver. That was the swankiest joint in town.

"Isn't this too much, Tommy?" asked Mary.

"Not for you, kid," I said. "Nothing's too good for you."

"But I think cafeterias are more fun," she said.

Which surprised me. And imagine saying that right outside the Empire Grill. I think the doorman heard her, too. He grinned at me as if I had hayseed sticking out of my collar. But I knew my way around, brother, and I knew you had to slip the headwaiter a bit of folding money at the Empire or you didn't get a look-in.

"Two, sir?" he said as if we were a king and queen. And when I palmed the bill to him, I was sure a king in twenty seconds flat.

Boy, oh, boy, things happened then! The headwaiter, Lupin, who looked as if he must be at least a count, snapped his fingers, and five or six regular waiters flocked around us. He gave out rapid-fire orders in French, and before you could blink there was a table cleared for us right up against the dance floor. They pushed in our chairs, brought menu and wine list, murmured suggestions. But Lupin himself brushed them aside and recommended a dish. It was the chef's special, he said.

"Tender as young love," he smiled knowingly, and my ears got hot and I knew the back of my neck was red.

But Mary laughed. "He's going into the marines," she said, "and what he wants is some tough chewing."

"Ah, the so marvelous marines!" echoed the headwaiter.

There was only one drawback to the evening. You guessed it. Mary. After that funny crack about feeding me tough, she got into her shell again. Oh, she was *nice* enough, but distant. Even when we danced she didn't loosen up much. So the right moment never came to pop the question.

It got pretty late, and I called for the check. When it came it was for eight ninety-seven. Taking out my wallet, I reached for the lonely ten-spot I knew was there. Only it wasn't. Instead, I drew out a one-dollar bill!

Was I sunk! Deeper than a bottomless lake! But I didn't try to cover up. I gave it to Mary straight:

"That wonderful service we had all evening was because I had a ten-spot and a one when we came in, and I gave the headwaiter the wrong bill by mistake—he got the ten. You'd better run home, because I'm going to be here a long time washing dishes."

Mary sat there staring at me as if she had been turned into stone. I couldn't keep it in any longer.

"There's a couple of things I'd like to get off my chest before you go, Mary," I said. "I love you better than anything else in the world. I turned myself inside out to try to make you happy. I tried to be a millionaire on forty-eight a week for your sake. Tonight was to be the last grand splurge, and I was going to pop the question. What a flop I've been! No wonder you laugh!"

For that was what she was doing, shaking with laughter.

"GREAT joke, isn't it?" I said, trying hard to control my trembling voice. "But you better get going, Mary, before they nab me."

"Oh, Tommy," Mary cried, rising from the table, "you funny, funny boy! Kiss me, darling."

Brother, I hardly knew which end was up, but I felt my arms around her, my lips on hers. "Wha-what's cookin'?" I asked foolishly.

"Don't you know that I've been falling hard for you? But I thought you were a rich playboy throwing away money, and—it scared me."

"And me always broke!" I laughed, kissing her again.

Lupin suddenly stood before us. Ah, here was the pay-off. But I saw a sly twinkle in his eye. And it gave me courage to explain.

"But I'll make good any way you say," I said, "or if you will trust—"

"Monsieur le marine has paid his bill in advance," he said, waving his hand grandly. "Think nothing of it. *Toujours l'amour*, and bring me back the head of Tojo."

Did I say that headwaiter was a count, brother? I made a mistake. He is a prince!

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

OFFICIAL U. S. COAST GUARD PHOTO

Coast Guard "sub busters" right on the job as always, protecting a convoy from U-boats.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WE have heard a lot about the WAVES and the WAAC and the other women's auxiliaries of the armed forces, but we've not heard about their functions. About all we've read is what their uniforms look like and which famous designer created them. May we ask why so much fuss about beautiful uniforms? Being on foreign service, I have no use for my own dress uniform. I was lucky to get to wear it for a week before I left the States. Some of the other pilots didn't get that much. So if you'd clear up this matter of the importance of women's uniforms we'd appreciate it. About using this letter in your feature —well, I'll leave it up to the censor.

H. C., Lt. Air Corps,
23d Fighter Squadron.

The censor said O. K., Lieutenant, but most of the women in uniform won't. And me? I'm not going to stick my neck out very far—it's the only one I have. Of course I can't begin to tell you about the functions; I haven't the space. But I can say that the gals are already doing men's work, and the men whose places they've taken are now in the field where they'll do the most good. About the uniforms—I think they're sorta snappy; and if the gals who wear them are happier because a big name designed them, well, why not? You and I don't care, Lieutenant, do we? Clothes don't make the man, but they can make a woman feel a lot better.

* * *

Let's salute the most courageous and daring man of all the armed forces: the aerial gunner. (I am not one.) When he steps into that bomber he knows he'll be the first target of any Axis plane, the first man they want to put out of action. He knows that the life of a gunner in actual combat is counted in minutes, and not too many of those.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

But he also knows that he's the best trained gunner in the world and that an attacking plane has less chance of returning home than he has. Above all else, he knows it's better to die in the heavens than to live in hell, and that anything worth living and fighting for is worth dying for. That's an aerial gunner. A man!

Pvt. D. L. G.,
Selfridge Field, Mich.

A mighty fine tribute, soldier, and the aerial gunner deserves no less. But as to his being "the most courageous and daring man of all the armed forces," I could offer a candidate or two in other fields. There's no monopoly on those virtues in any one branch of the service.

* * *

Can you give me some information about the American Rangers? I'd especially like to know how a soldier can get into that outfit. I have been in the Army about two years and am now at an Air Corps training base. I know some one must do the sort of work I'm doing, but I think I would be of more use to my country in a combat outfit like the Rangers.

Cpl. L. W., Turner Field, Ga.

The first time I saw the name "Rangers" used in this war, it was applied to the American task force which took part in the Dieppe raid along with the British and Canadian troops. It seems to have stuck, and it certainly is appropriate. Unless you can transfer to the "ground forces," I know of no way you can get an assignment to troops formed for the purpose of executing such missions as the Dieppe raid. It's completely out of the picture to transfer specifically to the "Rangers." But I don't blame you for wanting to. A lot of us do.

* * *

Maybe you can do something to help the Naval officers and their wives stationed here. The rents are outrageous: we are paying over $100 a month for two rooms. Food is high in price and inferior in grade. I know the town is overcrowded, but should we be overcharged for everything? We service people are doing our jobs to the best of our ability; shouldn't civilians do theirs and not take advantage of us under conditions over which we have no control?

Isn't one of the things we're fighting for the right of a free people to live decently?

Navy Wife, Pensacola, Fla.

Lacking personal knowledge of local conditions, I don't feel that I have a right to render judgment, but I can agree with you in principle. And that goes for each and every town where a few chiseling civilians are giving their patriotic and co-operative townsmen a black eye. That can't and won't pay in this country, or we wouldn't be fighting.

* * *

I would like to know the present Army regulation concerning the marriage of enlisted men. Is it permitted without official consent?

Cadet S., Iowa.

Military personnel need no permission to marry unless on foreign service; if a man is on duty in any foreign country or possession his marriage must have the approval of the C. O.

* * *

I was a sarge myself, in the "Can Do" outfit in 1914; later a first lieutenant in the A. E. F. Why do most M. C.s of shows for the service men assume that their audiences are unsanitary-minded? They almost invariably say, "I know what you want, but we have to keep this show clean," or "I know the kind of stories you like, but there are three chaplains in the house." Personally, I have no more liking for dirty gags or stories than for fecal matter. Do you think said M. C.s are on the right track or not?

Pvt. H. P. A.,
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Well, said M. C.s seem to get laughs with that line of chatter. Just how long it will continue to go over, after infinite repetitions in one form or another, I don't know . . . but I could guess. Dirt gets monotonous when you're in it all day—and, in case you're wondering, I'll match my stock of stories against any man's.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

ONE WORLD, ONE WAR

Analysis by **LEONARD ENGEL**

Map by **A. LEYDENFROST**

HERE you see how the Axis hopes to defeat us and our allies, and the frightening progress it has made. Although the first shot in Europe was not fired until 1939, we have actually been under attack since 1931, when Japan seized Manchuria to serve as the nucleus of her vicious "New Order" in Asia, which is aimed at all of us alike, Briton, Russian, American, and Chinese. In Europe, the Nazis even then were dreaming similar dreams of conquest and world domination. Every move they made had this end clearly in view.

From the start, the brigands of Tokyo and Berlin have sought to cut the world into digestible pieces, as if it were a pie; to erect international partitions which would prevent their victims from coming to each other's aid:

This map, which is a view of the Northern Hemisphere, makes plain how well they have succeeded. The Northern Hemisphere, where the war will be won or lost, is already cut in two by Axis barriers stretching from the equator to the Arctic. Nazi U-boats and four-motored bombers are attempting to lay down a third barrier, in the Atlantic, between us and most of the many overseas fronts which we must supply. We have had to pay a heavy price for keeping the Atlantic open.

China is the most isolated of the United Nations. Japanese control of the China Seas has long barred direct shipment of munitions to our ally, and the Burma Road is closed. Only two supply routes remain, by truck or air from India over the mountains of Tibet, or across the deserts of Central Asia from the Soviet Union. Both are long and tortuous, and the one from India is dangerously close to territory occupied by the enemy.

The Axis has likewise blocked the short route from Britain and America to India and to Egypt and Russia. We can no longer use the Mediterranean. Instead, our ships must sail through Nazi-infested arctic waters to Murmansk or around the Cape of Good Hope.

The German drive for Stalingrad and the Caucasus and Japanese activity in the Aleutians fit neatly into the Axis fence-building program. Were the Solomon Islands not directly athwart the shortest sea lane between Honolulu and northern Australia, the Japanese would not have seized or fought to retake them.

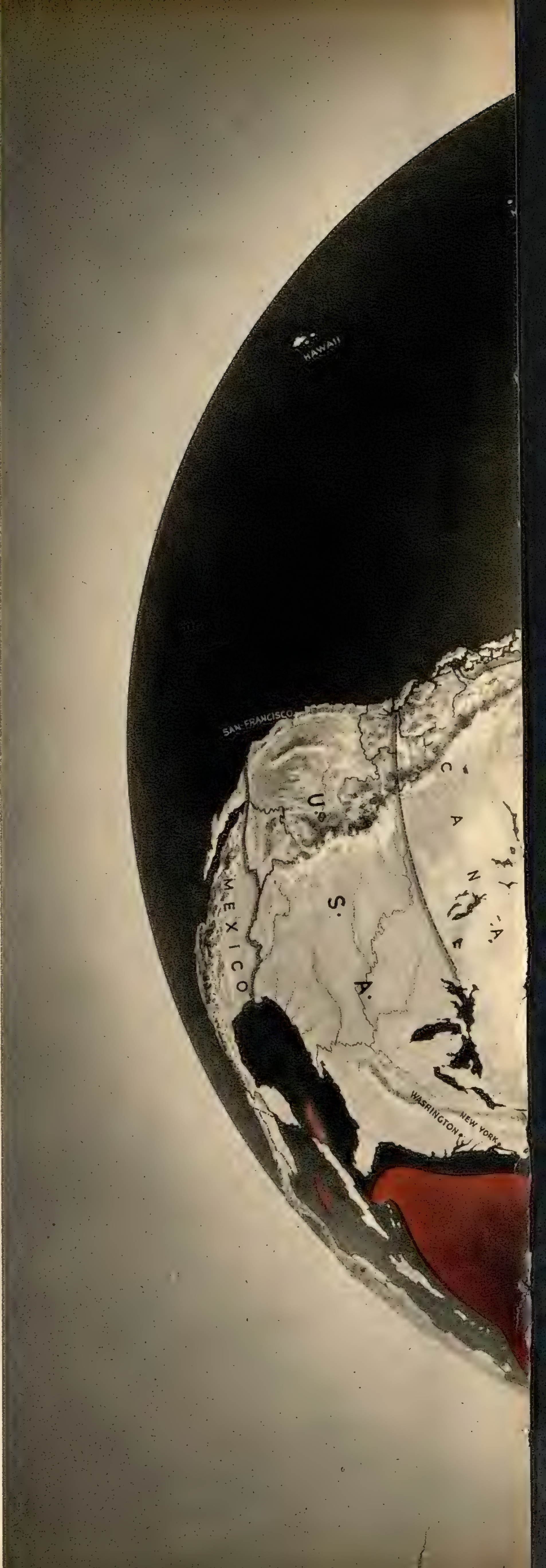
The Axis employs every possible means—political propaganda, religious differences, racial hokum, and economic pressure, as well as military force—to barricade its foes. Individualistic complacency and political differences between London and Paris thus paralyzed Britain and France in 1938 and permitted Hitler to seize Austria without risk. The occupation of Austria trapped the unhappy Czechs for Munich.

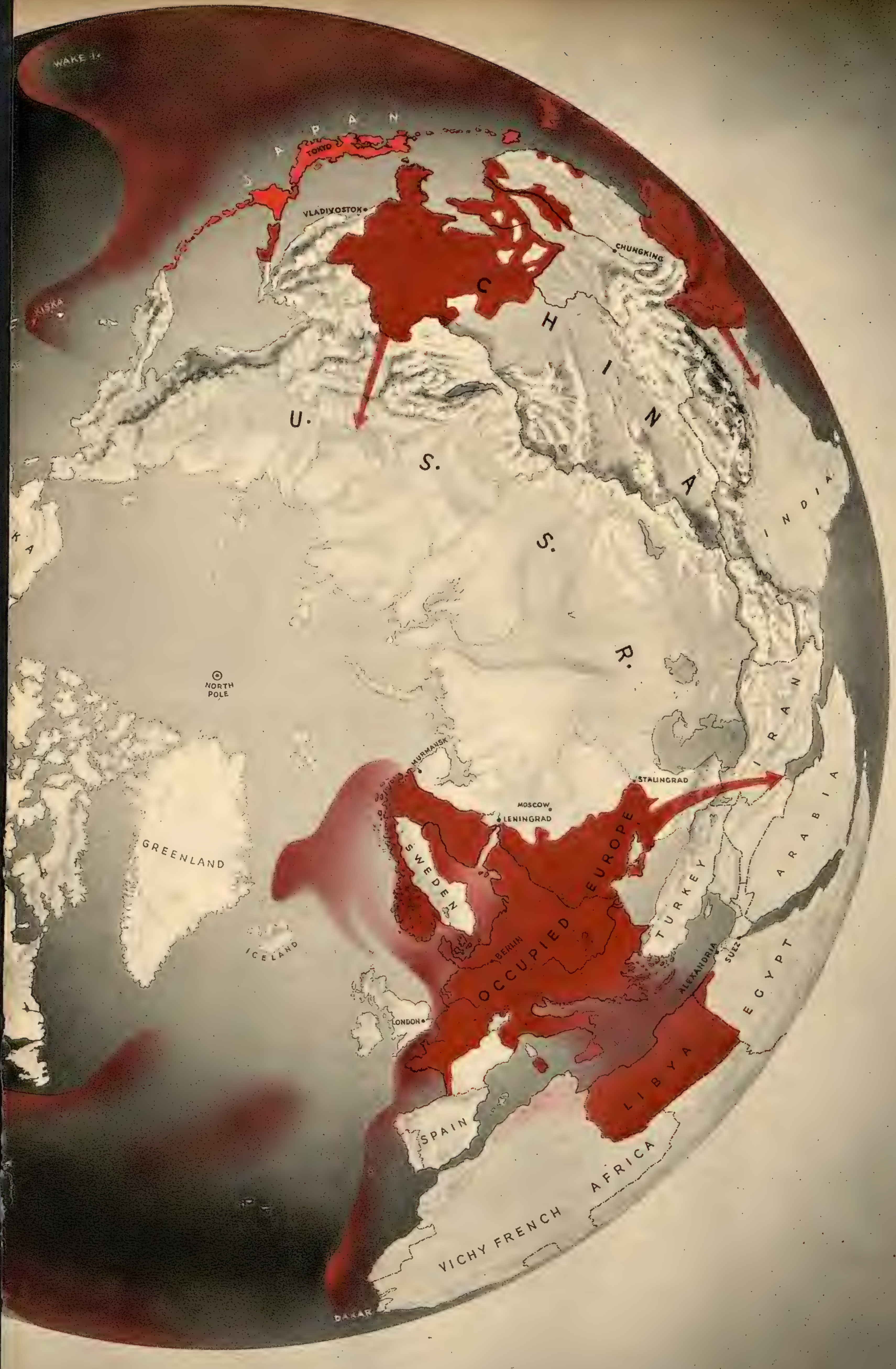
Hitler's greatest triumph as an engineer of misunderstanding was the rift between Russia and the Western Powers, climaxed by the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939. By guaranteeing Hitler against a Russian attack in the east, the pact triggered the war—and left a residue of bitterness and suspicion which served for the time being as a barrier between Russia and the West.

To all this we can have only one answer:

We must forge new bonds among the United Nations. We must keep open the remaining supply lines linking us, reopen those that have been closed, and open new ones. We must attack the enemy on as many fronts as possible. We must keep the world one world; the war one war.

THE END

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LENINGRAD
STALINGRAD
IRAN
GREENLAND
SWEDEN
ARABIA
TURKEY
OCCUPIED EUROPE
BERLIN
ICELAND
ALEXANDRIA
SUEZ
EGYPT
LONDON
LIBYA
SPAIN
VICHY FRENCH AFRICA
DAKAR

THE SAINT STEPS IN

Now, in a gripping climax, three face death, and a seasoned adventurer thinks quickly

BY LESLIE CHARTERIS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

COMING back to consciousness was a distant brilliance that hurt Simon's eyes even through his closed eyelids, a sharp cold wet monotonous nagging slapping on his cheeks that turned out to be a sodden towel unsympathetically wielded by the tall rangy man from Washington.

"That's enough, Harry," said Walter Devan's voice.

Simon rubbed his face with his hands and cleared his eyes. The tall man stood over him, looking as if he would enjoy repeating both the assault and the remedy.

"Beat it, Harry," Devan said.

The tall man went out reluctantly.

Simon tried to get his bearings in a rather unusual small room. The walls and ceiling were plain white cement, and they looked new and clean. There was a plain new-looking carpet on the floor. There was the plain heavy unpainted door through which Harry had gone out, and another identical door in another wall. Near the ceiling in one wall was a sort of open embrasure, but it was too high up to see out of from where the Saint sat, on a simple divan with blankets over it. On the opposite side of the room was another divan.

There were some low shelves against another wall on which Simon saw a small radiophone, some records, half a dozen books, a couple of packs of cards, a bottle of brandy, a bottle of Scotch, a box of chocolates, half a dozen cans of assorted food, and a package of paper plates. The air had a slightly damp chill in it.

"People in stories always ask 'Where am I?' " said the Saint, "so will I."

"This is Mr. Quennel's private air-raid shelter," replied Devan. "He had it built about a year ago."

He sat in a comfortable chair behind a card table, smoking a freshly lighted cigar. He wielded the cigar with his left hand, because his right hand held an automatic which the Saint recognized as his own. He didn't point the gun. His hand was relaxed with it on the table. But he was twelve feet from the Saint and pointing was not necessary.

"Very nice it looks," Simon murmured. "And handy," he added.

"Cigarette?" Devan tossed a pack into the Saint's lap, and followed it with a book of matches. "Keep 'em,"

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES

he said. “I'm afraid Harry took everything you had away from you.”

Simon lighted a cigarette and said reminiscently: “I remember Harry. From Washington. You did a nice job of looking after him and his pal.”

Devan nodded. “It was the only thing to do.”

“You took quite a risk.”

“I took a bit of a beating, too, if you haven't forgotten. That's why I'm keeping this gun handy, and I want you to stay sitting down where you are.”

Simon grinned wryly. “Have you been saving something for me too?”

Devan shook his head. “Let's forget that. That's kid stuff. I'm here because Bart asked me to see if I couldn't talk you into reconsidering.”

“You've been studying all the best Nazi heavies in the movies,” said the Saint admiringly. “I see all the delicate touches. And when I go on saying no, you most regretfully call back the storm troopers and they beat the daylights out of me.”

“I'm not a Nazi, Templar. Neither is Mr. Quennel.”

“I know all about you, Walter. I could tell you your own life story. I've read a very complete secret dossier on you. Oh, I know there's nothing in it that could put you in jail, or you'd have been there before this. But the indication is quite definite. You are Quennel's chief private thug, which means his own personal Gestapo.”

“There's nothing Nazi about it. If you know all about us, you know that we're working one hundred per cent for America. I work for Quennel because he has to have a man who can be tough and handle tough situations. He told you himself—an industry like Quenco is like a little empire. You have to have your own police and your own laws and your own enforcement. This is nothing but business.”

“Business, because Calvin Gray's invention would shift a great big slice of government backing away from you, and you'd be in the hole to the extent of your own investment.”

“As Mr. Quennel said, it's not going to be any use winning the war if we win it by ruining our own economic structure.”

“HOW catching his phrases are,” drawled the Saint. “I suppose it wouldn't have occurred to you that Mr. Quennel might have been thinking first of Mr. Quennel's own economic structure?”

“We aren't Nazis,” Devan reiterated stubbornly.

“No,” Simon said, “you aren't Nazis. Or even conscious fifth columnists. That's one of the things that bothered me for a while. I couldn't understand the halfhearted villainy. The Nazis would have been much more positive and drastic, and Calvin Gray and his invention would probably have been mopped up long ago.”

“We don't like violence,” Devan said. “It makes trouble and a stink and it's dangerous, and we bend over backward to avoid it. Only sometimes it's forced on us, and then we have to be able to handle it. We tried to handle Gray without going too far.”

“And the hell with what difference it made to the net cost and efficiency of our war production?”

“Superficial savings and efficiencies aren't always the best thing when you take a broad long view. You learn that in a big industry. Mr. Quennel knows all about that, because that's his job.”

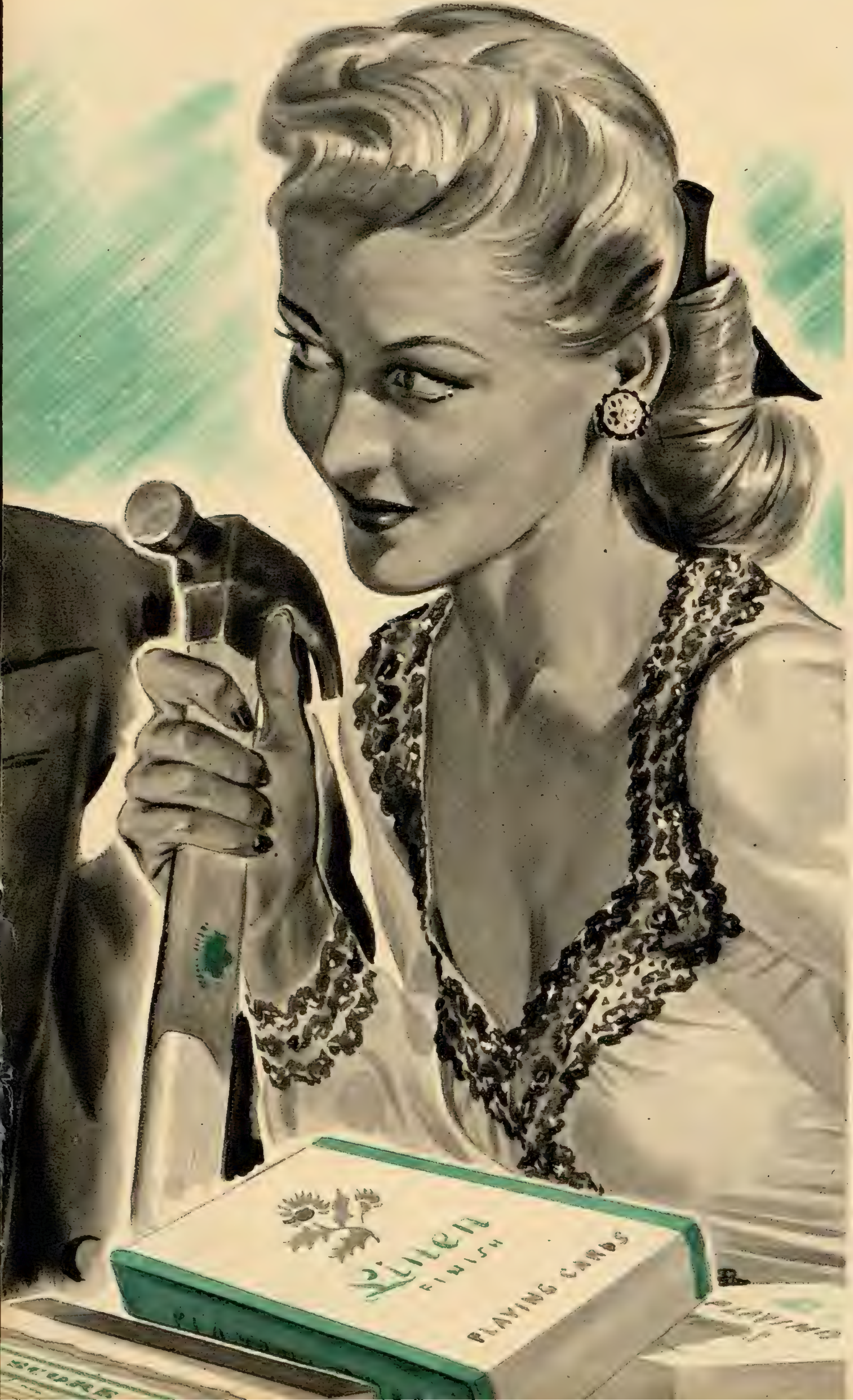
“The Führer principle,” Simon observed, almost to himself. He looked at Devan again and said: “And now that I've really butted in, and you know you're stuck with it?”

“The sky's the limit.”

Simon looked at the end of his cigarette. “You think you can get away with it?”

“I'm sure we can.”

“A man like Calvin Gray, and his daughter, can't just disappear without any questions being asked.”



She held an ordinary household hammer. "I didn't know what I might be running into, so I brought this."

"Calvin Gray won't disappear. He'll be back tomorrow from a visit to some friends in Tennessee, and he'll be very much surprised at the commotion. His daughter will have gone to New York with some friends and he will have reached her on the telephone there. When she hears that it's all a false alarm and he's quite all right, she will tell him that she's going on a trip to Cuba with some other friends. From there she'll probably fly down to Rio. She may even get married down there and not come back for a very long time."

The Saint's eyes were cold. "And of course Gray will go along with that."

"I think so, after I've had another talk with him. I think he'll even discover that there was a flaw in his formula after all, and forget about it."

"You aren't interested in it yourselves?"

"Oh, yes, of course he'll have to tell us the formula. It might be valuable one day, if we have one of our own chemists discover it. But for the present Mr. Quennel is quite satisfied with our own set-up."

"And Gray will never open his mouth so long as you have his daughter for a hostage."

Devan shrugged. "I don't have to be melodramatic with you. You know what these things are all about. You know what he'll do."

The Saint knew. There was heroism of a kind for the lone individual, but he doubted how much ultimate heroism there would ever be against the peril of a man's own daughter.

He didn't doubt that Walter Devan was the man to see the job through competently and remorselessly. Devan was no common thug, or he would not have the position he held. He might easily have had a college education, even if most of it had been spent on the football field. He had a definite intelligence. He really belonged in Quennel's entourage. He believed in what he was doing, and he was sure that it was right. And he wouldn't make any stupid mistakes. Simon didn't need to press him for elaborate details. Walter Devan would know just how to finish what he had started.

There was only one question left in the Saint's mind. "How does Andrea feel about all this?" he asked.

"Andrea doesn't think," Devan said casually. "She does a sort of roping job for Bart now and again. He probably told her you might be connected with some one who was trying to put over a dirty deal on him in business. He wouldn't tell her anything else. But she seems to be carrying quite a torch for you." Devan met the Saint's gaze with brash man-to-man candor. "You're on your own, as far as that goes. She could be a lot of fun."

"If I played ball," said the Saint.

Devan nodded. "Why be a dope? You can't win. But there aren't any hard feelings. Bart and I both appreciate what you've done and what you're after. And the proposition he made you still goes. One hundred per cent."

"But if I turn you down—"

"Why bring that up? I don't have to tell you we can't leave you around now. But you belong with us."

Simon had heard the threat of death many times in his life, but never with such utter certainty and conviction. Even though not a word had been said about it at all. It gave him a sense of frozen inevitability that no noise and savagery could have done. . . .

Devan stood up, still holding the gun. "Why don't you take a few minutes to think it over?" he said.

He went to the door through which the long big-boned man had gone out; and as he opened it he jerked his head toward the second door.

"Calvin Gray and his daughter are in the next room," he said. "Say hullo to them if you want to."

Simon Templar was alone.

He got to his feet after a moment, surveyed the room once more in a detached way, and turned to the other door.

It opened when he tried the handle, and he went in.

It was a room very much like the one he had left. Madeline Gray and her father sat side by side on a divan close to the door. It had to be Calvin Gray, of course, before she jumped up and introduced him.

"How do you do?" said the Saint.

They shook hands. A strange formality, and a stranger tribute to the perdurance of common customs.

Madeline Gray left her hand resting on the Saint's arm, and he smiled down at her and said: "How soundproof are the doors?"

"We heard all of it in the other room," she said.

"Then we can save a lot of repetition," said the Saint. "I don't even care very much about the details of how you two were snatched. It's relatively unimportant now."

"But we still want to know how you got here," said the girl huskily.

"I'll tell you," Simon said.

He lay on the other divan and told them, stretched out in an amazingly restful relaxation that was not actually any testimonial to the steel in his nerves at all but only to the supreme conservation of energy that a trapped tiger would have had.

He told them everything he had thought from the beginning; and in as much detail as he could remember he gave them an account of the dinner conversation in which so many things had been so elementarily explained.

When he had finished Calvin Gray said: "How can a man like Quennel be like that?"

He was a fairly tall wiry man, lean almost to the verge of emaciation, with a tousled mop of white hair and eyes that blinked with nervous frequency behind square rimless glasses; and he said it with an air of academic perplexity, as if he were fretting over a chemical paradox.

The Saint put one hand behind his head and gazed at the ceiling. "Simply because he is a man like that. Because he's more dangerous than any fifth columnist or any outright crook.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

FEEMALE: A girl who waits for tips.

ABHORS D'OEUVRES: Those hateful little things they serve with cocktails.

DIAPERCHONDRIAC: A woman who is sick and tired of the same old ever-changing life.

EGGOTIST: A self-centered hen.

WAACINATION: A shot in the arm for a lady soldier.

LEDGERDEMAIN: Juggling the accounts.

CHAMPAGNEZEE: A guy who makes a monkey of himself in night clubs.

IFFERVESCENT: When you're not sure whether it's going to bubble.

GIDDAPPETITE: When you're hungry enough to eat a horse.

SCOFFSPRING: A child who doesn't think his parents are so hot.

Because he sincerely believes that he's a just and important and progressive citizen. Because he can talk contemptuously about café society and the playboy class, and really believe it and feel austerely superior to them, and sandwich it in between mentioning his new strings of polo ponies and the parties he throws for his daughter where they drink thirty cases of champagne. 'They're dead but they don't know it'—but he's one of them and he doesn't know it. . . . Because he hates Fascism and he's a patriotic one-hundred-per-cent American; but he believes in what he calls 'a strong and capable executive class' whose divine mission it is to dish out liberty and democracy in reasonable doses to the dumb unruly proletariat. . . . Because he's thoroughly satisfied that Big Business is wide awake and wading into the war effort with both feet, but he's also ready to sabotage a rival process that would speed up and cheapen a very vital production, because it would lose him a lot of dough. . . . Because he's exactly the same type as Thyssen and the other Big Business men who backed Hitler to preserve their own kind of Social Stability; because he'd back his own kind of dictatorship in this country, under another name, and still think what a fine levelheaded liberal he was. . . . Because he's a bloody Nazi himself, and you can never hang it on him because even he hasn't begun to realize it."

Calvin Gray rubbed his rough white hair and said hazily: "But when he goes into actual crime—"

"Quennel," said the Saint, "never went into a crime in his life. If he tells Devan that you and your invention are a Bad Thing and ought to be stopped, he's only giving his opinion. If things happen to you and stop you, he's naturally very pleased about it. If he tells Devan to try and talk me into forgetting you and taking a job with Quenco, that's entirely legitimate. If Devan succeeds, fine. If he doesn't, but an unfortunate accident eliminates me, that's providential."

CALVIN GRAY shook his head helplessly. "The man must be insane. It's such incredible hypocrisy."

"It's not hypocrisy. And he's perfectly sane. He just doesn't ask what methods Devan uses, and therefore he doesn't know. He could probably justify them out of his philosophy if he had to, but his great mind is occupied with so many more important things that it's much simpler not to know. I don't suppose Hitler ever does any positive thinking about what happens to prisoners in Dachau, either."

There was silence for a little while, an odd calm silence that made it almost fantastic to think that this was a philosophical conversation in a bright and comfortable death cell.

It was the girl who brought it back to that. "You don't think Devan is bluffing at all?" she said.

"Not for an instant," said the Saint gently. "Don't let's waste any effort kidding ourselves about that. Devan will arrange whatever he has to arrange, and he'll do as neat a job as I could do myself."

Her brown eyes that smiled so easily were big and deep and unflinching. "I feel so guilty," she said, "for dragging you into it."

"Don't worry about it," he answered carelessly. "If it hadn't been this, it would have been something else."

She looked around the room. "Isn't there any way you could get out?"

He laughed a little and got back on his feet. "If there were, I wouldn't be here. I tell you, our Walter isn't an amateur."

But he strolled over to the high embrasure like the one he had noticed in the other room. Standing on a chair, he saw that it sloped downward toward the outside, and at the outside was a heavy steel Venetian shutter. He guessed that the shelter was built in the side of the hill running down to Long Island Sound, and the embrasure peeped out through the hillside, providing natural ventilation but still safe from the blast of anything but a direct hit on the opening. The steel shutter was set solidly in the concrete, and he took one look at it and stepped down with a shrug.

"Why can't you tell Quennel that you'll accept his offer?" asked Gray. "Then, later on, you'd have a chance—"

"DO you imagine they haven't thought of that?" Simon retorted patiently. "I think Quennel meant every word of his offer, and I think he still means it, in spite of everything, and I'm sure he'd live up to it to the letter; but I'm also sure that he'd want to be damn certain that I was the same. I don't know what proof or security he'd want—I can think of half a dozen devices—but it doesn't matter. You can take it that it would be good." He stood over Calvin Gray, poised and quiet and kindly implacable. "This is your problem, not mine," he said.

The girl sat beside her father again and held his hand. "You mustn't think about me," she said. "You mustn't."

"How can I help it?"

"If you were both tortured to death," said the Saint inexorably, "what good would it do?"

Calvin Gray covered his eyes. "Devan talked to me all afternoon," he said hoarsely. "He told me . . . If it was only myself, I could try. . . . But Madeline. I'm not big enough. . . . And what good would it do? What difference would it make? They'll kill the invention anyway. So why should . . ." His voice broke.

"Daddy," said the girl.

The Saint turned away.

On one of the side shelves beside the playing cards there was a score pad and a pencil. He picked them up. At the top of the first sheet he printed in bold capitals: "WE MAY BE OVERHEARD." Then under that he wrote a few quick lines. He tore off the sheet and put the pad and pencil back. Then he returned to Calvin Gray and handed him the paper.

The girl tried to lean over and see; but Simon took her arm and brought her up to her feet and led her a few steps away. He held her by both elbows, facing him, and gazed at her with all the strength that was in him.

"Some of this is my fault too," he said. "If I hadn't butted in, it might not have been so bad."

Then the door opened and Walter Devan came in. He looked like a sales manager who had left a conference room at a crucial moment to answer a phone call.

"Well?" he inquired briskly.

THE Saint detached himself and lighted another cigarette. "So far as I'm concerned," he said without emotion, "the answer is still 'Nuts.'"

"So is mine," said the girl clearly.

"I'm sorry," said Devan; and he looked at Calvin Gray.

Gray got up off the divan. He was unsteady and haggard and his eyes burned. "Mine isn't," he said. "Can you swear to me that if I do everything you want, nothing will ever happen to Madeline?"

"Daddy!" said the girl.

"I can," said Devan.

The old man's hands twisted together. "Then—I will."

Devan studied him, not with cheap triumph but with sturdy businesslike satisfaction. "I'll get you some paper to write out your process," he said in quite a friendly way. "Is there anything else you'd like?"

Gray shook his head. "I couldn't write it. It would sound so complicated, and—I don't even know if I could concentrate enough. . . . Please. . . . Can't you make it easy? Mr. Quennel used to be a chemist himself, didn't he? Take me back to my laboratory. I'll show him. He'll understand. And he'll have it all to himself. Nothing in writing. Him and me . . . and nobody'll ever know. . . . And Madeline? . . . You promise?"

"Come back to the house and talk to Mr. Quennel yourself," Devan said.

He took Calvin Gray's arm and steered him toward the door. But he never turned his back on the Saint; and his right hand stayed with the bulge in his coat pocket where it had been from the time he came in.

Madeline Gray tensed in a spasmic impulse to go after him, and Simon caught her shoulders and held her.

The door closed again.

The Saint's face was like stone. "You can't do anything," he said.

With a fierce irresistible movement, she tore herself away from him and flung herself down on the divan, her face buried between her hands. He could see her right hand, the small fingers clenched to whiteness as the knuckles gripped at her temples.

After a while he lighted another cigarette and took to strolling slowly and silently up and down the room.

It must have been about ten minutes before she turned over on her back and lay staring blankly up at the ceiling. And only then he thought it might be safe to speak.

He said softly: "Madeline."

"He didn't have to do it," she said tonelessly. "He didn't."

He said: "Madeline, this is very probably curtains for all of us, but we don't have to go alone. I gave him a note. I told him what to do."

She sat up with a sudden start. "You told him—what?"

"I told him we could still do something on our way. I told him to get Quennel over to the laboratory. And then I said I was sure that while he was pretending to demonstrate his process he could put some things together that would go off all at once with a loud noise. And it wouldn't do any of us any good, but it would take Quennel along too, and probably Devan with him. And in the end that may be just as important." The Saint's voice was very light, no more than a breath. "I sent him to die, Madeline, but in the best way that any of us could do it."

She was on her feet somehow. She was holding his arms by the sleeves, making little aimless tugging movements. Her eyes were flooding and yet her lips were parted in an unearthly sort of smile.

"You did that?" she repeated again and again; and it was as if something sang through the break in her voice. "You did that?"

He nodded.

Then the door opened, and he turned sharply.

Andrea Quennel came in.

SHE said: "Hullo."

He looked into her pale empty eyes that still gave him nothing back, and put one hand negligently in his pocket, and said affably: "Hullo to you."

"What are you doing?"

"Rehearsing a play," he said.

"Why are you locked in here?"

He still didn't know how to take her. "We heard that Selznick was looking for us," he said, "so we were going to be very inaccessible and make him double his offer."

"I thought there was something wrong," she said. "I've seen silly things happen to people who crossed daddy before. I don't usually worry, because I'm not superstitious, but I was worried about you. So I watched. I saw them carry you out here. And that was even after I tried to warn you to be careful when I left the dining room."

"So you did," said the Saint slowly.

"And then later on Mr. Devan came out of here with a man I'd never seen before. Then I thought I'd have to find out what was going on; but there was still the other man at the door—"

"What other man?"

"A sort of short thick-set man. He's been here before, with another tall man. Mr. Devan said they were salesmen. But he didn't want me to come in."

"So what did you do?" The Saint found himself curiously tense.

"Well, I didn't see why I shouldn't go into our own air-raid shelter if I wanted to. So I pretended I'd lost an earring." She had been holding her right hand a little behind her, but now she let it slip into sight. It held an ordinary household hammer. "I didn't know what I might be running into, so I brought this with me. So when he was bending down, hunting around, I hit him on the head with it and came in."

The Saint couldn't laugh. That would come later . . . perhaps. If there were any laughing afterward.

He gripped Andrea by the shoulders. "Where is your father now?"

"He went out with Mr. Devan and that other man and—"

"How long ago?"

"About fifteen minutes ago—"

"Show me where to find a car."

He thrust her toward the door and flung it open, and was outside before her. He found himself in a narrow concrete corridor. At one end of it there was a flight of steps running upward. He raced up them and came out through an open iron door at the top, and almost tripped over the figure that lay outside.

SIMON turned him over. Enough light came through the opening for him to recognize the chunky individual who had been Harry's companion in Washington. He showed no signs of activity, but just to be on the safe side Simon gave his head another vigorous thump on the ground as he straightened himself up.

Then he was feeling his way along the paved walk that led away from the shelter, accustoming his eyes to the light of the stars and half a moon, while he heard the two girls stumbling up behind him.

Suddenly ahead of him there was a quickened heavy movement, and he had a fleeting glimpse of a tall angular silhouette against the infinitesimally lighter tint of the sky, only a scrap of a second before the beam of a flashlight stabbed at him like a spear and barely missed him as he eeled off into the shrubbery that bordered the path. The tall man came running down the wedge of his own light, and switched it off a moment before he came level with the Saint. And at that point Simon moved in on him, his left arm sliding around the man's neck from behind and locking his larynx in the crook of his elbow, cutting off voice and breath together, while he spoke in the man's ear.

"You can save this for me too, bud," he said; and then he turned the man deftly around and hit him once, very hard, and threw him into the bushes as the girls reached him.

They threaded through winding walks, down into a sunken garden and across it and out again, and finally came to the house. They ran around it; and on the drive in front, gleaming faintly in the dim moonlight, Simon saw Madeline Gray's car where he had parked it when he arrived.

He opened the door and she almost fell in; and then Andrea was beside him.

"You must tell me," she said with a kind of blank desperation. "What is this all about?"

He was glad that she couldn't see the involuntary mask that hardened

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BILL KING

"You see, Hermann? It will be easy now. America is already breaking up—a revolution, no?"

over his face. There were so many things that perhaps ought to have been said, so many things that it was impossible to say.

"I'm going to try like hell to let your father tell you himself," he said.

Then he slid in behind the wheel and slammed the door before she could ask any more, and touched the starter and whipped the car away like a race horse from the gate. It was a help that he had driven himself there and that he had a memory for landmarks and a sense of direction that a homing pigeon could have envied.

THEY were nearly at the Merritt Parkway when the girl beside him said: "Wouldn't it have been better to have phoned?"

"They'd have been standing right over him when he answered the phone—if they let him answer at all. And they may be only just arriving now."

"But the police—"

He shook his head. "With all the things I'd have to explain and convince them of, and then to get them moving fast enough?"

"Have we any chance?" Her voice was tense.

"We're trying."

And they were on the parkway, the speedometer needle climbing to eighty and eighty-five and creeping up.

Presently she said, as if because any kind of conversation was better than listening to the same ceaseless clock tick of terror: "How much does Andrea know?"

"I think she's fairly dumb," he said in the same way. "Devan said she was dumb. They just used her. I didn't know in Washington, but when she came looking for me so busily this afternoon, I knew it was Quennel who was behind all this. . . . Maybe she never has been quite so totally dumb, but she knew how to leave her brain alone. It was the easiest defense of her own kind of social stability."

"Only she fell in love with you."

"I didn't make her do that." He was grim and cold in a way that she had never seen him before. "She saved our lives, too. Whether she knew it or not." There were some things that it was almost impossible to put together in words. "I'm afraid nothing is going to be easy for her now."

And they were past Talmadge Hill, swooping down and up long easy switchbacks, the engine humming to the perfection of its power, the sense of speed lulled by the smoothness of his driving and the isolation of the darkness around them, with only the road to see ahead and the taillights of other cars being overtaken like crawling glowworms and fluttering angrily for an instant as they were passed and then being lost in silence behind.

He thought, this was one time when he didn't care if the whole highway patrol was out after him, and just because of that there wouldn't be a single one of them in the county. And there wasn't.

And then they were near the turning he had to take, and suddenly he recognized it, and crammed on the brakes and spun the wheel and spurred the engine, and they were screaming around and bucking through a break in the highway division, while the Saint balanced the car against its own rolling momentum like a tightrope walker and dived it into the twisting lane that led toward Calvin Gray's home.

It was only then that she said: "Have you got a gun or anything?"

"I borrowed one from Harry. He owed me something," he said, and didn't bother to explain about Harry.

And then they were nearing the entrance of Gray's estate, and he killed the engine and cut the lights and coasted the car to a stop a few yards short of the stone gateway.

He got out and said: "This way," and drew her out through the same door, and closed it again without a sound, and they went quickly in up the drive and past the house, as softly as he could lead her. There was a great silence all around them now, with even the undertones of their own traveling wiped out; and he realized that for miles his ears had been keyed for the sound that he dreaded and that he must have heard, the concussion of unnatural thunder and the blaze of unnatural lightning that would have said finally that they were too late. And it still might come at any instant; but so far it hadn't.

He only took her so far because he wanted to be sure that he found the right path; and then they found it, and he knew where he was, and he stopped for a second to halt her.

"You wait here. Lie down and be quiet."

"I want to go with you."

"You couldn't do anything. And if anything happens, somebody has to tell the story."

His lips touched her face, and he was gone, and he had scarcely paused at all.

He came like a shadow to the door of the laboratory building and turned the handle without a sound with his left hand while his right slid the borrowed revolver out of his pocket. His nerves were spidery threads of ice.

HE thought then, in a crazy disassociation, that it would be strange to die that way, because you would never even know you died. You wouldn't even have time to hear or feel anything. There would be some sort of silent and insensate shock that would take the inside of your mind and blot it out, like the putting out of a light, and a great hand that picked you up and wiped you away. One instant you would be there, and the next instant you wouldn't be there, but it wouldn't mean anything, because you wouldn't be there to know.

Through the tiny hall, as he went in, he could see all of them by the long bench where the rubber apparatus was set up. He could see Hobart Quennel, balanced and absorbed in watching, and Walter Devan standing a little back with one hand in the side pocket of his coat, and Calvin Gray's thin hands adjusting themselves around a large glass flask of straw-colored liquid to pick it up.

The Saint stood in the doorway with his gun leveled, and tried to launch his voice on the air like a feather, mostly so that it would steal into the ears of Calvin Gray without any shock that might precipitate disaster.

"I'm sorry, boys," he said, "but this is the end of the line. Keep still and put your hands up very slowly."

He saw Quennel and Devan start to turn toward him and then begin to obey when they saw what he held in his hand. But he was really hardly noticing them at all. His eyes were on Calvin Gray; and he felt as though he had stopped breathing a long time ago.

It was a slightly cosmic thing that he had reckoned without the scientific temperament and the contempt of familiarity.

Gray settled the flask back on the table as if it had been a soft-shelled egg, and dusted off his hands. "I'm glad you didn't startle me," he said. "That thing is full of nitroglycerin, and I was just going to drop it."

JETTERICK, the F. B. I. man, tried to straighten a limp cigarette and said: "One thing that puzzles me is how Gray could put a bowl of soup like that together with Quennel watching him. If Quennel was a chemist himself once—"

"So far as I know," said the Saint, "he was never a top-flight chemist. He got out of that racket very soon, to be a business man. And there were a lot of unlabeled bottles in the laboratory—I'd noticed that before. Gray and his daughter knew what they were, but nobody else did. And one solution looks like a lot of others, at a glance."

Jetterick stared at him thoughtfully.

"If your evidence holds up, it'll be quite a case."

"It'll hold up. And it will be quite a case. I'm glad it was this way instead of the other, for more reasons than one. A little fresh air on the subject won't do any harm at all." The Saint stood up. "I'll go to New Haven with you and help you fill in the picture."

"Come over any time tomorrow," said Jetterick amiably. "You've been through a lot, and I guess you could do with a rest."

"Let's do it tonight," said the Saint. "There's still a war going on, and I don't know enough about tomorrow."

He went out and found Calvin Gray and said good night to him; but Madeline followed him out to the car.

"You will be coming back, won't you?" she said.

"Very soon, I hope."

He had so many meanings in his mind that he couldn't help which one she chose from his voice. He sat beside the F. B. I. man and gazed steadily ahead as the lane swam tortuously at them and swallowed them again. He wanted to believe that he might be going back there some day. There was no harm in hoping.

THE END

HAIRCUT MAKE YOU ITCHY?

Tell Your Barber to Use
SANEK*
NECK STRIPS
Sign of the Clean Shop

SANEK* stops hair clippings from dropping down neck — protects skin from possible germ infection.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEENAH, WISCONSIN

Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists.... If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes,* but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.
KLUTCH CO., Box 2938-L, ELMIRA, N. Y.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:
You help win the war
You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

WHISTLES FOR VICTORY

Mount Kisco, N. Y.—Why in blistering blazes aren't America's mighty steam whistles sounding the Victory blast—three short and one long?

Paul Revere sounded the alarm singlehanded. But today thousands and thousands of whistles throughout the land could raise a thunderous roar to hurry us on with the job ahead.

Whistles on trains, whistles on tugs and barges, shop, mill, and factory whistles—these should be put to work *now* to help build the kind of world we want and are loudly determined to have.

Go to it, vox populi. Start the whistles blowing for Victory in *your* town. Speak to your boss. Write that war-plant superintendent. Get the support of your city editor. Drive the idea home to your mayor. Raise *your* voice for Victory—three short and one long—whenever a steam whistle is blown.—*George L. Randall.*

Splendid idea, George! But we need many others like it. Get busy, Poppers. What is *your* pet idea for helping to build morale and win the war?
—Vox Pop Editor.

WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?

Manchester, N. H.—Who does "Tough Leland" (October 31 Liberty) think he is, anyway? We all have rights to seats in the subway!

Why doesn't Leland compromise and, if he wants to sit down, hold one of the ladies on his lap? He gives me a pain in the neck.—*F. N. Robie.*

New York, N. Y.—So moviegoing women grab your seat in the subway! How about the women who have been on their feet all day working in stores, restaurants, etc., and who have their housework to do when they get home? Do they crab while you hide behind the newspaper and pretend to read? Their feet hurt too, and you give them a pain in the neck.—*A Non-moviegoing Standee.*

Jamaica, N. Y.—That lousy, lazy lug!
—*WAAC.*

GUESSING ADOLF'S WATERLOO

Wilderville, Ore.—This idea came to me some time ago and I am submitting it to you for your consideration.

It is guessing on the downfall of Hitler.

The world knows it is inevitable. Your magazine could promote a guessing contest on the event. It could be made known to the enemy that this country and the Allies are speculating on the time.

There could be a prize offered for the nearest guess.

My idea is that such publicity could do a great deal to raise the spirits and morale of the Allies, and likewise a great deal to lower the morale of the enemy—that is, something to impress on the minds of the enemy that the downfall of Hitler and his methods are a certainty and that the Allies are anticipating the event.—*H. W. Baker.*

WE NEED YOUR KIND

New Orleans, La.—This picture was made when I spent last week-end with my husband where he is stationed at Mississippi, so add it to your family album — a picture of two of the happiest and two of the busiest people in all the world, fighting together for a goal that, when reached, will be heaven on earth and will be worth far more than anything we have put into it.

Do we hate to be separated? Why, of course we do; but we are too busy to let it get us down.

Of course we are planning on a happy future, with a home and children, but we also want it built on a solid foundation —which can never be until we win this war.—*Pat Wood.*

D. C. PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Syracuse, N. Y.—Not one in a thousand Americans reads the Congressional Record, or has the faintest notion what it contains. Better than anything else it shows the workings of our lawmakers' minds and mouths.

The time has come for its circulation to be increased and its contents noted. Of course, its price of eighteen dollars a year is prohibitive to the average citizen. But why can't it be reduced to a penny a copy and franked to ten million homes? At present I understand that most of its readers are on the free list. Why not you and I and the other fellow too?—*James Cartwright.*

WHAT ABOUT "BALDIES"?

Los Angeles, Calif.—Why not give us little helpful hints in your columns once in a while? Your Princess Kropotkin does in her page, but I mean something simpler, less elegant than what she usually recommends. For instance, if you have ever been annoyed at postage stamps sticking together, try rubbing the mucilaged side over your hair before putting them away. The oil in your hair will provide a slight film that will prevent the stamps from adhering to one another but won't interfere with their sticking on letters.—*Clara Kittredge.*

DUNNO

Raleigh, N. C.—Do you think God would want us to have a national lottery? I don't—and I am no preacher.—*Wayne Ware.*

WHO'D PLAN YOUR LIFE?

Austin, Tex.—In the utmost sincerity and with no intention of being sacrilegious, I want to suggest that, next to our daily supplication to the Creator for victory and peace, the most fervent silent prayer in the hearts of the majority of Americans today be:

"Almighty God, have mercy on a patient and long-suffering people—and give us a bachelor President in 1944."—*Ida M. Darden.*

ARMY NO EDUCATOR?

Goshen, N. Y.—All this sentimental twaddle about life in the army making better citizens of our eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds fails to stand up under analysis.

Marching twenty miles a day and shooting a rifle, no matter how efficiently these duties may be performed, do not train a man for the important tasks of drafting wise legislation—or even for voting intelligently.

The *sine qua non* of military life is unquestioning obedience to authority. I say, thank God we have men in the armed forces who will do their duty without question. But the men upon whom we'll have to depend to right this topsy-turvy world are those who make it their business to *question* the judgment of others.

Let's not make the sad mistake of thinking that army routine is going to give our young men an education. In many cases it will give them better bodies and stronger characters, but its effect on the intellect is stultifying.—*A. C.*

LUSCIOUS LOLA

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Perhaps Luscious Lola (November 7 Vox Pop) will be interested in knowing that I correspond with thirty-eight boys in the army, navy, and marines. Some are from my town, others are from various cities throughout the States. It's the opinion of all of their friends as well as themselves that "It's *not* true—what they say about Dixie."

Yankee girls rank highest and prettiest. Even the fellows with Southern drawls admit it.—*Pittsburgher.*

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—We Northern girls realize that most of our soldier boys are stationed in Southern camps, but we haven't a worry in the world. They come back with the story that finding a "luscious" Southern belle is like looking for a needle in a haystack.—*Sagacious Northerner.*

AW, G'WAN!

Memphis, Tenn.—You have many bellyache readers.—*John Fink.*

BLADE RATIONING
NO WORRY IF YOU OWN THIS

Ideal gift for any man

T-Type
Barber Type

DURHAM SHAVE KIT

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—over twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ times more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triples life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or T-type safety razor. *Specify type wanted.* Both use the same famous Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and comb.

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

THE
CHICAGO'S DISTINCTIVE HOTEL
BISMARCK
OTTO K. EITEL, Mng. Dir.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for **only 35c.**

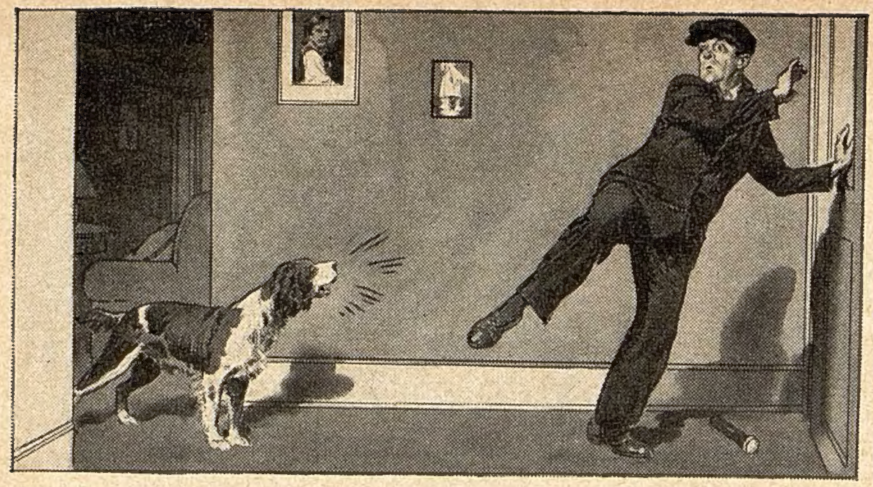
LOS ANGELES...
The Town House
TENNIS COURT
SWIMMING POOL
Home of the ZEBRA ROOM

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



The Gyp of the Week

Kindness to Burglars

BY FRANK W. BROCK

SOME people do almost everything to make life easy for burglars, even putting out a "Welcome" mat for them. Lift the mat and the door key is there. They equip their windows with devices so flimsy that almost any dub of a prowler can open them with a manicure file. Many, like Mrs. Eugene Pallette, who was expecting friendly guests, pin notes to their doors: "I'll be home at five o'clock." The wrong man read Mrs. Pallette's invitation to enter and garnered jewelry and cash totaling $2,000.

Burglars don't just walk through walls. They snoop around—in advance of their professional call—until they find a lock to their liking, a window they can easily force, a servant they can do business with. In their parlance, they "case the joint." This "casing" may also be done by innocent-appearing door-to-door canvassers whose sharp eyes appraise your defenses. It is well to be suspicious of them, too.

About the best protection for small homes—particularly city apartments—is a *noisy* dog. He needn't be big, nor ferocious; just noisy. Burglars hate noise. Substantial catches which cause the glass to shatter when windows are forced scare the wits out of them. One effective simple device which any handy man can install is three steel pins—shortened spikes will serve—which go through the top of the inner frame and halfway through the outer frame. Also, all windows should be *locked* open. An agile "cat" burglar can reach any open window.

A large percentage of robberies in residences are daylight jobs. For this reason chain or bar guards—cheap and easily installed—are excellent protection for the woman who is home alone all day. They enable her to open the door to see who is there without danger of the person outside forcing his way in. For added safety at night they are invaluable.

Knowledge of locks and the ability to open them is the distinguishing characteristic between the professional and the amateur prowler. Almost every lock on the market can be picked.

There are ingenious machines for opening the pin-tumbler types—Yale, Segal, etc.—so don't place too much reliance on them. The old bit-key locks are absurdly simple for the expert. Leaving the key in the lock without tying it fast to the knob so that it cannot be turned is almost equivalent to leaving it on the outside of the door. Two minutes' work with a simple tool and the door is unlocked with the very key which was left in as a protection!

Burglars look for valuables, not trouble, and if you are so unfortunate as to surprise one at work, don't be foolish by attempting to be brave. Corner him and he'll fight like any other rat. Be kind to yourself for once. Let him get away with his loot. Don't disturb anything and call the police. That's their department.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

MOST OF THE HARDTACK gags come from experiences in Reamer Keller's own kid days. For instance, the "Daniel Boom" Club used to meet in an old coal shed given him by his father, and he and his pals "borrowed" enough lumber and nails to convert the place into a clubhouse with twelve bunks. An old cast-iron laundry stove and an Exalted Ruler's chair were added and secret passageways made. Some slick trading enabled them to acquire a small printing press, and they got out a newspaper. Proceeds from sales and dues made enough for them to throw a banquet a week.

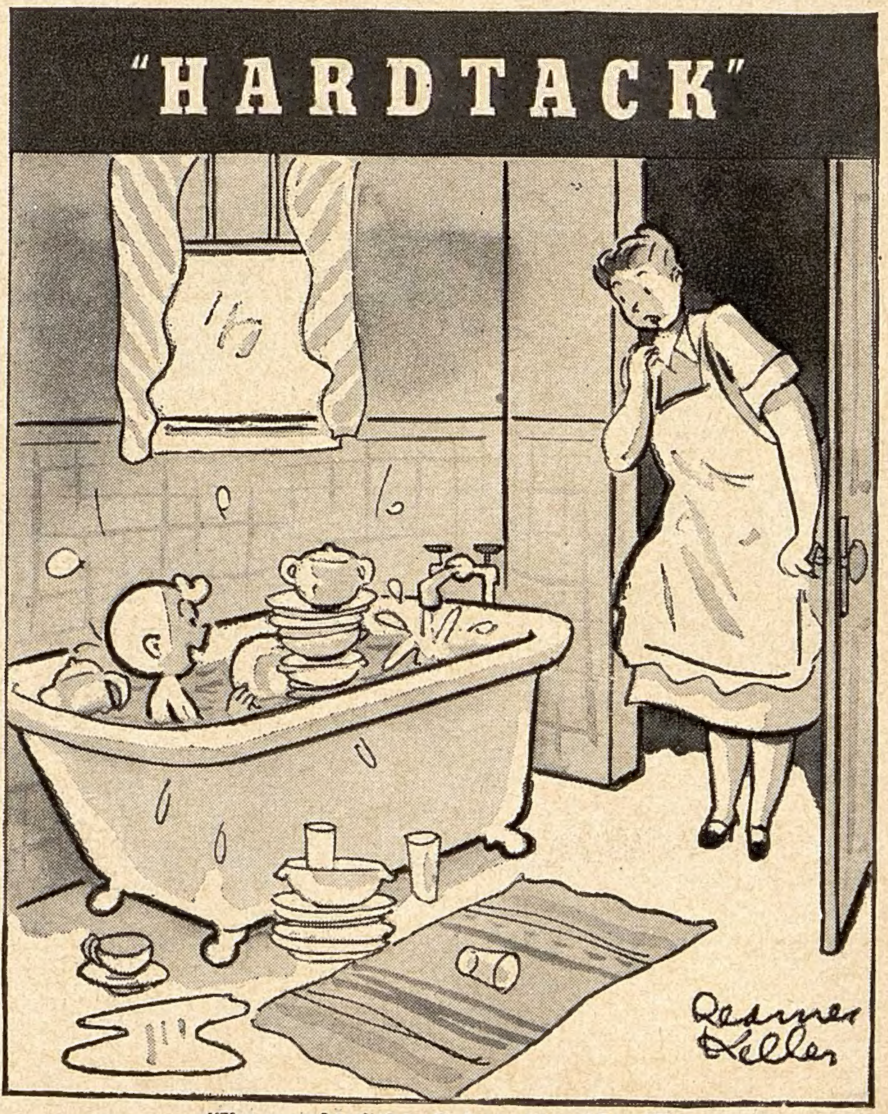
Reamer Keller

"Two little girls in the neighborhood used to hang over the fence and drool on these occasions," says Reamer. "I owe them both a dinner at least for the scurvy way our club treated them."

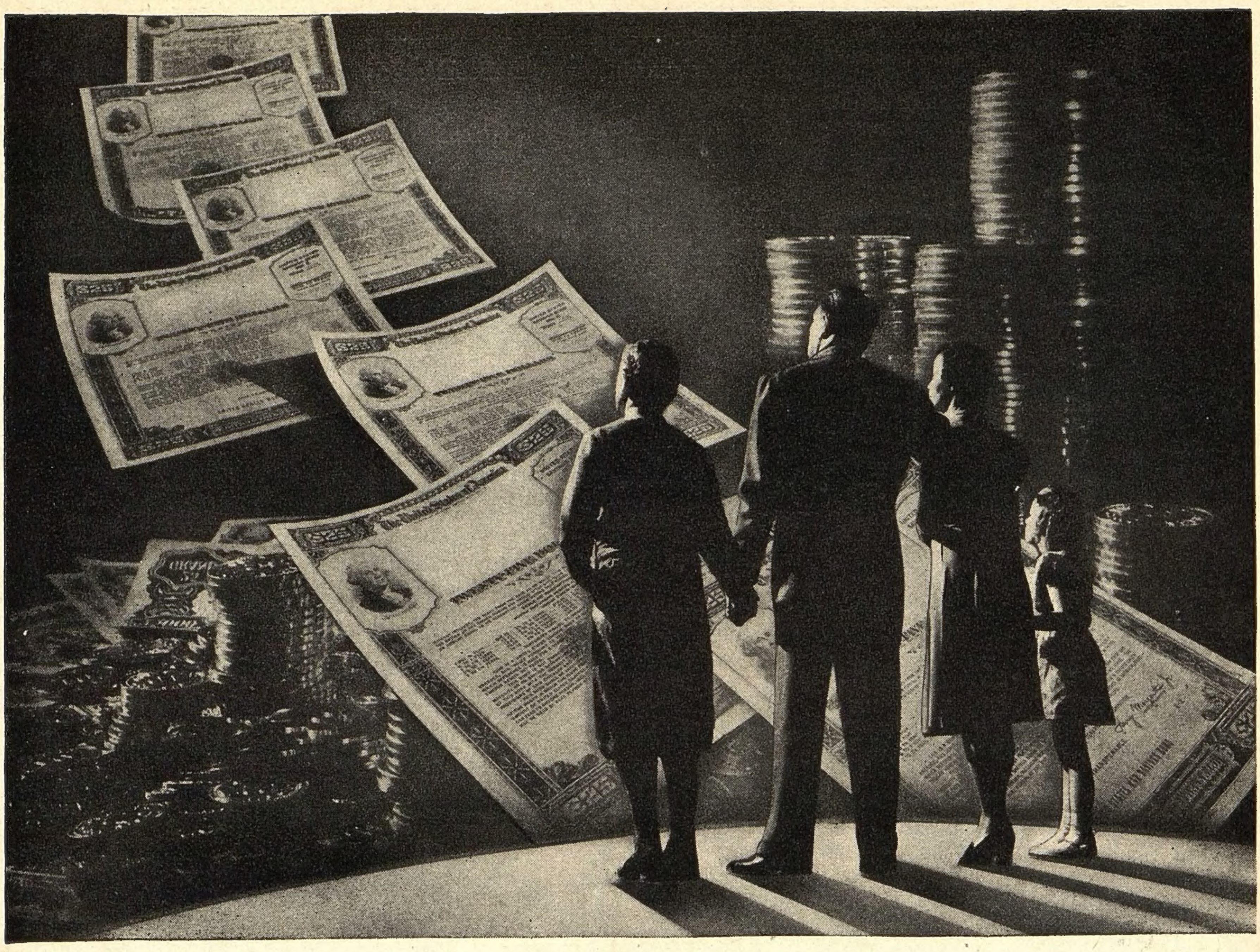
AS WE GO TO PRESS, Donald Wilhelm, whose wonderful account of The Flight of the Bomber Phyllis opens this issue, is on his way to Malta, the most bombed spot on earth. During World War I he worked with such notables as Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels. When Hoover was Secretary of Commerce, he gave Wilhelm a roving commission in Europe, mostly in Russia, where he covered 10,000 miles.

A SIGHT OF THE WEEK: A soldier boy writing a penciled love letter on the back of his buddy to the girl that both were sparkin'. Talk about being a good sport!

The Editors



"I'm washin' the dishes, too, Mom!"



The Greatest Gift of All

25 CENT
STAMP ALBUM
For the purchase of
UNITED STATES
WAR
SAVINGS BONDS

THIS YEAR with over half the homes of the world shaken by the earthquakes of war, there can be no greater gift than that which serves your country as well as you.

A gift that will bring security for yourself, for your family, for your home. And not just this year, but for the years to come.

It's a gift guaranteed by the might and power and richness of America. A gift that guarantees freedom from fear... freedom from want...freedom of speech ...and freedom to worship as you please.

It's a gift that increases in value with each passing year. It's a United States War Savings Bond, the greatest gift of all!

UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS
(SERIES E)

Today's Cost	*Value in 10 Years*
$18.75	$25.00
37.50	50.00
75.00	100.00
375.00	500.00
750.00	1,000.00

War Savings Stamps pasted into Stamp albums are very acceptable gifts for . . . why not most everyone on your list?

War Bonds may be bought at Post Offices, Banks, Savings and Loan Associations, Mutual Savings Banks, Retail Stores, Radio Stations, Credit Unions, Investment Houses, Security Dealers, or direct from the Treasurer of the United States—wherever you see this sign.→

For Victory
UNITED STATES
WAR
SAVINGS
BONDS
OFFICIAL
SALES AGENCY

This Year Give **WAR BONDS** *and* **STAMPS**

NIGHT FLIGHT takes practice and teamwork in SPLIT-SECOND TIME

● Not only those men training to man the bombers but all of us are working in split-second time today.

Smoking more, too, most of us. And when it comes to crowding more pleasure into each smoking moment, well, ask those "9 musketeers" *(above, right)*. You bet it's Camels—they're the favorite cigarette with men in all the services.*

And—Camel's the cigarette you find so regularly with the artisans who "keep 'em flying"...like Charlotte Thon *(below)*. "Camels suit me to a 'T,'" she says. *(See "T-Zone" below, right.)*

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

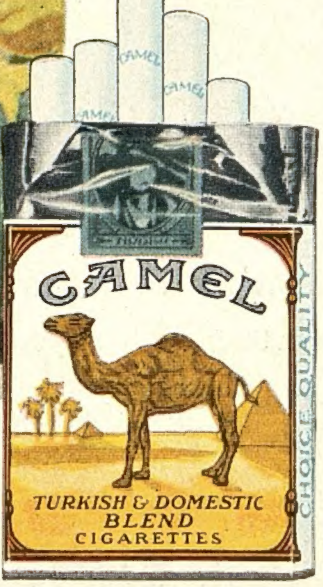
**With men
in the Army—in the Navy
—in the Marines—
in the Coast Guard—
THE FAVORITE IS CAMEL**

*(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

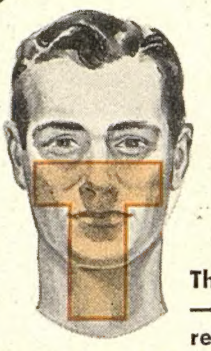
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T.' THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT—AND THEY ALWAYS TASTE JUST RIGHT

WHEN YOU'RE MAKING fighting maps, you're working on split-second time. Charlotte Thon *(above)*, Rand McNally & Co. cartographer, smokes Camels. All over the map it's the same—wherever you find men and women fighting for Uncle Sam—you find Camels.



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMEL